

Mar. 2, 1968

THE

Price 35 cents

NEW YORKER

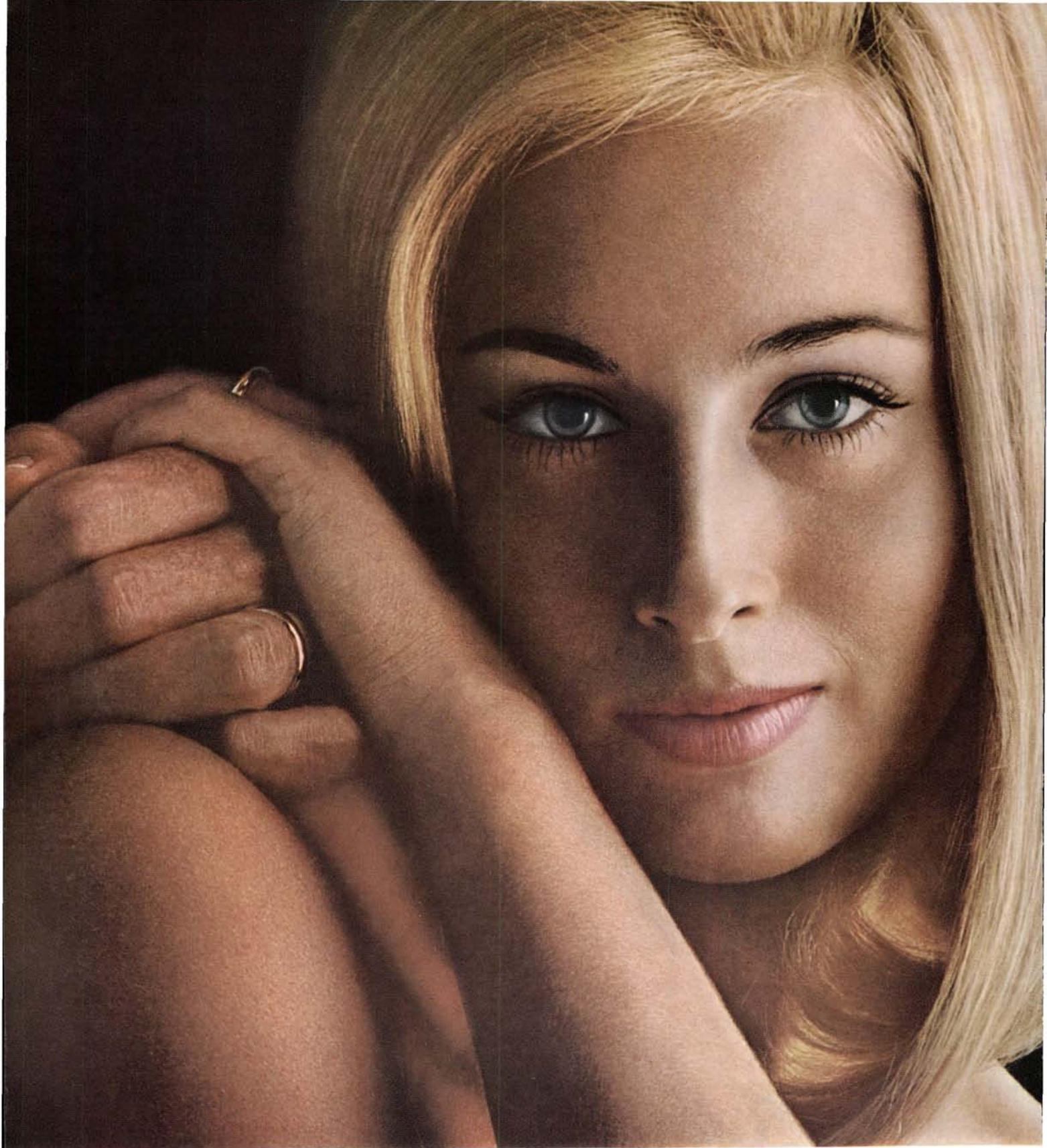
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 03 1993



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MARRIED BUT THEY CAN'T LIVE TOGETHER

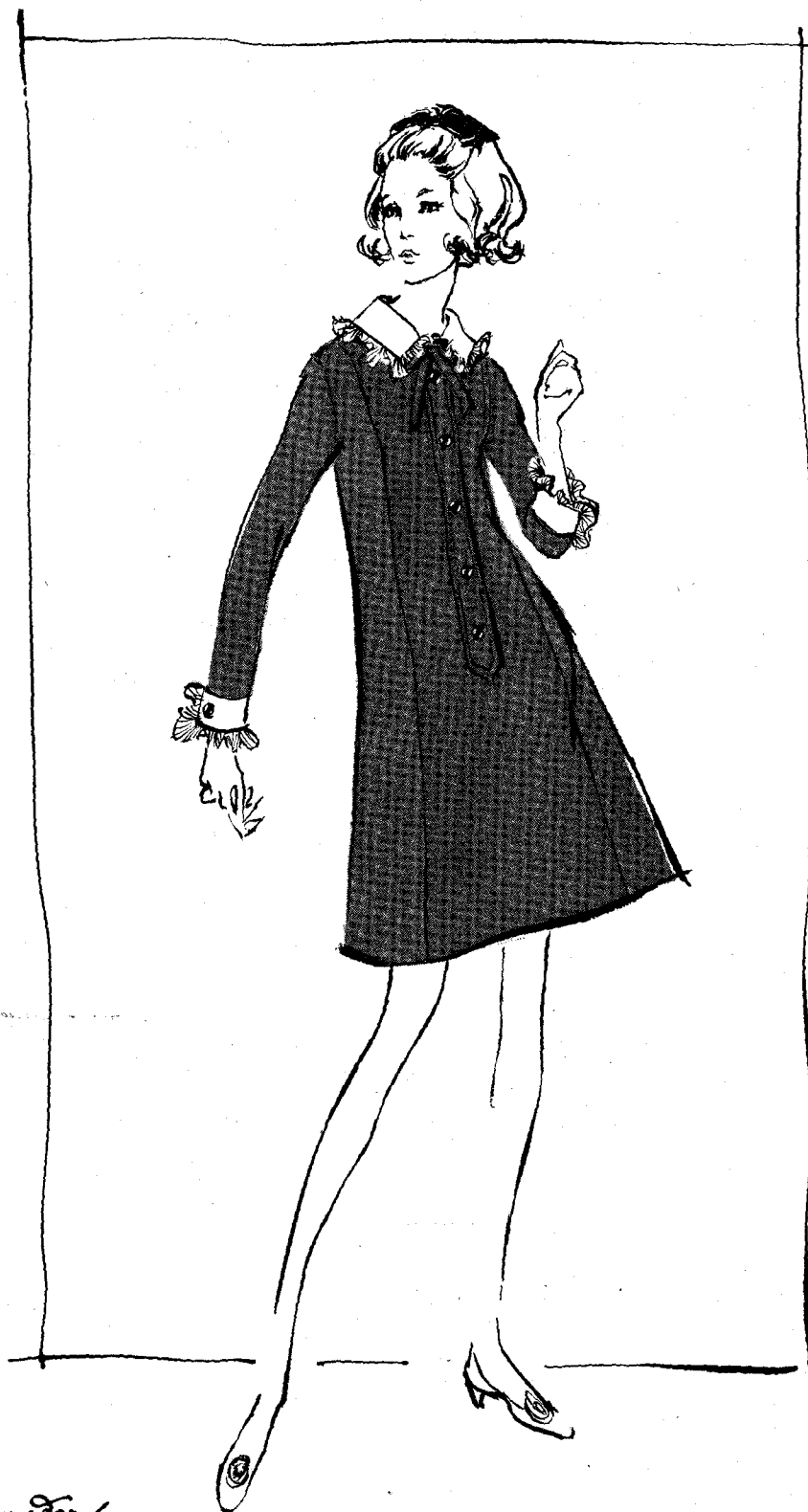
In one jar these matched creams clash. On one face they live in wedded bliss. Applied to the skin, one upon the other, they blend in perfect harmony, perform brilliantly. Incredibly enough, Novesscence[®], with both its creams, is so light you're scarcely aware of its presence. Cream One speeds into the skin, soothing, smoothing, lubricating and Cream Two helps Cream One absorb; restores the skin to its normal PH balance; acts as a protective humectant and leaves the skin fresh, velvety, younger looking. Novesscence takes a little longer to use. But aren't you willing to trade seconds for years?

©Charles of the Ritz 1968



A new preparation from **Charles of the Ritz**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Miss Bergdorf

*opts for the shirtdress in navy wool flannel
flashed with white linen...from her exclusive
Petite Couture U.S.A. Collection. By Gino Charles,
in sizes 4 to 14, \$75. Fifth Floor.*

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. ... Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—George Kelly's *THE SHOW-OFF*: Thursday, Feb. 29; Monday, March 4; and Thursday, March 7, all at 8:30.

Michel de Ghelderode's *PANTAGLEIZE*: Friday, March 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 2, at 2:30 and 8:30. Ionesco's *EXIT THE KING*: Tuesday, March 5, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 6, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, March 8, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 9, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER—Robert Anderson's sad-faced, tongue-tied account of the perennial unwinable war between the generations. With Alan Webb, Hal Holbrook, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

JOE EGG—A brilliant, corrosive comedy by Peter Nichols about an ill-fated young English family. Albert Finney is the superb anti-hero. Also on hand and also superb are Zena Walker, John Carson, and Elizabeth Hubbard. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MORE STATELY MANSIONS—A stark and windy melodrama put together by a number of hands from a script that Eugene O'Neill thought he had destroyed before he died. The fact that the cast is headed by Colleen Dewhurst, Ingrid Bergman, and Arthur Hill should, but doesn't, help matters much. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 2.)

PLAZA SUITE—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PRICE—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and Harold Gary carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosen- crantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPOFFORD—An old Connecticut nutmeg, played with skill and charm by Melvyn Douglas,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

takes a look at the commuting set that is invading his domain, and his observations make for quite a bit of merriment. The comedy was written by Herman Shumlin and based on a novel, "Reuben, Reuben," by Peter De Vries. Mr. Shumlin also directed the piece. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

STAIRCASE—Milo O'Shea and Eli Wallach are scintillating in this curious comedy by Charles Dyer about a pair of homosexual barbers in a scruffy corner of London. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 3.)

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP—A tired farce about a middle-aged lecher entrapped by a nineteen-year-old who has her doubts about his carnal capabilities. Barbara Ferris, as the young lady, is a nuisance, but Gig Young and the others in the cast are tolerable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—*CACTUS FLOWER*: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering

	Page
THE AIR	107
THE CURRENT CINEMA	122
LETTER FROM PARIS	98
MUSICAL EVENTS	114
THE RACE TRACK	120
THE SPORTING SCENE	86
THE THEATRE	82

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1513

EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **DON'T DRINK THE WATER**: Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass in Woody Allen's farce concerning a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. They are now acted by Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

CARRY ME BACK TO MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS—A comedy by Robert Alan Aurthur, with Louis Gossett, David Steinberg, Cicely Tyson, Diane Ladd, and Johnny Brown. Sidney Poitier is the director. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN—A play adapted by William Francis from the letters and diaries of Queen Victoria. Dorothy Tutin, Dennis King, and Derek Waring head a cast under the direction of Val May. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

GOLDEN RAINBOW—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by lots of bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GRAND MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—Loud song and strenuous dance, featuring a very large company of exceptionally attractive performers. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HAPPY TIME—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HOW NOW, DOW JONES—Antics of the financial set in a musical that isn't overly yeasty but that has fine performances by Anthony Roberts, Marilyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro, among others. George Abbott directed in his most galvanic style. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—*CABARET*: Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya will return on Wednesday, March 6. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **1 DO! I DO!**: Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae are now in this version of "The Fourposter." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosce 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor Pl., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 2, March 2, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.

*The Country Clothes
Shop
Lord & Taylor*

Aquascutum tweed—
belted in back, perfect
for balmy weather anywhere.
White wool checked with grey
or raspberry. 4 to 16, 160.00
At all Lord & Taylor stores



Photo: Richard Stone

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

HERE'S WHERE I BELONG—A musical based on John Steinbeck's novel "East of Eden." Terrence McNally wrote the book, Robert Waldman composed the score, Alfred Uhry did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Paul Rogers, Nancy Wickwire, and Walter McGinn. Directed by Michael Kahn. Previews through Saturday, March 2. Opens officially on Sunday, March 3. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GUIDE—Zia Mohyeddin in a play by Harvey Breit and Patricia Rinehart, based on an Indian novel by R. K. Narayan. Directed by Shirley Butler. Previews through Tuesday, March 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 6. (Hudson, 44th St., E. 757-4198. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Giraudoux's **TIGER AT THE GATES**, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. The third in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Feb. 29, and will run through Saturday, April 6. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **LUISA MILLER**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CURLEY MCDIMPLE—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE ELECTRONIC NIGGER AND OTHERS—A triple bill by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers (ten dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 16.)

ERGO—This play by Austrian writer Jakov Lind is the third winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This is getting ridiculous. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GOA—An Indian play by Asif Currimbhoy, directed by Patricia Newhall. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HOUSE OF FLOWERS—A revival, after thirteen years, of Truman Capote's musical about a bordello somewhere in the Caribbean. In spite of Harold Arlen's charming score, the show is nebulous and wispy, and the performance, while agreeable, is not strong enough to serve as an anchor. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IN CIRCLES—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horowitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. The cast, also young, does very well indeed under James Hammerstein's direction. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHTHAWKS—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. Weekends only. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Fridays at 8:40 and

Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SATURDAY NIGHT—A play by Jerome Kass. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, Feb. 29.)

SCUBA DUBA—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SUMMER OF THE 17TH DOLL—The Negro Ensemble Company in a revival and most successful adaptation of Ray Lawler's sad, funny play, with its setting changed from Melbourne to New Orleans. The performances by all concerned are good, and those by Moses Gunn, as a sugar-cane cutter, and Frances Foster, as the barmaid with whom he customarily spends his layoff months, are especially good. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

YOUR OWN THING—As this little rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTRE JOFFREY BALLET—Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Nightwings," and "The Clowns."... Friday, March 1, at 8:30: "Moves," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk."... Saturday, March 2, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk."... Saturday, March 2, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns."... Sunday, March 3, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk."... Sunday, March 3, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!" "Nightwings," and "The Green Table."... Tuesday, March 5, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Jinx," and "The Green Table."... Wednesday, March 6, at 8:30: "Distractions" (premiere), "Jinx," and "Astarte."... Thursday, March 7, at 8:30: "Distractions," "Elegy," and "The Clowns."... Friday, March 8, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Nightwings," "Pas de Trois," and "The Clowns."... Saturday, March 9, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Elegy," and "Con Amore."... Saturday, March 9, at 8:30: "Distractions," "The



WEAR DATED

A one year guarantee, refund or replacement by Monsanto, comes with all Wear-Dated® clothes. Return them with their tags and sales slips if they don't survive one full year's normal wear. Little girl's dress comes in daffodil only. In sizes 3-6x about \$12; 7-12 about \$14. Of 50% Blue "C"® polyester/50% cotton.



Cinderella

Discover the classic graces

How to use *hashi*, chopsticks, if you'd like to try.
The welcoming warmth of *sake* in its tiny cup.
The bouquet of new flavors in *tsumami mono* to sample—before JAL's delicious Continental cuisine.

through an expert in the art

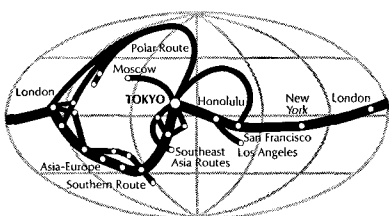
Of perfect hospitality—your kimono-clad hostess on Japan Air Lines. Her gracious attention to your every wish reflects a lifetime's training in this ageless art of Japan.

of sharing pleasure with a guest

For on Japan Air Lines, a unique and classic tradition has been added to modern airline service: You must feel always as honored and welcome as a guest in a Japanese home.



ENJOY THE CHARM OF JAL ON TOURS . . . a splendid choice of independent and group tours to the Orient, Pacific and round the world. Choose from 27 flights a week, from the United States to Tokyo. Also fly Japan Air Lines from Honolulu, San Francisco and New York to London . . . on throughout Europe, to the Orient and completely around the world. For all the facts, see your travel agent.



JAPAN AIR LINES



the worldwide airline of Japan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clowns." and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 17.)

BALLETS AFRICAÎNS—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MANHATTAN FESTIVAL BALLET—"Arenas," "Old Lady Culpes," "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Coruscance." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

INDRANI—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Anderson Theatre, 66 Second Ave., at 3rd St. WA 9-8998. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8 and 11.)

CARMEN DE LAVALLADE—With her dance company. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, at 8:30.)

YURIKO—With her modern-dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

PRODUCTIONS D'AUJOURD'HUI—De Musset's comedy "On Ne Badine Pas Avec l'Amour," performed in French by this company from Paris. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 3, at 8:30; Monday, March 4, at 4 and 8:30; and Tuesday, March 5, at 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, there are song recitals by Lou Rawls, very soulful. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which likes to sound like itself instead of like every other band, carries on all evening. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The well-known civic center, devoted to such domestic arts as table-hopping and, when all else fails, dancing—nine until two—to a small band. It stays home Sundays and Mondays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Ernie Warren, one of the immutable figures of life after dark, stables his crew in the restaurant, where he is on duty from eight to one through the week, and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays are silent nights.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—History was made at night in this barony, and the rooms in which decisions were reached that proved turning points in the nation's progress (shouldn't the postillions sit a bit more erect?) are thrown open to the general public, Lester Lanin himself, and not on tape, runs one of the bands. The office hours are eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There is no squaring of the social circle that lies within the Café Pierre. The society notes are played by the handpicked men of Ben Cutler's best band, which is spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. Business as usual every night of the week, except, that Miss H. has Mondays off.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Powell, a knowledgeable trouper whose voice and dance steps are now available in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, finishes up on Tuesday, March 5; next evening Gail Martin moves in, loaded with ballads. She will sing only at ten her first night, but thereafter at both mealtimes. The well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandmen collected by Mark Monte will be staying on. Closed Sundays. ... ♪ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine, except Sundays, in the Edwardian Room. ... ♪ The Palm Court, thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Crying from a fairly splendid house-top are Joe Williams, a vociferous investigator of the blues situation, and his band. Saturday, March 2, is their last night; on Monday, March 4, Jonah Jones and his crew arrive. These ringleaders commence at nine; a trio begins at seven, and never the twain shall quit before two. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Floating power, just the ticket for a riverboat, is now distributed by the orchestra of Art Mooney, legendary figure. Seven-thirty until two is the schedule, every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The team of Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt, celebrated for their mellifluous and mutual-admiration sonnets, perform in the Maisonette during dinner and supper every night but Sunday. On Monday, March 4, they will be succeeded by another bird of song, Gretchen Wyler. The bands of George Cort and Quintero do the dance music.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000)—The unvarying Shore—Dinah, that is—is in the Empire Room, delivering her arias in her customary sunny-disposition and burst-of-glory style. She flowers at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. Charles Turecamo's orchestra is the main piece of artillery. Closed Sundays. ... ♪ Peacock Alley has a less spectacular but unceasing career, which is enlivened (Monday through Friday) by cocktail and dinner piano, plus the dance trial of Horace Diaz (Wednesday through Saturday from eight to one, Sunday from five to ten).

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A protectorate devised for the benefit of those who can remember the fox-trot, the two-step, and other Early Americana. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands (Argueso's Latin laureates and Don Glasser's Northern Hemispheroids). Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

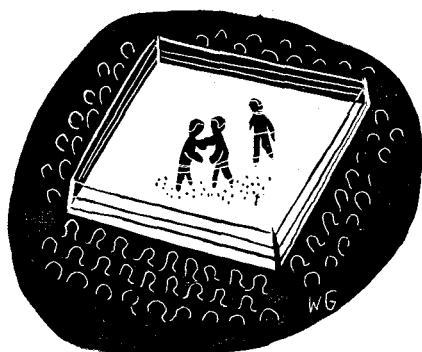
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A fine how-do-you-do, for everyone appears to know (and be on speaking terms with) everyone. The evening begins with Francis Thorne, back once more at his old show-tunes piano from six until eight-thirty, after which Colonel Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and Wayne Sanders take over, sometimes singly and sometimes doubly in spades, on the keyboards, and always merrily as old King Cole. Closed Sundays. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine dur-

ing the week, and ends between one and two. Sundays, the sound runs only from seven to twelve. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Community sing can break out when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbabons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of fettuccine and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. ... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are in full cry from six until two every night but Sunday. ... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest, whose songs and piano delight those who fly, and late at night, has moved back into this den of propinquity, where he carries on every evening but Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the draw-bridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every night but Sunday. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase Park Avenue implies, a piano runs its leisured course between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. ... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 60th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has the use of the mannerly piano in one corner of the Hotel Westbury's Polo Bar, the main-floor restaurant. His stint is nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. ... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday. ... **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Felipe Gayo picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. ... **Café Carlyle**, in the hotel of the same name, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is at his parlor piano and his parlor political chats. Eight-thirty until two is his beat, which never includes Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A well-couched password is just about requisite. Possessors of it may witness, on the tiny dance floor, a remarkable exhibition of don't-follow-the-leader—a sport urged on with music bearing (and made by) strange devices as well as by living folk. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. ... **SHEP-HEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The citizenry here is rather more senior than is customary in the trade. This statement does not apply, though, to the disc jockey (crisp and pungent is his tape measure) or to Lovelace Watkins' trio. A set of full-time chefs works behind the scene. Closed Sundays. ... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): A form of social security bolstered not by our tax structure but by an arcane system of checks (certified, naturally) and balances. Be sure to get yourself certified before you confront the janisaries. Within this Roman villa, young ladies who will be dazzlers if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. ... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Music from eight by the Great God Pandemonium, and the sort of dancing (this *really* separates the boys from the girls) that goes with it. Sundays, the music runs from four to twelve, and Mondays are ceded to Latin music. All in fun, of which there is plenty. The bar-keep believes that a soft drink turneth away wrath. ... **WHEELS**, 1501 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The wheels within Wheels revolve inscrutably on their sidewall pinions, the turntables spew forth inscrutable rhymes and rhythms; live ammunition is supplied by the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which, though dressed for Carnegie Hall and occasionally given to Bach straight up, nevertheless can roll with the milk punches. Closed Mondays. ... **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): It could be the hippest night of your life, and it already is one of the most entertaining of anyone's. Dancing or just watching, from eight-thirty until three or four; the spirits must be your own high ones, for the place is *alkoholfrei*. ... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen can manage a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sundays are null and void.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Enzo Stuarti, a tenor both stentorian and sentimental, is all eyes for something known as Sunny Italy. There is also a set of Copa ballerinas, beautiful and bemused. Dancing for the customers, too, and no nights off. ... ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A dozen of the lofty showgirls, placed consecutively head to toes, would reach all the way to Heaven, which is precisely what they represent. They and the pony ballet that goes with them are supplemented by the songs of Marilyn Michaels. Twice a night, forever and a night.

CABARETS

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The play's the

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

thing; so say the quick-as-a-wink players of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's new tribute to the art form known as revue. The ployers, all as estimable as can be in their wily ways, are Mary Louise Wilson, Liz Sheridan, Dennis Allen, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The exuberant pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; Baldwin Bergersen is the eclectic interlude pianist. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours. Closed Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Serenata Oriental Orchestra, all male except for one little-girl-from-school-am-I, is straight from the tiny Iberian hill town of Tokyo, but they know no language barrier, particularly between Japanese and Spanish. For good measures, and many of them, Eduardo and Gloria, who simply have to be Argentine, kick up some of the finest heels of the season. Dancing for the patrons, too, who are a match for nearly any pro. Dining. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Alejandro Manzana and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She opens fire around ten, or nine-thirty on Saturdays. Closed Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Photo Finish," a new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. ... **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Meanwhile, back at the ranch, which lies in between Beersheba and Jerusalem. The quality of this Israeli prance-in often verges on the amateur, yet the bubbling spirit with which the song and jest (the provinces of Avram Grobard and Gabe Kaplan) and the music (the stately oud of Chic Ganimian is involved) are presented contrasts pleasantly with our customary prepacked way of night life. Dining as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): On Friday, March 1, the foursome of Earl Hines, accompanied by Budd Johnson and Buck Clayton, checks in for a ten-day stay. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-1200): Belowstairs, the animation happens largely weekends. On Friday, March 1, Dick Gregory, who knows that right makes might, begins a two-day causerie on issues of the day. Hugh Masekela's quintet will provide the music. ... ¶ On the ground floor, Billy Taylor's three-cheers threesome is in session every night but Monday. On Tuesday, March 5, Bill Evans' trio will take over. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. ... **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727): In the heart of the low-rent district, but what matters is the intent listening of the junior-grade audience and the effort at music of the moment—to wit: Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Saturdays from five

to nine; Mondays are deeded to Sun Ra's ten-man reconstruction of every form of music under the Sun Ra. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A stretch of unencumbered floor has lately been inserted, so that Zoot Sims' quartet can give proof, through the night, that our dancing feet are still there. Closed Mondays. ... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. ... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. There's also a Sunday session (by the Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clambake Society Jazz Band), four-thirty to nine. ... **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny timpani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night, and from as early as five on Sundays. ... **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A gingerbread house in which the only witchcraft is the Surrealist dialogue conducted by Lyn Christie's bass and Roland Hanna's piano. They tee off at nine. On Wednesdays, there is a prelude, from six to nine, by the threesome of Daphne Hellman, light of heart and light of harp. Dining of fair proportions, and portions. No music Sundays. ... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): No one is going to get high on the coffee and ice cream, but Jake Holmes and his folk arias, carefully chosen and thoughtfully sung, may be inspiration enough. The Lemon Pipers, whose role is rock, are also present. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—Stylized portraits by a widely exhibited New York artist; through Saturday, March 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

FLETCHER BENTON—Twenty works in polished aluminum and stainless steel, in some cases combined with painted Plexiglas, which move almost imperceptibly; through Saturday, March 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Twenty-six small paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American artist; through March 16. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—Five oil paintings and forty-five sketches by this Surrealist; through Saturday, March 9. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD JEROME BOGART—Delicate, romantic landscapes; through Friday, March 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Paintings and pastels, generally containing figures; through Saturday, March 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Recent paintings by a well-known New York Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, March 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

CHRYSSA—Neon constructions whose color and movement can be controlled by the viewer, also drawings made as studies for them; through March 13. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

REX CLAWSON—Paintings and drawings with a leaning toward social comment; through Saturday, March 9. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY DE BLASI—Large paintings with intertwined loops of bright colors; through Saturday, March 9. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through March 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALDO FERRI—Neon-tube constructions with lights controllable by the spectator; through





What do you promise a girl
who has a pearl necklace
for every month with an "R" in it?

Promise her anything
but give her Arpege



Refreshing news. Arpege
announces a new size toilet water,
two elegant ounces 3.50.
LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, March 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX FINKELSTEIN—Geometrical reliefs in light-reflecting aluminum on steel; through Thursday, March 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Plaster and bronze sculptures and reliefs based on the human figure; through Saturday, March 2. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF AND JAMES KELLY—Areas of color partly covered with feathery lines by the former and paintings of geometrical shapes by the latter; through Friday, March 8. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Fifty sardonic drawings from his early Berlin period, 1910-20; through Saturday, March 2. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

MARGO HOFF—Painted paper cutouts on wood panels; through Saturday, March 2. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

ALFRED JENSEN—More of this artist's heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions with gnomic titles; through March 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

JASPER JOHNS—Six paintings by a precursor of Pop; through March 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYMAN KIPP—Painted steel sculptures; through Saturday, March 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

NORBERT KRICKE—Sculptures made of stainless-steel wires and tubes; through March 23. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIRIAM LAUFER—Large Expressionist paintings (some containing words), mostly of heavyset nudes; through Saturday, March 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

LES LEVINE—One large plastic "sculpture," which the spectator walks into; through March 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MON LEVINSON—Abstract Plexiglas constructions; through March 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP MCCracken—Sculptural symbols of metaphysical situations; through Saturday, March 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Drawings and graphics; through Saturday, March 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE PISSARRO—Fifty-two drawings and watercolors of Caracas executed during his two-year visit there (1852-54); through Wednesday, March 6. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

EARL REIBACK—Kinetic compositions with projections of light; through Saturday, March 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

HANS RICHTER—An exhibition of wood and metal reliefs commemorating the eightieth birthday of this Dadaist and Surrealist; through Wednesday, March 6. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ATTILIO SALEMMI—Paintings of dreamlike constructions by a New York artist who died in 1955; through Saturday, March 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JOOP SANDERS AND ROBERT ADAMS—Abstract paintings in sections, which can be recombined, by Mr. Sanders, and bronzed steel Constructivist sculptures by Mr. Adams; through Saturday, March 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SANTOMASO—Abstract paintings by an Italian artist; through March 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY SIEMANOWSKI—Paintings and sculptures that adapt comic-strip motifs in brilliant colors; through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935)—Drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, March 9. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Paintings, including a free-standing panel, by a specialist in geometrical forms and flat colors; through March 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

E. AMBROSE WEBSTER—Paintings by a prominent Provincetown artist, who died in 1935; through Friday, March 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				29	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

TOM WESSELMAN—Molded plastic reliefs of parts of the female body, by a Pop pioneer; through Saturday, March 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ADJA YUNKERS—The first showing in five years of Abstract paintings and collages by this veteran New Yorker; through Saturday, March 9. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL ZERBE—Acetate paintings-collages on psychedellic and other hip themes; through March 16. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL ZIMMERMAN—Semi-abstract landscapes; through March 16. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—At the **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Examples by Mark di Suvero, Walter De Maria, and Richard Serra; through March 15. (Closed Mondays.)

VISUAL ARTS, 209 E. 23rd St.: Transparent and translucent pieces, mainly of plastic and glass, by David Weinrib, Les Levine, and Hans Haacke, to mention a few; through Friday, March 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by notable Americans of the last century and the first part of this one, such as Mount, Inness, Hassam, Sargent, and Edwin Dickinson; through March 15. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman sculptures and vases, from the sixth century B.C. to the third century A.D.; through March 13. (Closed Mondays.)

LOEB & KRUGIER, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 15. (Closed Mondays.)

NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Ninety-six drawings, many by children, done in a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia during the Second World War; through March 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-four paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Calder, Dali, Picasso, and Vlaminck; through April 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Close to three hundred objects lent by the Turkish government, including gold from Troy; Greek, Roman, and Byzantine sculptures; and treasures of the Ottoman Empire. Through March 10. (Except on Mondays, admission is \$1.)

¶ "F-111," a monumental Pop painting by James Rosenquist, which received much press comment when it was first shown, in 1965; through May 5. Some hundred drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the sixteenth century to the present, recently acquired by the Museum; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Sidney and Harriet Janis Collection of a hundred paintings and sculptures by three generations of twentieth-century artists; through Sunday, March 3. ¶ A selection of posters and other graphic-design items

from the Museum's collection, covering successive styles since the eighteen-nineties; through March 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissarro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstanding moderns who were either in the movement or affected by it; through April 7. ¶ Early works by Adolph Gottlieb in a show that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum; through April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Late works by Adolph Gottlieb in an exhibition that coincides with his exhibition at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through March 31. ¶ Sculptures by Donald Judd, a designer of "primary" factory-made forms; through March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Large screens and some panels by Shiko Munakata, an heir of the Japanese woodcut tradition; through March 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Paintings of a common snipe, a least sandpiper, a greater yellowlegs, and other shorebirds by Robert Verity Clem, who sets his subjects in their serene and undisturbed environment; through March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventeen bronzes, ceramics, lacquers, jade carvings, stone sculptures, and paintings, representing forty-five hundred years of Chinese art, selected from the Avery Brundage Collection; through Sunday, March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-nine marriage contracts (*ketuboth*) dating from the seventeenth century, illuminated with scenes of Biblical episodes and the city of Jerusalem, signs of the zodiac, floral decorations, allegories, and coats of arms; through Sunday, March 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Pre-nineteenth-century Polynesian sculptures—for instance, objects by the Maori of New Zealand, wood figures from the Easter Island, ivory and bone carvings from Tonga, and wood pieces from Hawaii; through April 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-third annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

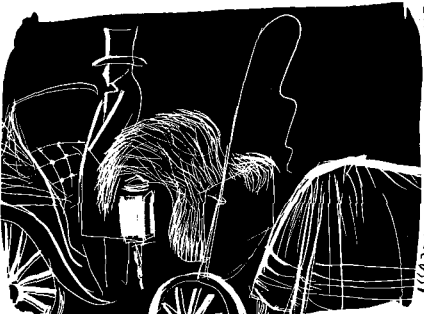
RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Environments by seven artists who worked together last summer in an international artists' seminar; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Admission fifty cents.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 29, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Régine Crespin, Gundula Janowitz, Barbro Ericson, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scottò, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1:30:



The Permanent Portable.

An Olivetti Underwood Electric Adding Machine. For tax time. Any time. It knows no season.

It also straightens out checkbooks.
Adds up expense accounts.
Checks out grocery bills.
Totals up the family budget.

Helps with the kids' homework.
Subtracts and multiplies.
Weighs just over ten pounds.
Prints in two colors.

It works for the whole family.
Year after year.
If you have our Lettera, you
know what we mean.

olivetti underwood



Shown: the Quanta R. \$119.95
suggested retail price (case extra)
9¼" wide, 11" long, 5¼" high

There's driving and there's Wide-Tracking. Isn't it time you learned the difference?

If you've never owned a car that made you anticipate the morning ritual of sliding behind the wheel—then it's time.

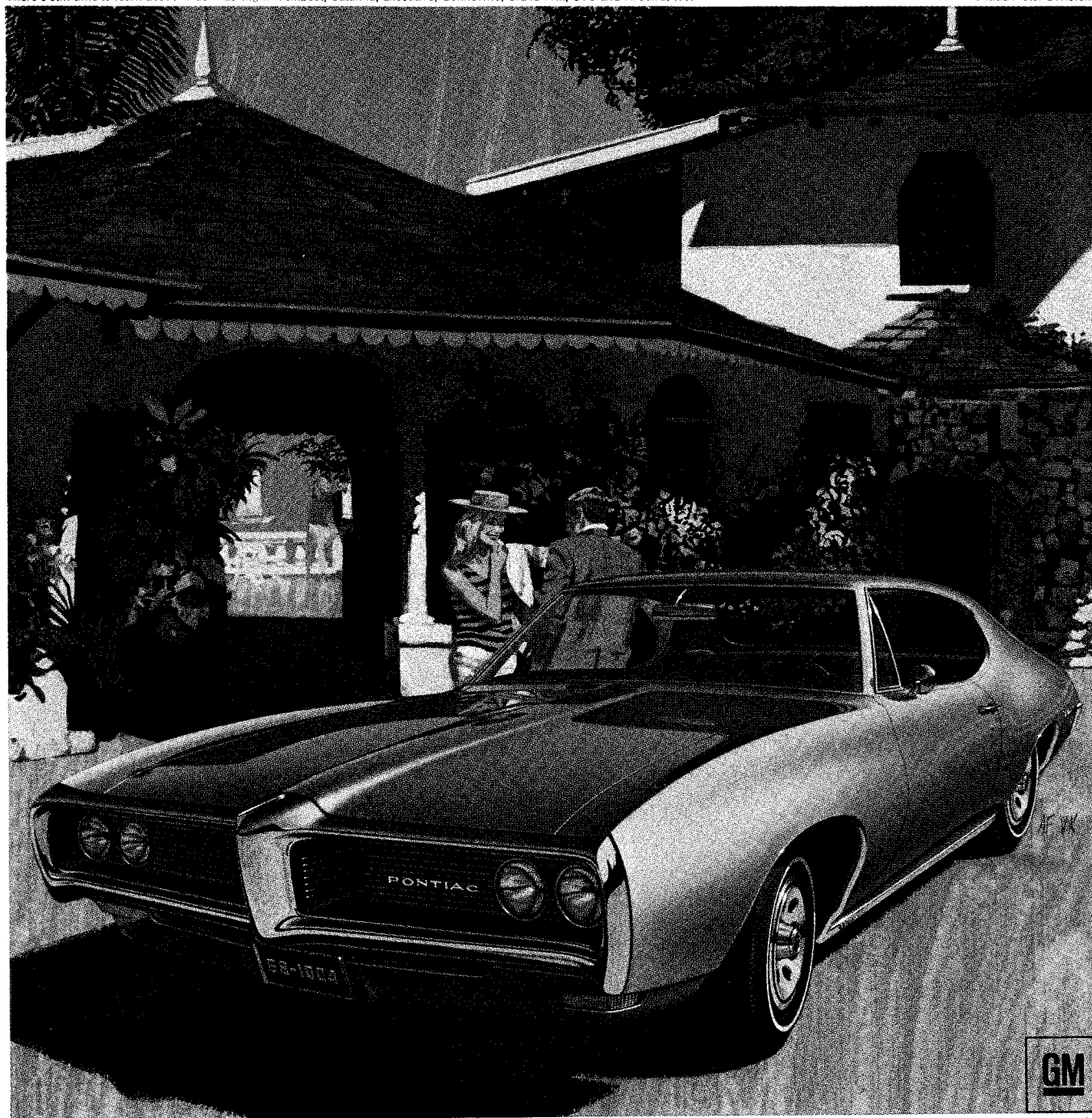
For openers, try easing yourself into the supple buckets that grace our sleek LeMans below. And then turn the key. For residing underhood, is a unique 175-hp overhead cam six that gained its reputation by startling jaded V-8 owners (even though it runs all day on regular gas). Or you can order a 215-hp, premium-fuel edition. Or V-8s up to 320 hp.

But the true joy of Wide-Tracking comes when you confront a little-known piece of asphalt. And experience the transformation of curves and dips into smooth, straight highway via Pontiac's Wide-Track.

With all this waiting for you at your Pontiac dealer's, isn't it time you learned the difference between Wide-Tracking and just getting someplace? Your only regret will be in turning off the key.

There's still time to learn about Wide-Tracking in Tempest, Catalina, Executive, Bonneville, Grand Prix, GTO and Firebird, too.

Pontiac Motor Division



Wide-Track **1968** Pontiacs

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Fiorenza Cossotto, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Luiza Miller," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Nancy Williams, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Monday, March 4, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 8: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and Louis Sgarro. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Theodore Lambrinos. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Elektra," with Gladys Kuchta, Ludmila Dvorakova, Jean Madeira, William Dooley, Ticho Parly, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, James King, Thomas Stewart, Norman Scott, and Ron Botcher. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Louise Pearl, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Alfredo Kraus, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, David Clatworthy, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Carol Bayard, Roberto Banuelas, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joan Summers, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Maralin Niska, Robert Hale, David Clatworthy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Edith Evans, Clinton Nichols, Will Roy, and William Ledbetter; and "Carmina Burana," with Anne Elgar, Enrico di Giuseppe, and William Metcalf. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 3, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Kay Creed, Robert Moulson, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Clinton Nichols, Malcolm Smith, and Edward Pierson; and "Carmina Burana," with Nadja Witkowska, William Metcalf, and William DuPree. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8:15: "The Crucible," with Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Jacqueline Norwood, Chester Ludgin, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Huguette Tourangeau, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Martí, Calvin Marsh, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Arlene Randazzo, Jerome LoMonaco, David Clatworthy, and William Ledbetter. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30; Friday, March 1, at 2:15; Saturday, March 2, at 8:30; and Monday, March 4, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers; Howard Hanson will conduct one of his own works at each concert); and Thursday, March 7, at 8:30; Friday, March 8, at 2:15; Saturday, March 9, at 8:30; and Monday, March 11, at 7:30 (no soloists).

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program, with Grant Johannesen, piano; and Saturday, March 2, at 8:30, a performance of Haydn's "The Creation," with Beverly Sills, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and the New England Conservatory Chorus. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30, a varied program, with João Carlos Martins, piano.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting a program entitled "Symphonic Jazz: 1920's," with Eugene List,

piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Fausto Cleva directing the first of two performances of Catalani's "La Wally" in concert form, with Renata Tebaldi and Isabel Penagos, sopranos; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Peter Glosop, baritone; and Fernando Corena and Andrzej Saciuk, basses. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting a Bach-Haydn program. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; and Thursday, March 7, at 8:30, no guest artist. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MANHATTAN BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—A program of Italian chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30, a lieder recital. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classic guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 1, at 8:30.)

NARCISO YEPES—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 1, and Friday, March 8, both at 8:30.)

MALCOLM FRAGER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of English medieval and Renaissance music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

RENATA SCOTTO—Soprano, and others, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Monday, March 4, at 8. For tickets, call LO 4-1496.)

BRUCE HUNGERFORD—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 4, at 8:30.)

STEPHEN KATES—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 8, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Prague Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 8, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

HERBERT TICHMAN—Clarinet, with assisting artists, in the last in a series of recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.—Jane Morgan and the Doodletown Pipers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 29-March 2, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Miriam Makeba. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 1, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 1-2440.) . . . ¶ The Jimi Hendrix Experience and John Hammond. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 2, at 8 and 10:30.) . . . ¶ Tony Bennett, Duke Ellington, and Jack E. Leonard. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 6:30 and 9:30.) . . . ¶ The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, March 2, at 8:35:

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

One great Ban-lon® print of nylon jersey is easily worth many another, wouldn't you agree? Ours makes its fashion points in black and white. For some splendid shirtdressing to belt or not, that's got both stamina and chic. Sizes 5 to 13 can have it for \$36 in our Young Elite® Dress Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.



There is a certain kind of woman who cooks in more languages than she speaks. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



Dacron, that eighth wonder of the world, makes this pretty dress resist rumples and wash beautifully. Isn't the softly folding collar a wonderful contrast to the angular print? Jacquard knit Dacron® polyester in black or walnut on white. 10 to 18, 45.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Knicks vs. Detroit. . . ¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 8:35; Knicks vs. Boston.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Nino Benvenuti, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship; and Joe Frazier vs. Buster Mathis, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Monday, March 4, at 8:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, March 2, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . ¶ Sunday, March 3, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 9.

TRACK MEET—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, March 9, at 6:30.)

ROTTERING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, March 4, through Thursday, May 23.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Elie Siegmeister, narrator, and Claude Kipnis, pianist. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 2, at 11 and 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE**: "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. . . ¶ "The Pied Piper," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The stars of the current show are "Six Men Who Changed the Universe." Starting Tuesday, March 5, there will be a new show, "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—A gigantic grab bag of memorabilia. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Fri-

day, March 4-8, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, March 9, from 1 to 6.)

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—The fifty-first annual event. The theme will be "Gardens of the Seasons," and there will also be the usual large number of flower arrangements by owners of the green thumb. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, March 2, from 10 to 10; Sunday, March 3, from 1 to 10; Monday through Saturday, March 4-9, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 10, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, belonging to several collectors. . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1:45: Oriental art, including ivory carvings, Chinese and Japanese pottery and porcelains, Chinese cloisonné enamels, Peking and other glassware, and bronzes; from the estate of William S. Tandler. . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 1:45: Manuscripts and rare books, including letters of George Washington, the deed for Mount Vernon, and English and American literary works; the property of Edward Lamb. . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 1:45: Modern paintings by such artists as Diego Rivera, Jean Dufy, Dietz Edzard, and Jules Pascin; from many collections. Exhibition starts Friday, March 1.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Feb. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Mickey" (1916), with Mabel Normand. . . ¶ March 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie. . . ¶ March 2 at 11:30: "Leaves from Satan's Book" (1921), directed by Carl Dreyer. . . ¶ March 2 at 3 and 5:30: "The Freshman" (1925), with Harold Lloyd. . . ¶ March 3 at 2: Three Laurel and Hardy comedies—"Big Business" (1929), "Wrong Again" (1929), and "We Faw Down" (1928). . . ¶ March 4 at 2: "The Black Camel" (1931), with Warner Oland and Sally Eilers. . . ¶ March 4 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan in London" (1934), with Warner Oland and Ray Milland. . . ¶ March 5 at 2: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935), with Warner Oland and Pat Paterson. . . ¶ March 5 at 5:30: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935), with Warner Oland and Irene Hervey. . . ¶ March 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—First league games here—Yankees vs. California, at Yankee Stadium, April 9-10. . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, at Shea Stadium, April 17-18.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center: March 10, 12, and 20.

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden Center. March 22.)

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 11-14.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on March 10, 13, 17, 24, and 31.

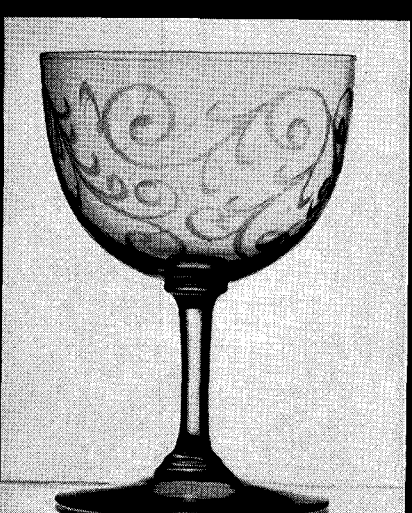
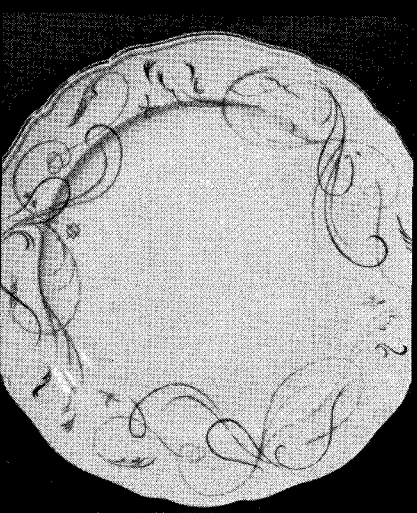
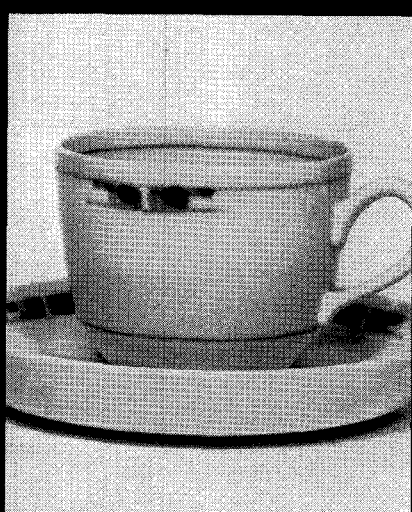
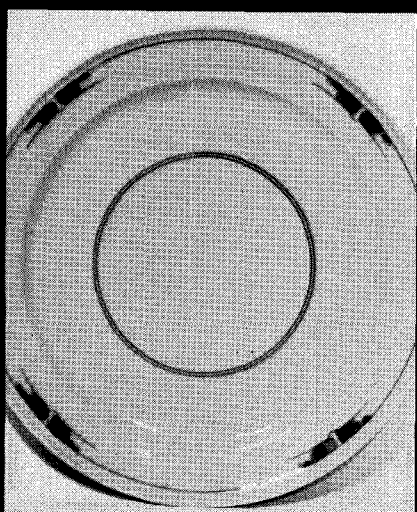
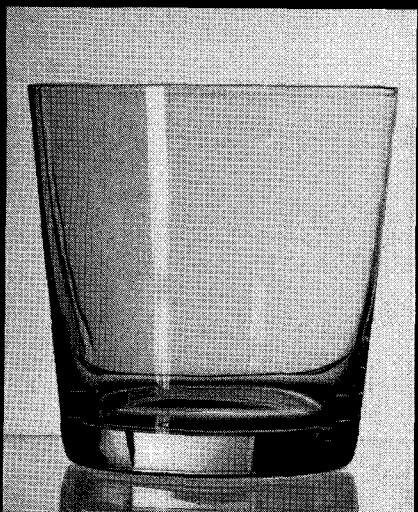
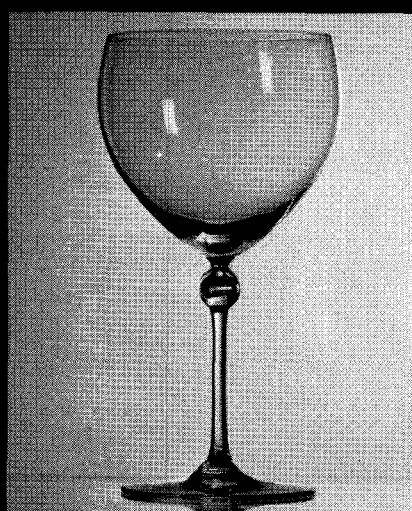
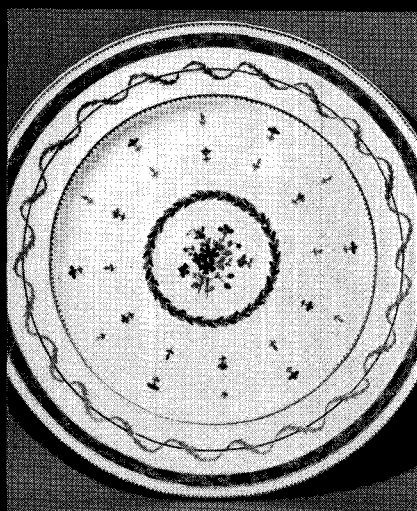
HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 6.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 13.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 13.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: March 11-May 18. . . AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 30.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. International Tournament. (Madison Square Garden Center. March 25-30.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. March 30-31.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . ¶ PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . ¶ Valery Klimov, violin, March 10. . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 12 and April 9. . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, March 15. . . ¶ Vienna



China and crystal a bride can be wedded to for life

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.

SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST.

BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE

HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.

CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.



FIRST SPRING ROMANCE: BONWIT'S DOTTED SWISS

Please do pick our flowery print dirndl dress with the white bodice and be-ribboned waist in regular or the new midi length. In black and white dotted Swiss of polyester and cotton. By Gay Gibson, 5 to 13 sizes, 26.00 either length

JUNIOR CAREER SHOP

.60 handling charge on mail and phone orders outside regular delivery area.

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York

Also in Manhasset Westchester Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Choir Boys, March 17... Little Orchestra Society, March 19 and April 2... Guiomar Novaes, piano, March 24... Byron Janis, piano, March 29... Washington National Symphony, March 31... Boston Symphony, April 3 and 5... Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano, April 7... Nicolai Gedda, tenor, April 10... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, March 10-11 and 24-25... Kuentz Chamber Orchestra, from Paris, March 12... American Opera Society, March 13... Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, March 14... Vienna Choir Boys, March 16... Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, March 19... Franco Corelli, tenor, March 20... New York Chamber Ensemble, March 24... Daniel Barenboim, piano, March 29... Hartford Symphony Orchestra, March 31... Stockholm Philharmonic, March 31... Phyllis Curtin, soprano, April 3... Jacqueline du Pré, cello, and Daniel Barenboim, piano, April 5... Boston Symphony, April 6... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): John Williams, classic guitarist, March 16... Narciso Yepes, classic guitarist, March 17... St. Cecilia Chorus, March 18... Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players, March 21 and 23... Municipal Concerts Orchestra, March 22... Manhattanville College Choir, March 27... Michael and Beveridge Webster, clarinet and piano, March 28... New England Conservatory Chorus, March 29... Arturo Sergi, tenor, March 30... Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano, March 31... Evelyn Lear, soprano, March 31... Clarion Concert, April 2... Orchestra San Pietro of Naples, April 4... Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 5... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (870-5512): Philippe Entremont, piano, March 15... Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 23-24... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Lili Kraus, piano, March 20... Eleanor Steber, soprano, March 21... Chicago Contemporary Chamber Players, March 22... Joan Sutherland, soprano, April 6 and 8.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Only Game in Town," a three-character play by Frank D. Gilroy; Richard Mulligan, Carol Rossen, and Harold J. Stone make up the cast... Gore Vidal's comedy, "Weekend," starring John Forsythe, Rosemary Murphy, and Kim Hunter... George Rose and Carole Shelley in "Loot," a play by the late Joe Orton, imported from London... The final production of the season by the APA Repertory Company—Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," with Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker... The Vienna Burgtheatre will present a three-week repertory of four plays in German—Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardt," Bahr's "Das Konzert," Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and Nestroy's "Einen Jux Will Er Sich Machen"—at the City Center... Harry Guardino, Estelle Parsons, and Brian Bedford are the entire cast of "The Seven Descents of Myrtle," the new Tennessee Williams play... A musical, "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N," based on the stories by Leo Rosten. Benjamin Bernard Zavin wrote the book, Paul Nassau and Oscar Brand did the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Tom Bosley, Barbara Minkus, Nathaniel Frey, Gary Krawford, and Hal Linden... A play by George Lefferts, "Hey, Everybody!," in which Louise Troy, Jaime Sanchez, and Lee Lawson will appear... Joel Grey in a musical, "George M!," with a book by Michael Stewart and John and Fran Pascal and music and lyrics by George M. Cohan (revisions by Mary Cohan)... A comedy, "Leda Had a Little Swan," by Bamber Gascoigne; Severn Darden, Joan Darling, Michael J. Pollard, and Fred Stewart have the leading roles.

OTHER DATES—St. Patrick's Day is Sunday, March 17... The first day of spring is March 20... International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, March 30-April 7... The Circus, at Madison Square Garden Center, April 2-May 12... Easter Sunday is April 14... Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1967 and estimates for 1968 are due Monday, April 15.



BONWIT'S BUCKLES UP THE TRAVELER TRUE

Going like lightning to a second summer... our short-sleeved rib shape, breezing along in easycare Celanese Fortrel® polyester, then belted and buckled for added snap! By Nan Leslie in blue-gray or yellow, 8 to 16 sizes, 36.00

MISS BONWIT CAREER DRESSES

.60 handling charge on mail and phone orders outside regular delivery area.

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York

Also in Manhasset Westchester Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

The one-flight airline.

The current Delta timetable makes pretty impressive reading.

Sixty-four pages thick. Column after column of paired numbers, each one a takeoff and landing.

Do you care?

Of course not.

You're interested in only one column in that table, because you're only concerned with one flight.

The one that's going where

you're going. The one you're booked on.

But if it's late, or oversold, or if we've slipped up on your reservation, our big, fat timetable carries no weight with you at all.

If we couldn't even manage to get you to Atlanta, you certainly don't want to hear about how easily we could have gotten you to Miami.

That's why we call Delta

the one-flight airline.

It's natural to feel that the flight you're taking is the only important one we're running all day. And we want you to feel that way.

In fact, if you want to know when our next flight leaves, don't even bother with a timetable.

When can you make it?



The one flight that matters is yours.



A word of advice about the biggest computer pitfall.

You've decided to buy a computer. So you call in the first computer company you think of.

Fine.

But suppose the hardware proposal seems too expensive. Or the software too complicated. Or the promises of support a little vague. Or maybe you just don't like the way the salesman parts his hair.

Do you take the computer anyway?

If you do, you throw away any chance of doing better. And when you're buying a computer, that's the biggest pitfall of all.

You can avoid it, though. By calling in the other computer company: Honeywell.

This way, you give yourself a choice. You get to make comparisons.

You find out the computer you buy from us fits your needs exactly, with no costly compromises: Honeywell has nine third-generation computers and 800 hardware and software products for you to choose from.

You find out just how important your computer's performance is to us: We design our software to run smoothly, without complications. And we back every Honeywell salesman with nine support people, experts in your field as well as ours.

You also find out you can save up to 10% on our leasing plans alone.

Now you're in a position to make a wise choice. Call

The Other Computer Company: Honeywell

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	1	2
3	4	5	6			

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how, in the dark days of the nineteen-fifties, the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 6.)

BEDAZZLED—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron merrily ring changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

BONNIE AND CLYDE—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

BYE BYE BRAVERMAN—The Jewish intellectuals of Wallace Markfield's "To an Early Grave" become Jewish comics in Sidney Lumet's film, but there are some interesting, if over-ripe, scenes. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

CAMELOT—Vanessa Redgrave is very pretty and Richard Harris very handsome in this mindless dinosaur of a musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

CHARLIE BUBBLES—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

CHINA IS NEAR—A new young prodigy from Italy, writer-director Marco Bellocchio brings operatic style to sex and politics. A brilliant, subtly freakish comedy. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through March 3.)

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown last summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 90th, AC 2-1200.)

COOL HAND LUKE—An exceptionally good melodrama about a young Southerner who wishes only to go to hell in his own way. Paul Newman is splendid in the leading role. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 5.)

DOCTOR DOLITTLE—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, they teach him how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ELVIRA MADIGAN—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

THE FOX—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE GRADUATE—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER—Well worth while for Spencer Tracy's last performance. The story concerns an interracial marriage, and the director is Stanley Kramer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—A musical this big and this

bad is a millstone in the history of film. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

IN COLD BLOOD—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Ingeniously adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

PLANET OF THE APES—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

POOR COW—Donovan sings as Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's disappointingly dreary version of Nell Dunn's novel. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE—Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando star in a film version of Carson McCullers' early fantasy, which the director, John Huston, has taken at face value, and then some. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 5.)

THE STRANGER—Luchino Visconti's gallant attempt to do justice to the Camus novel. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

THE TWO OF US—This simple fable about an old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, partly because it is so simple and artless. Alain Cohen is very fine as the child, but Michel Simon overdoes the human old-fellow bit. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE WHISPERERS—The melodramatics of the plot are too much for the nature of the film, which is an account of things more inward, but

Edith Evans' study of a very old woman living in privation and loneliness is one of the finest performances we could hope to see. Directed by Bryan Forbes, with Eric Portman as her cadging jailbird husband. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144.)

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 3-5.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 1.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Triple Trouble," "The Paper Hanger," "The Tramp," and "Shanghai," all mementoes from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 1-4.)

THE CRAZY QUILT (1966)—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 5. Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 6.)

DEVI (1962)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 29.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

LANDRU (1963)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michèle Morgan. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5-6.)

LEDA (1961)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Madeleine Robinson and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5-6.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through March 2.)

THE ORGANIZER (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 2-4, last showing on March 4 at 1:50.)

POINT OF ORDER! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 2-4, last showing on March 4 at 3:55.)

RANCHO NOTORIOUS (1952)—Directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich and Arthur Kennedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 6.)

REPULSION (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 6.)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through March 2.)

THE WORLD OF APU (1959)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 29.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
PLANET OF THE APES.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

DEMLLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through March 5: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.
From March 6: "P.J.," George Peppard.

FORM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Secret War of Harry Frigg," Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
POOR COW.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE FOX.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WHISPERERS.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French), revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 5: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
From March 6: REPULSION, revival; and "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
POOR COW.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"We Still Kill the Old Way" (in Italian). Irene Papas.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

TRANS LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
POOR COW.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through March 3: "Doctor Faustus," Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor.
From March 4: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
IN COLD BLOOD.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

"The Good, the Bad and the Ugly," Clint Eastwood.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 2: THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG and MAYERLING (both in French and both revivals).

March 3-5: BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.

March 6: RANCHO NOTORIOUS, revival; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 5: COOL HAND LUKE; and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

From March 6: THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic); and THE CRAZY QUILT, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE STRANGER (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The President's Analyst," James Coburn.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 3: CHINA IS NEAR (in Italian).
From March 4: "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through March 6: "The Jungle Book," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Treasure of San Gennaro" (in Italian), Nino Manfredi, Senta Berger.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 1: CASABLANCA, revival; and "The Birds," revival, Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

March 2-4 (last showing on March 4 at 1:50): THE ORGANIZER (in Italian), revival; and POINT OF ORDER!, revival.

March 4 at 6, 8, and 10: "One Hour with You," revival, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald.

March 5-6: LANDRU and LEDA (both in French and both revivals).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 5: REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE; and "Hotel," revival, Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.

From March 6: THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic); and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 29: THE WORLD OF APU AND DEVI (both in Bengali and both revivals).

March 1-4: CHAPLIN COMEDIES; and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.

From March 5: THE CRAZY QUILT, revival; and "Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

There is only one Arnel.
It plays up plaid to perfection.



Jack Feit suits clean architectural lines to a towny three-piecer. Jacket with dashaway side-split collar freshened with a bow tops easy A-skirt, self shell with T-squared armholes. Richelieu Fabrics' crisp weave of Arnel triacetate and cotton trips through your day resisting wrinkles. In black, brown or navy with white. 6-18. About \$55.*
At Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth; Robinson's, Los Angeles.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Arnel®

FROM ESTÉE LAUDER'S NEW FAST ACTING
BEAUTY CARE COLLECTION

All Day Throat Creme

All Day Eye Creme

Two under-make-up treatments for constant beauty care. They absorb quickly to give nourishment to delicate tissues of the skin both day and night.

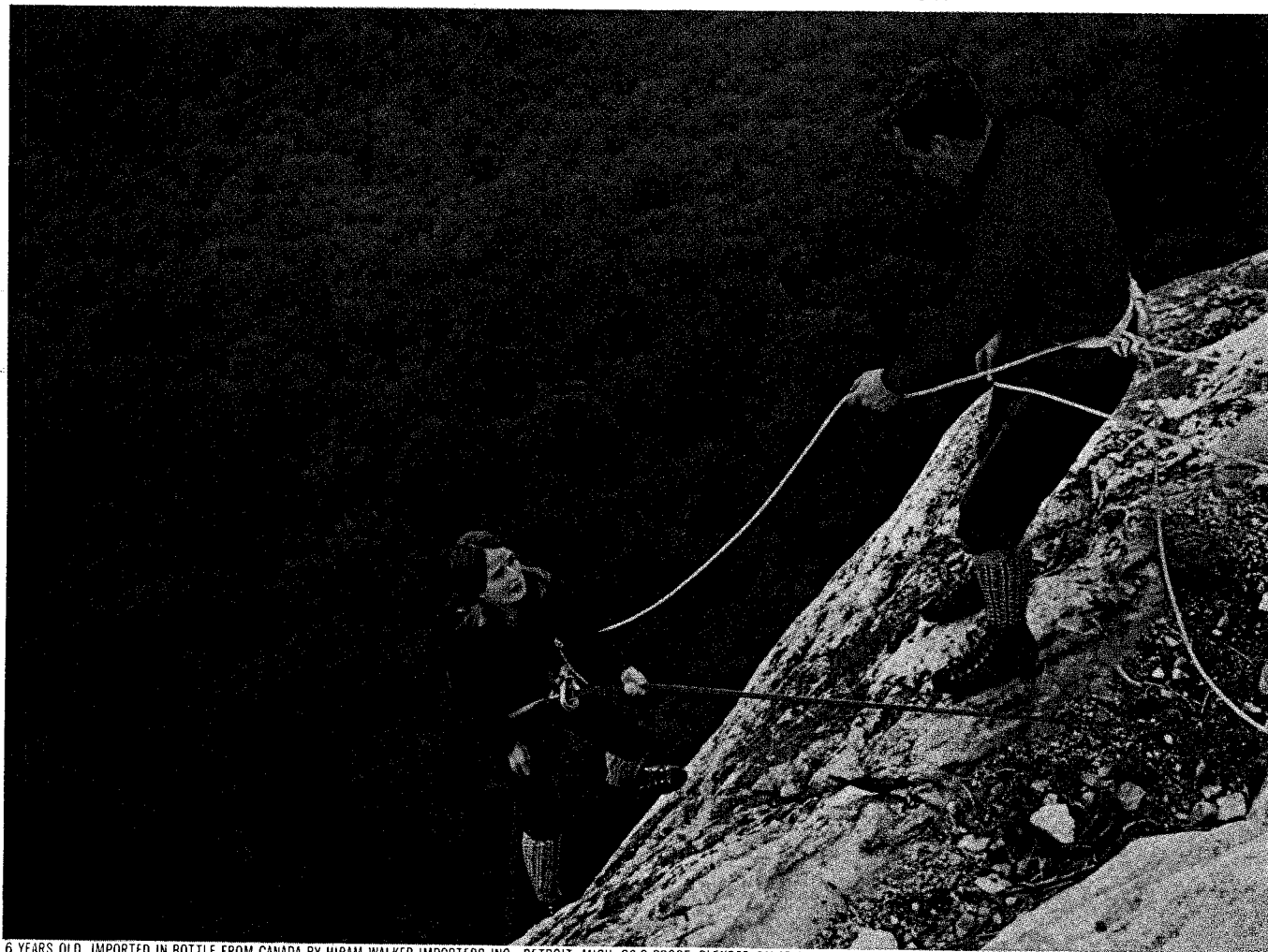
Estée Lauder

PHOTOGRAPH: SKREBNESKI © 1987 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do I really have to do
this sort of thing to earn
my Canadian Club?

Yes.



6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

A reward for men. A delight for women.

Smooth as the wind.

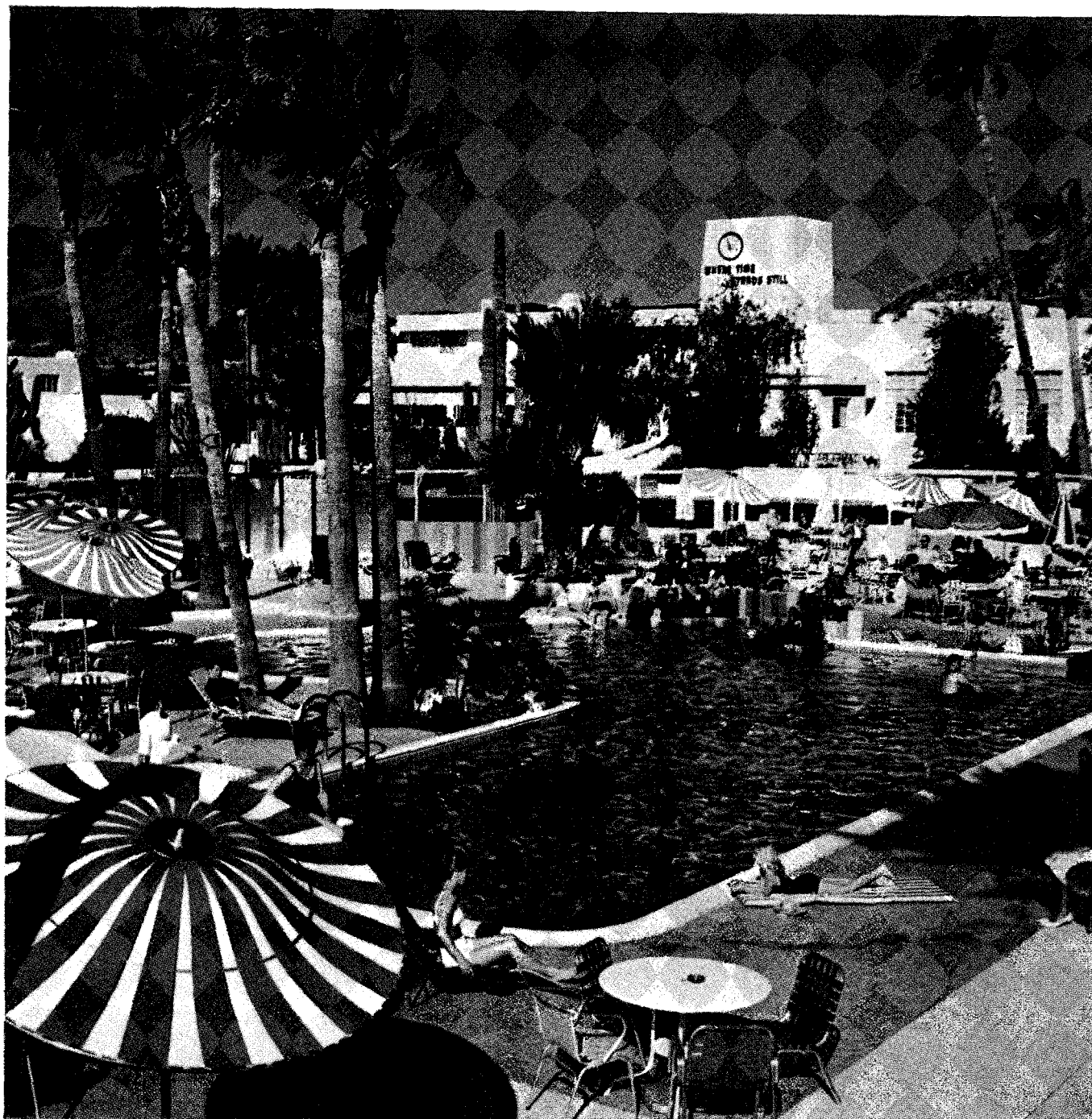
Mellow as sunshine.

Friendly as laughter.

The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



When Marriott buys a resort...it's a butte!

The Marriotts have found paradise . . . and offer you the key. It's the Paradise Valley mirage known as the Camelback Inn. The desert flowers with heated pools, sun-drenched maidens, and well-fed conventioners basking in the warming winter's sun. The motif: Spanish Colonial. The theme: see-see. See pool-side buffet luncheons replete with suckling pig; whirlpool baths, 80-degree pools, spacious "casas" (bungalow to you, Senor), star-lit steak fries, and a golfing mecca for duffer or pro. See the Camelback Inn . . . where time stands still. And, see us for details.

This is living... this is **Marriott's Camelback Inn**
 Lincoln Drive, Scottsdale, Arizona (602) 945-8441

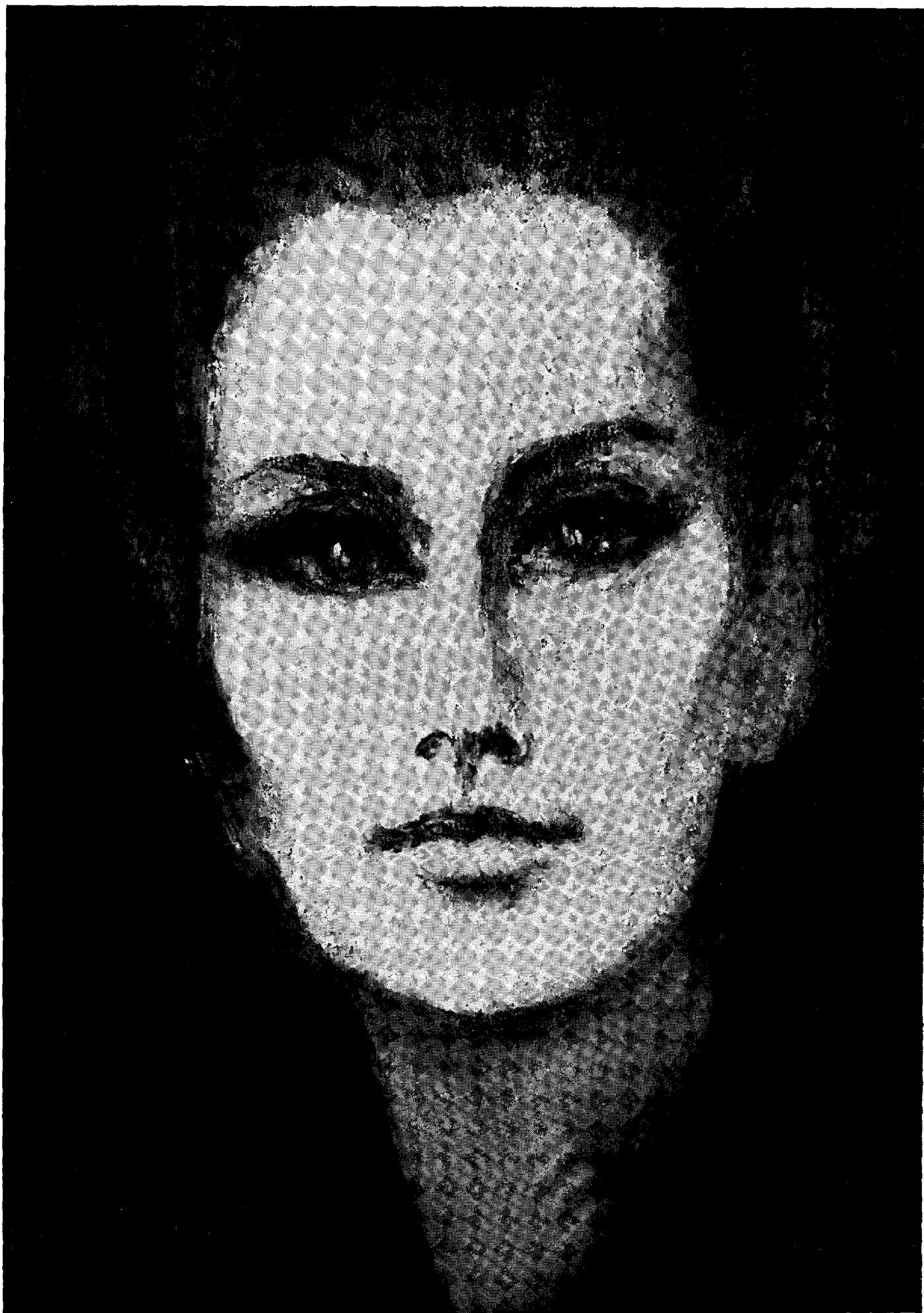
Marriott Motor Hotels also in Atlanta; Chicago; Dallas; Philadelphia;
 Saddle Brook, N.J.; Washington, D.C.; Houston ('68); Boston ('69)



"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers



fashioning THE ELEGANT FACE

Ease into this new fascination in make-up. Absorb the sense of perfection and polish, the sheer magnetism of its individuality. Be intrigued by its apparent timelessness. No carbon copy this. This is the face for the woman with an instinct for things magnificent, a love of quiet beauty, a flair for the hauteur of exaggerated simplicity.

It's the design for Beauty, Now!—plotted out for you by Frances Denney. The elegance takes off from a foundation that is subtle, sheer, translucent. A divinely beautiful blush shimmers in the illuminating glamour of Incandescent Glowlight. And your eyes emerge shadowed to a romantic eloquence. The prismatic radiance of Incandescent Finishing Powder is fluffed here and there for added allure. And your mouth is a portrait in mobile color. For instance, Magnet, a new brilliance in pink...or Flair, a capricious coral...perhaps, Champagne Lamé, the sparkling one.

It's the new elegance, brought to light for you by...

Frances Denney



B Altman & Co

Gabardine on the go...

One of the great little petites you'll find in our free-wheeling Spring collection, back pleated wool with shapely fit and lowered pockets. Navy or white... 6 to 12 petite. You'll find it in our third floor coat shop, Fifth Avenue, and in all our branch stores. 135.00

Just one more example of the way Fifth Avenue's great store understands the special coat requirements of New York's smartest women... with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.

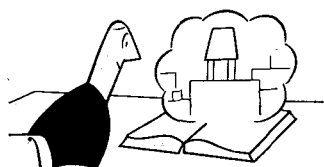




THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are in the habit of giving every new book that crosses our desk at least a brief examination, so when the 1968 edition of the Manhattan Yellow Pages turned up the other day we leafed through it, and discovered it to be far more than the drab, utilitarian work we had expected. This thick, red-covered volume is actually an art book of considerable charm. An example is the drawing on page 1843, in an advertisement for Isseks Bros. Wooden Tanks. Sketched in bold black lines with muted-gray



shading, this illustration shows a water tank rising above an industrial skyline—a scene that, in its simplicity and its unity of theme, is reminiscent of painters of the early American modern school, or perhaps of Edward Hopper. On page 463 are two drawings of grandfather clocks—the first an ornate timepiece that, in its carved detail, bears a hint of Chippendale, and the second a plainer, less imposing object that might have stood in the background of a painting by Vermeer. On page 1620 is a sprightly scene of people riding in a horse-drawn carriage while a dog runs playfully alongside, the whole thing having the *élan* of a sketch by Thomas Rowlandson. Degas comes to mind when one turns to page 529, where there is an illustration for the Dance-Theatre Shop, and page 1616 shows an earthy scene, for a French restaurant, that could be a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec. The book abounds in photographs, too, including photographs of buses, babies, pearls, fire extinguishers, Jack Dempsey, and Fred Astaire, and, as if all these things

were not enough, it is a veritable bestiary, containing pictures of an ape, a lion, an eagle, a myna, a canary, an owl, a chicken, an angelfish, a lobster, a Hereford, a Black Angus, a deer, an elk, a bee, an elephant, a dolphin, and a kangaroo, along with sundry cats and dogs. (One dog is shown smoking a cigarette in a long holder—a typical touch of humor.) The work is especially notable for its subtle distinctions: page 1400 shows a jukebox, whereas page 1489 shows a *toy* jukebox. We feel certain that any lover of art will be able to spend many profitable hours in the company of this large, attractive volume, whose only unsettling characteristic is the number of telephones it shows. By the time we reached page 974, we had counted a hundred and eleven telephones—a number that seems wholly out of balance artistically but that may make sense under the circumstances.

The Indian Bin

WHO'S at the Village Vanguard on a Sunday afternoon? Answer: Sitarist Anand Joshi, with Pramod Kanetkar on the tabla. Who's at Philharmonic Hall at least twice a year? Answer: Champion sitarist Ravi Shankar. Who's the young Yankee costumed in jubbah and dhoti, kumghun and vibhuti who was recently called by the magazine *Thought* (an Indian weekly) "a pioneering *vidwan*," meaning "a pioneering learned singer"? Answer: Jon Higgins, who is called by his record company Jon Higgins Bhagavatar, meaning Jon Higgins Maestro. What smash-hit songs from Indian movie musicals are being played into Broadway over the P.A. systems of record shops? Answer: "Bol Radha Bol," from the movie "Sangam," and "Aawaz Na Do," from the film "Dil Bhi Tera Hum Bhi Tere." What record has been at the top of *Billboard's* list of classical best-sellers since last

Labor Day? Answer: "West Meets East," with Yehudi Menuhin playing morning and evening ragas with Ravi Shankar. And what rock groups have been sticking the sitar or sitarlike sounds into their slick routines ever since George Harrison composed "Love You to" for himself and the other Beatles and brought the tabla player Anil Bhagwat around to do it with them for their record called "Revolver"? Answer: The Byrds, the Monkees, the Jefferson Airplane, the Blood, Sweat and Tears, the Cream, and about sixty-nine other youth groups running for their lives these perilous days to get in on the latest musical boom. Nearly all of this is happening on records.

King Karol, a Forty-second Street record shop that stays open until eleven o'clock seven nights a week, was mobbed around the Indian bins last Sunday, when we went over there to have a look. Both Indians, in and out of saris, jubbahs, and dhotis, and non-Indians, most of them wearing conforming tight-blue-jeans-torn-sweaters-and-Amish-type-hats, were



studiously pawing the albums. The Indians all seemed to be accompanied by their children, who were running around wildly raising hell, making bubble-gum bubbles, and throwing empty Eskimo Pie wrappers at each other. Half the blue-jean wearers turned out to be customers and the other half to be clerks working for King Karol. One of the clerks told us that the sales of Indian records now equalled those of the Beatles. "We no sooner put them on the shelves than *bam!*" he said. "And this isn't rock and roll. This is *pure* Indian music. We used to have



"I don't know which one he is, but if he makes it to the front door he's got my vote."

half a bin of Indian records. Now we have five or six bins. We have all the greats. Every single last one. I sold three Balachanders today. He's the virtuoso of the veena."

"Yes," we said.

"The veena is associated with the Goddess Saraswati," he said. "It's the oldest of the Indian instruments—a fretted stringed instrument made of rosewood or ebony and like that, with a hemispheric resonator at the bottom and another, smaller one, a seasoned gourd, near the top of a long neck."

A young-man-with-the-hat reached past us and took out an album entitled "Around India with Lata" and frowned at it. We took out an "Around India with Lata," too, and read in the liner notes that Lata is Lata Mangeshkar, who is "rightly and affectionately known as the Queen of Song throughout the length and breadth of the Indian subcontinent." Reading on, we learned that on this one record Lata sang songs in seven languages—Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Assamese, Marathi, Punjabi, and Tamil.

"Let's put it this way—it's a phenomenon," a spokesman for Odeon Records, which distributes exclusive imports, told us. "We don't want to make the plum look *too* juicy to competitors, but the fact is that India is second only to Greece in our sales. This movement more or less started on the campuses, and the bulk of the sales are still there—heaviest, of course, at Berkeley and at the Harvard Coop. You might say that the interest is analogous to the interest of people who are interested in jazz per se. If they like Ellington, they want to put their hands on the *early* Ellington. They want to get at the *original material*. That's the secret of the imports. The rock groups have sitars, yes, but our buyers want to own the roots."

"What roots lately?" we asked.

"Raga Yaman, Raga Bairagi-Bhairav," with Niaz Ahmed Khan and Favvaz Ahmed Khan doing the vocals, with Mohammed Ahmed on the tabla," he said. "Also 'Bhajans'—meaning 'Songs of Devotion'—with Juthika Roy on the vocal in Hin-

dustani. And 'Duet Gat,' which has a lot of ragas—Bageshri and Jhinzoti. And, plum of plums, 'Songs to Remember,' with Sandhya Mukherjee and Hemanta Mukherjee. That's from India. From England, we just got out 'Indo-Jazz Fusions,' with the Joe Harriott-John Mayer Double Quintet, playing alto sax, trumpet, flugelhorn, piano, bass, drums, violin, harpsichord, sitar, tambura, tabla, and flute. Our checklist is so big we've had to divide it under headings—'Classical Music from North India,' 'Classical Music from South India,' 'Vocal,' et cetera, et cetera. Under 'Music of Tagore' alone we've got eleven different albums—'Tagore Songs,' 'Gems from Tagore,' 'More Gems from Tagore,' et cetera, et cetera."

To get a broader sampling of what's going on, we called up people at R.C.A., Columbia, and Capitol Records and asked them about the boom. "What's booming is the Indian *influence*," the R.C.A. man said. "On our 'Jefferson Airplane Takes

Off,' and so on. The Monkees' 'Last Train to Clarksville' has a raga in it, and the Living Guitars even put a drawing of a sitar on their last cover." The Capitol man told us, "The leader of the pack is Ravi Shankar, but the inside poop is that the next *big* one is Jon Higgins." The Columbia man told us, "Ravi Shankar recorded for us first, about ten years ago, but we were ahead of our time, and we let him get away, except that we had another album in the can, made at the same time as the first one, and after he got big we brought that out in a hurry. He's an enormous influence."

"The biggest ever?" we asked.

"Nothing like the bossa nova," the Columbia man said. "You never know where the directions are coming from today. Watch for the new big electronic trend. Our United States of America group take seven hours just to set up their *equipment*. I'm thinking of presenting them at I.B.M."

We wound up, as usual, at Sam Goody's East Side store, where we worked the "International—India" bin

for a while, reading the liner notes of more Indian records and listening to Indian-record buyers. We learned about the story of "Chitrangada—Tagore's Dance Drama": "The story of Chitrangada is centered around the mythological hero Arjuna and the princess of Manipur who was brought up as a son by her father and trained as a warrior." We read several glossaries of Indian musical terms: "Alap, introductory movement with irregular pulse;" "Antara, the second part of an Indian musical composition in the upper register;" "Kharaj, lowest register;" "Raga, the modal and melodic basis for improvisation in Indian music;" "Alap [somebody *else's* definition of "Alap"], slow serene opening of a raga, unaccompanied and without rhythm, which sets the mood of the composition;" "Dhun, a tune accompanied by Tala (rhythm) but is usually played in a fast tempo and creates a mood of ecstasy;" "the sitar, contains six main strings and nineteen strings which vibrate sympathetically, movable frets, and two gourds, like boxes, at either end which amplify the sound;" "the sarod, a lutelike instrument with a metal fingerboard and no frets." We came across that second Ravi Shankar album that was got out of Columbia's can. It was called "The Genius of Ravi Shankar." "Here are some more of Ravi Shankar's enthralling psychedelicalities," we read. "One *tunes in* . . . but never wants to *drop out*." On the back of "The Sitar Genius of Nikhil Banerjee" we read, "It isn't necessary to actually understand Indian music for it to be a profound musical experience. It would take years of study to really know and understand all the complex tonal and rhythmic aspects of Indian music. Forget all that and simply open your mind's doors of perception. Here's a key: our music of European tradition, though often deeply emotional, is basically related to external, outwardly perceived phenomena. For instance, a painting, no matter how abstract, is still the artist's *view* of something. Indian music, however, is more a vehicle for expressing the artist's *attitude* in introspective contemplation." On the back of Jon Higgins Bhagavatar's record we read that it was his guru who suggested that Higgins sing in public.

One Goody's man—unlike the other Goody's men, who were all wearing Goody's buttons with their name tabs on them—was wearing a button of his own. It said "JACK BEHME" in Victorian letters. He was also wearing brown boots, tight brown corduroy

bell-bottom trousers, a four-inch-wide brown belt with a side buckle the size of a 45 r.p.m., a bright-blue shirt, a flowered necktie, and jewel-encircled cufflinks, and he told us that people of all ages were buying Indian records. "This, in a sense, is a kind of spiritual thing," said JACK BEHME. "Young people's tastes matured as they grew up. The Beatles started playing raga music, but the psychedelic era now is pretty well out—the music of trips and so forth. All that kind of thing is cooled off by now. The hippie image is kind of out. They've gained good values, and they're going back into society better than they were when they came out. I'd say the madness is giving way to maturity—maturity with energy. I'd say that this Indian music satisfies their taste for adventure without letting them endanger themselves. They can go on trips just listening to this stuff, *without* taking drugs."

Dissension

AN out-of-town couple of our acquaintance approached two policemen who were standing on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street and asked them how to get to the Metropolitan Museum. Both officers started giving directions at once, until one of them said to the other curtly, "Look, will you let me tell it *my way*?"

CONVERSATION overheard last week on Lexington Avenue in the Seventies, between two window-shop-

ping matrons who had taken a moment from their endeavors to watch some sanitation men empty a trash basket into the hopper of a sanitation truck:

FIRST MATRON: I see where they're really collecting the garbage.

SECOND MATRON: So what? There'll only be more garbage tomorrow.

FIRST MATRON: So they'll collect it tomorrow.

SECOND MATRON (*turning her attention elsewhere*): A lot of collecting they do.

McCarthy in New York

FEBRUARY 16, 4:15 P.M.—Richard Avedon's studio in the East Fifties, a big loft with white walls and very high ceilings. In a large, dark alcove at one end, huge sheets of white paper are taped to the floor and walls, and at the outer edge of the floor paper Avedon, a slight figure in horn-rimmed glasses, brown sweater, and gray flannels, stands peering down into a Rolleiflex. There are no standard photographic props—no floodlights, spotlights, tripods, or tangles of wire. The area is sparse, plain, and dim. Three assistants stand silently beside him. One holds a large gray umbrella with a small, pale light attached to its center (this is the only light in the room, and it seems not much brighter than a candle); a second assistant holds a sheet of cardboard next to Avedon's face and the camera, shielding them from the light; the third assistant holds a freshly loaded Rolleiflex, to hand to



"Did you hear what happened to Dr. Spock?"

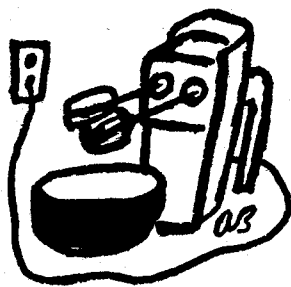
Avedon when it is needed. Two more cameras sit on a table nearby, with piles of film. A record-player plays a Bach concerto softly. Sitting on a stool four feet away from Avedon and the assistants and the umbrella is Senator Eugene McCarthy, facing them, his hands on his knees. Avedon asks the Senator a question quietly, McCarthy replies, and as Avedon clicks the shutter of his Rolleiflex a flash of light leaps back from the gray umbrella, sending a wash of soft light forward onto McCarthy's face. A strobe unit at one side of the room makes a loud, reverberating *thwang*, and then the room is dim again. A moment later, Avedon is holding the camera in a different position, the umbrella is moved to another angle, there is another flash and *thwang*; McCarthy's face is revealed as if by distant lightning, fades, almost vanishes. There is the sound of low talking, then a flash, *thwang*; the face appears again, and fades. On one wall there are blown-up photographs: Avedon's sombre study of the Beatles; portraits of Joan Baez, Norman Thomas, and George Wallace.

McCarthy, who is in town for a day of press conferences and private meetings, plus a fund-raising dinner and a rally, seems unruffled by the picture-taking. He talks quietly with Avedon, unself-conscious and calm. He is wearing a gray suit, a white shirt, and a black tie with blue stripes. A tall man with grayish-white hair and black eyebrows, he is handsome in the style of a cowboy movie actor, but there seems to be nothing of the actor in him, and little of the cowboy, beyond a laconic quality. He is genial, witty, and charming. It is generally noted that McCarthy resembles a professor—which he was (sociology) at the time of his election to Congress, in 1948—and his manner is temperate, thoughtful, and controlled. "The only way you can tell when he's angry is that he gets even quieter, and smiles more," an acquaintance of his told us earlier in the day. When McCarthy speaks, his voice sounds—in a Midwestern way—a good deal older than he looks. He seems wary of overstating anything, even for the sake of political impact; the very first sentence of his recent book, "The Limits of Power," contains the words "restrained" and "prudent." A distaste for excess acts as a steady rein on his remarks, which often disappoint those of his sup-

porters who yearn for fireworks. "If I had a nickel for every person who's told me he should get tougher!" an aide had exclaimed ruefully.

Avedon moves, the light flashes, McCarthy's face is seen, fades, over and over again.

An hour earlier, McCarthy went to a press conference at the McCarthy for President State Headquarters, on the third floor of 989 Eighth Avenue, just off Columbus Circle. As he rode up in a cramped elevator with some aides, there was a burst of noisy hammering overhead. "Every time we take over a building, it comes to life and gets tenants," he said. Everybody laughed. In the headquarters office, he moved through a crowd of about fifty workers, shaking hands and smiling, and then took his place at a desk (eleven microphones in front of him, four TV cameras pointed at him) and answered questions from the press. He was asked about his campaign. "I think we're making some progress," he said. (He had just returned from New Hampshire.) "Today, at least, people are concerned about the war. . . . If you have people raising the right questions six months before the Convention, they'll get some hard answers. . . . Across the country there's a disposition to ask all the hard questions about the war. What's happened to Pacification? What about our winning the war militarily? What about the cities? What's the effect on our domestic pro-



grams? You can't isolate the war from the other problems." McCarthy's public manner was the same as his private one; he answered each question slowly and thoughtfully, as though speaking to one person, and with irony at times, but without drama. He spoke of "the eroding of our institutions by the Administration," mentioning, among other things, the Congressional Medal of Honor. "I don't think you should give a political speech every time you give a Medal of Honor. The medal should have an independent existence that should be defended and protected." About urban disorders, he said that the nation was "still in danger of trouble" and that "to cut back on programs tends to destroy hope." He spoke of the difficulty of running two wars at once—the war on poverty and the war in Vietnam.

"Do you think you can win the nomination?" he was asked.

"I don't know—I think there's a chance we can," he said. "Our real position has been usurped. What we stood for in '64 is what I stand for now, with those who have held to the true faith. What we said would happen if the Republicans were elected in '64 has now happened with the Democrats—those with the President have left the true Party position."

Would he support the President if his own campaign for the nomination failed?

"I reserve judgment," he said. "I'll look at the situation as we go along. I'm not going to be involved in a third-party movement."

He was asked about Romney's shifting views.

"Anyone who is out of the auto industry—especially if he is Number Four—is prepared to change models whenever necessary," he replied. There was general laughter.

"Have you encountered bewilderment on the part of the American people?" someone asked.

"Yes, but that would characterize the Administration as well," McCarthy said. "We were right in 1966 in saying 'Don't escalate.' There are those who say that because we've lost fifteen thousand men we can't stop fighting. But there is a point where we say 'This is enough,' and I think we have passed that point." He added that his primary purpose was to "get people to look at the facts," and that "you can assume they'll make a proper kind of judgment, if you believe in democracy."

When the press conference came to an end, there was applause, and then the radio men closed in with their microphones to ask McCarthy the same questions over again. He answered them all patiently, and afterward went downstairs and rode across town to Avedon's studio.

5:15 P.M.—McCarthy is sitting in the living room of his suite in a midtown hotel, working on a speech he is to deliver at a private fund-raising dinner in the hotel in a couple of hours. Two aides glance over a guest list for a party to be held later that night, after a rally in Brooklyn; the guests, it is hoped, will start a Committee of the Arts in Support of McCarthy. The Senator leans back on the sofa, crossing things out of his speech and making notes. One of the aides, who has helped prepare a draft of the speech, watches him. McCarthy glances up and says, in a kindly voice, more sorrowful than rebuking, "You're always putting in things you *know* I won't say."

9:45 P.M.—McCarthy sits in the back seat of a car, riding out to the rally in Brooklyn. Blair Clark, his campaign manager, sits beside him. The dinner, says Clark, was a success; a considerable amount of money was raised. The car moves swiftly along Shore Parkway, past the lights of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. They discuss the recent trip to New Hampshire, and McCarthy says he detects a change in the people he meets on the streets and in factories: "They know who I am, and why I'm there."

Near Coney Island, the car swings onto Ocean Parkway and then onto the grounds of Abraham Lincoln High School. A crowd standing at the gates parts to let the car through. A teen-ager peers in at a window, yelling, "Welcome, V.I.P.s!" McCarthy laughs and waves. He and his aides run up the steps of the school. The auditorium is packed—people are standing at the back, in front of the stage, and in the aisles. There is a roar of excitement as McCarthy makes his way down an aisle, and in an instant the entire auditorium is chanting, "We... want... peace! We... want... peace! We... want... peace!" McCarthy is silhouetted against a blaze of TV lights as he moves toward the stage, and the auditorium seems to shake with the chanting. Onstage, he sits among a number of other politicians and is introduced by Melvin Dubin, the peace candidate for representative from Brooklyn's Thirteenth District in the special election to be held the next week. McCarthy rises, waits for the cheering and chanting to subside, and then begins to speak. Responding, perhaps, to the electric fervor of the crowd, he speaks much faster and much louder than usual, and more forcefully. He is interrupted frequently by cheers and applause.

"If one could characterize the war in one phrase, this is an *un-American* war," he declares. "It is contrary to our tradition and to history... use of our great power and strength against weak people, against a country that has done us no harm. We have not sought

political solutions. We refused to participate in the Geneva Pact; we have refused to negotiate. It is contrary to our tradition: we have always wanted to act with regard to 'the decent opinion of mankind.' We do not have it." There is more applause.

"In the past, we were satisfied that our objectives were defensible, right, and proper—with victory, something good would come," he continues. "Now no one is quite sure what our objectives are." Each time our commitment has expanded, he says, a new objective is stated; with each military escalation

there is a corresponding escalation of purpose. He declares that he would "seek a referendum for a judgment on the war, to determine what the real priorities are, and what the role of America is in this century," and he asks, "Are we to police the world—to respond to every challenge with military force? Or are we prepared to take some chances on the side of peace? I hope with your help we can turn that face to the world again." The crowd is on its feet as McCarthy finishes, and it is cheering, and people climb onto the stage to shake his hand.



"We are about to make our first exploration of one of the most magical of all the arts. Inherent in those seemingly lifeless lumps of clay are forms only your minds can call forth. I have just one request before we begin: Please, no ashtrays."

THE SOMETHING OF THE WORLD

THURSDAYS, Franco came to Philip Regenery's office to cut his hair. This Thursday Franco talked, much as usual, about Mazzinghi and Del Papa, the fighters, and Fano, on the Adriatic, where he was from. He had gone back last summer, and on his return gave Regenery a gift of a seashell and a small stone he had picked up on the beach. He had written "Fano 1967" in a surprisingly fine hand on these, and they now lay on Regenery's desk. After Franco had packed his things and left, Regenery's secretary came in.

"A Claire Regenery, who said she was once married to you, called," she said, taking the pencil from between her teeth, where she carried it like a cutlass.

"Really?" Regenery said.

"You always say you don't want me to put anyone through when you're with Franco, so I said—"

"What did she say?"

"That she'd get back to you perhaps."

"Didn't she leave a number?"

"She said she didn't know where in the world she was going to be."

"And how did she sound, would you say?"

"She had a very nice manner of speaking."

"Well, she always had that."

THAT evening, Regenery was taking his stepson, Simon Foyles, to a track meet at Madison Square Garden—the Millrose Games. Beforehand, Regenery hadn't approved of the necktie Simon had chosen.

"He looks like some kind of faggot," Regenery had told Millicent, his second wife, helping himself to a brandy.

"It's handwoven," Millicent said.

"He's got stripes he can wear," Regenery said to Millicent. "You've got stripes," he said to Simon. "Wear a stripe or something with a little figure. Doesn't he have anything with little figures? When I was eight, I had little figures. Pairs of mallard on the wing. Beautiful. Dry flies. Irish setters—the heads. Doesn't he have horses' heads?"

"It was the whole horse," Millicent said.

"What's wrong with all those little whole horses?" Regenery asked Simon.

"It's been given to Goodwill," Millicent said.

"You see . . ." Regenery said to Simon. The boy looked uncertain. "... how they wear you down," Regenery went on. "Giving your favorite tie away to a Puerto Rican when your back's turned."

"But I like *this* one," Simon said.

Regenery put his arm around his stepson, careful not to spill his brandy. "You don't want to look like a little faggot, do you?" he said.

"Why do you always have to be so improbable?" Simon said.

"Dear heart, it's impossible," his mother said.

"A Puerto Rican youngster wouldn't wear a tie with little horses on it," Regenery said. Simon had gone over to his mother. "Is he going to pick something else out?" Regenery asked. "The meet's not wholly compulsory. As a

matter of fact, I could do with some steam." He made a show of looking at his watch.

"Why *don't* you take a little steam?" Millicent said.

"A little steam," her husband repeated dreamily, draining his glass. "Busboys at the Club take the tickets off my hands. Puerto Ricans. Be very grateful." He said next, "I know for a fact he has stripes."

"We're not going?" the boy said to his mother.

"Your stepfather wants to take a steam bath."

"But haven't we got tickets?" Simon said to his mother.

"Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;/ The something, something, something of the world," Mrs. Regenery quoted to Mr. Regenery, who looked fairly blank.

"But haven't we got tickets?" Simon said to his stepfather.

"Come along, Simon," his mother said. "We're going on a stripe hunt," and they left the room.

Regenery went around examining the pictures and book titles as though it were someone else's apartment.

AFTER Regenery and his stepson took their seats in the loge, Regenery kept looking about for the beer vender. When he saw him, he whistled through his teeth. The man came over and Regenery motioned him to bend down.

"Drop around every fifteen minutes, chief," Regenery whispered, winking, slipping him two dollars.

"What did you tell him?" Simon asked.

"That his fly was open," Regenery said. He reached over and adjusted the knot in Simon's tie—now gold with a blue stripe.

"Are you going to get drunk again?" Simon asked.

The band, which had been playing a gallop in quick tempo, abruptly stopped. Regenery pointed to the pole-vaulter poised below them at the head of the runway.

"He'll never make it," he said.

"Why don't you want him to?"

"You're not following me, Simon. You're a little sentimentalist. Personal feelings don't come into play here. What's it to me whether he clears the height or doesn't clear it? You see, what it boils down to is, well, essentially—can he make it. I say he can't. But then I'm older than you. But feel free to disagree."

"But you don't want him to."

The vaulter knocked the bar off on



the way up and the band resumed playing.

"What did I tell you?" Regenery said.

He had screwed up the speech about the pole-vaulter, he realized. When it came to philosophy . . . Well, there you are.

After his third beer, Regenery endeavored to think of something else to say to his stepson. "Do you want a Coke?" is what he finally said.

"They have Pepsi," Simon said.

Then they grew silent. A mile relay race was in progress.

"Do you think you could beat them?" Simon asked.

"Hardly."

"Were you a fast runner?"

"I got two Thirds,"

Regenery said. He recalled for a moment himself—oh dear!—dressed all in orange, out of breath, far behind.

"My father was the captain of the Harvard track team," Simon said.

"And now Daddy Sonny is a little alcoholic and—what is it?—temporary industrial help."

"My father's an erratic social drinker," Simon said.

"Of course," Regenery said. "You see, as your mama's therapist has rather conventionally expressed it, I'm insecure."

"And now you have to make a rep-
aration."

"Yes, I know all about that."

After his fourth beer, Regenery asked Simon to kindly excuse him for a moment please.

"Are you drunk?" Simon asked.

"What it is is I'm older," he said, rising. "I'll be back in 'arf a mo'."

Regenery uncertainly climbed the stairs and was wandering around in a dim tunnel when he thought he spotted his first wife, Claire, but it wasn't she.

If it had been, he thought, he would have said to her, smiling, "I'm looking for the little boys' room."

And she would have replied, "I'm looking for the little girls' room."

"You never went to these things," he would have said next.

"Did you ever ask me?"

"You know I don't remember those things. I'm with my son. He's my stepson, really. He's the fastest runner



"Oh, I should have warned you. Leonard hasn't lost his capacity for moral outrage."

in his class. Well, he's the second fastest. It's hereditary."

"You have a load on."

"Otherwise, we could go have a drink or something, somewhere."

At this stage, he would have reached out for her, possibly, although, as in the past, he wouldn't have been sure if that was what he was doing—reaching out for her or making an indefinite gesture.

"Oh, it's much too late in life for that," she would have said, perhaps fending him off. "And even so, Paul's taken me."

"The nut fixer with the fur hat? But that's unprofessional."

"But I stopped."

"But I didn't know they did that."

"They did what?"

"That if you stopped you could sleep with them. Say, did you ever ask if you could sit up? Don't you remember, you said you were going to stop if he didn't let you sit up? Did you sit up?"

And she would have said at last, indistinctly, "I sat up."

"Well, there you are, you see."

He could hear the band playing distantly, and, occasionally, shouts and applause. It crossed his mind: Mill-rose—a mill, a rose. The mill, white and reflected in the water, and rose-bushes about it. In the evening, the air would be dark green like the stream, so that the roses glowed darkly red. He would have liked to tell Claire

this, but she would have said first, "I'm really not going to be able to hold out any longer."

And "What do you like about it?" he would have said instead. "The dark-ies running around in their underwear? Huh? Huh?"

So she would have left him again.

AS Regenery got back to his seat, there was a great roar.

"He made it," Simon told him.

"What are you talking about?"

"The one who missed before who you hate."

"Has my chum with the beer been back?" Regenery stood up, looking for him, and was told to sit down. He turned and saw it was an elderly man wearing a car coat yelling at him. "Why don't you shut up?" Regenery said.

"Can't we go home?" Simon said.

REGENERY told his wife before they went to sleep, "Then this youth, the All-Irish-American boy . . . Well, he wasn't exactly a youth. He must have been eighteen or nineteen. But he was an inch taller than I am. Check that. Make it an inch and a half."

"And how much did he weigh?" Millicent asked.

"He was wearing a maroon pull-over his old mither made," Regenery went on. "Black shoes coming to those points . . ."

"What color were his socks?"

"He had a big broth of a head. A

biz admin major at Manhattan College was what he was. Straight C-minuses. He stuck his face in mine."

"But he was in the row above you, you said."

"No, he came down to my row and put his face right up against mine. 'That's my father you're telling to shut up,' he said. His father turned out to be the old man in the car coat. 'That's my father you're telling to shut up.'"

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. What did I have to say to him? It was his father. I thought he might start something."

"That old man?"

"The boyo. I thought he might get cute."

"What would you have hit him with?"

"I'd've gut-punched him," Regenery said.

"Is that what you hit Simon with?"

"You know very well I always hit Simon on the arm up here. But he sat down. Or, it may have been, I sat down. Be that as it may, we sat down."

"My hero."

"Now what I'd like to do is relate a passing thought I recently entertained, if I may," Regenery said. "It was, I think, on the order of a reverie. It's that I was contemplating Millrose—the word by itself—while we were enjoying the meet together, Simon and I, and it came to me . . . Well, a mill and a rose! And next I imagined a white mill—whitewash—by a stream, which was so slow-moving and very dark green, and all about the mill there were these rosebushes that hadn't been tended in ages, with abundant red roses on them. Hundreds of roses, Millicent! You should've seen them all. In my mind it was evening. At that time, the way it is, roses appear to be burning steadfastly in a way, and the stream was the same shade as the air and the leaves of the bushes so that there were no lines between them. You see it, don't you? You don't think it's too conventional? How does it strike you?"

"It's a weensy bit banal," she said. "Where'd you read it?"

"I made it up."

"It's not like you."

"I really did. Why do you say that?"

"Because I know who you are."

WHEN Regenery and Simon had come home from the meet, Sonny Foyles and Millicent were sitting on the floor, crying. Sonny had all the clothes he owned on his back: a woolen shirt and a pair of pants with a piece of clothesline serving for a belt—

MARCH

I've died, but you are still living.

The pines are still living, and the eastern sky.

Today a great bustle rocks the treetops
of snow and sunshine, dry branches, green brooms.

The pines are cleaning their attics.

Mercilessly, they snap off weak twigs.

If I look down from my window,
I can see one of the walks we used to take together.

The snow is covered with brown feathers.

In the fields it's as if an army had just limped by
leaving its slight corpses, abandoned weapons—
a wreckage that will melt into spring.

Nearby is a little grove; on brown needles
we lay side by side telling each other stories.

As long as I do not go there
nothing can stop the huzzah of the male wind.

—JANE COOPER

except that he had his shoes off, and he and Millicent were gluing the soles back with epoxy.

"Bad as all that?" Regenery said to Sonny, getting himself a drink.

"What are you crying for?" Simon said.

"Kiss Daddy Sonny good night and whiz away," said Millicent.

"And how was the meet?" Sonny asked.

"The best part was where he made it," Simon said.

"Made what, dear heart?" his mother said.

"Simon had a crush on a pole-vaulter," Regenery said.

"What are you crying for?" Simon said.

"Isn't someone supposed to tell him?" Regenery said. "Isn't it the way they're to be reared?"

"We were watching a movie on TV," Millicent said.

"But you don't boohoo at movies," Regenery said. "Did she boohoo at

movies when you were married to her?" he said to Sonny.

"Someone died at the end," Simon said.

"Got married, more likely," Regenery said.

"Simon, get us some string to tie Daddy Sonny's shoes so they'll adhere, and then whiz," Millicent said.

"I, for one, would like to know who did what at the end," Regenery said.

"Nobody did anything," Millicent said. "It's icky poo."

"Oh, God," Regenery said. "Ickiness rears its icky head."

"It was the movie Sonny and I went to the night we learned I was, oh, pregnant, but we'd already seen it."

"Was that me?" Simon said.

"Man the pumps!" Regenery said. "The icky poo is up to the gunwales." He picked up one of Sonny's shoes.

"It was me, wasn't it?" Simon said.

"No, I believe it was Bishop Sheen," Regenery said.

"I don't think it's up to me to say anything," Sonny said.

"It never was," Millicent said.

"You see, no end of ickiness as far as the eye can see," Regenery said.

Millicent took Simon off to bed.

"Anything lined up jobbie-wobbie-wise?" Regenery said to Sonny.

"There are one or two things if I were well turned out."

"Say, I never *did* follow what exactly transpired with your wardrobe?"

"It's not that edifying. . . ."

"If you don't mind, I'd rather you didn't lecture me," Regenery said.

"You take a ten and a half?"

"Not without three pair of socks."





"I may have a surplus of loafers."

"I don't think I'm the loafer type."

"You'll never know unless you try them on."

Regenery left the room, coming back momentarily with the shoes and several pairs of long black socks.

"I'd use a form when you wash them out," he said.

"I'm sure they're not my style," Sonny said, putting the shoes and socks on and walking experimentally up and down. "What do you think?" he asked Millicent, who had just returned. "Are loafers me?"

"They say 'you' to me," she said.

"You don't think they make me look a bit too trainee?"

"All they need is a good shine," Regenery said.

"You see," Sonny said, "I still have my youthful features."

He showed them his profile.

"I wouldn't go dancing in them if I were you," Millicent said.

"You don't think my ankles look too fat with all these socks?"

"Why don't you take Sonny for a little steam?" Millicent said to her husband.

"Too late for steam," Regenery said.

"Are Daddies Reg and Sonny going to say good night to him?" Millicent said.

"After you, Daddy Reg," Sonny said.

"Won't have it, Daddy Sonny," Regenery said, bowing him out and bringing up the rear.

They stood about in the dark at the foot of Simon's narrow bed.

"Oh, Siiiiiiiiimon," Regenery sang softly.

"Simon, Simon, Simon," Sonny sang up the scale.

"Si-si-si-si-si-si-siiiiiiiiimon," Regenery sang.

"Simon, Simon, Simon," Sonny sang down the scale.

"Simonimonimonimonimeeeee," Regenery sang.

"Simonimonimonimonewmeeeeeee," Sonny sang.

Listening, enchanted by Simon's perfect breathing, it crossed Regenery's mind again: a mill, a rose. Oh dear!

"Sleeping," he whispered.

"Asleep," Sonny whispered. In a moment, he added, "Two would be enough."

"Two for God's sake of what?"

"Socks. Weensy bit on the tight side. You sure you wear a ten and a half?"

"If you don't want them, say so."

"No, it's just that I got to keep up

GOOD MORNING,
MR. BROMLEY!



"And good morning to you."

me dignity. You know how 'tis. No, I suppose you don't."

"I know all about it," Regenery said. A little later, he added, "Might as well kiss him now. You don't mind?"

"By no means."

"Won't embarrass you?"

"You wouldn't happen to have any spare garters lying around?"

"That's unlikely."

"Boy, do you stink of el beltos," Simon, awakening, said to Regenery.

"Here, my turn," Sonny said, bending over the bed.

"I'll buy you a shine," Regenery said.

"Where you going to get a shine around here, it's midnight?"

"We'll take a cab."

"Daddies, come back," Simon said.

AS the cab went through the Park, Regenery said, "I saw this person at the meet I thought was Claire, who I used to be married to, except it wasn't. She doesn't even reside here anymore. She's on the Coast somewhere, it seems, last I heard. Altadena. One of those places out there, with all her little dachsies. We're *hahdly* in touch. The whole thing just fell all to pieces at the end. All. To. Pieces. But perhaps you've heard the *exquisite* story."

Sonny, lounging in a corner, smoking one of Regenery's cigars, gave no sign.

"The nitty-gritty," Regenery went on, "is I never had a chance. She didn't know who I was, whatever I am, *whomever* I am. Perhaps she did by her lights, but she didn't make allowances. You've got to make allowances. And she never forgave me for not at first letting her know who I really was or that that was all there was. But, I mean, you see, I'm me. I'm the man I always have been. But she said that wasn't fair. Persons change. So as it was we had nothing to say to each other, and who can remember if I ever loved her? What the point is is the same thing's happening with me and Millicent, who you've had some dealings with, and what about it? Am I to change? I, who am what I am? I'm not tootin' mah horn, but you recognize that basically I have good instincts. Millicent keeps insisting I be different, nonetheless. Well, we can all be better than we are, but I don't ask *her* to. At this point in life, we are who we are, aren't we? You don't expect something from somebody that they're not. Do your best, that's what you do. But it's a two-way street. Of course, in your case, it was another thing altogether. You were on the sauce.... And it

started out to be such a nice day. Franco, this man, comes Thursdays to give me a trim, and then I was taking Simon to the meet. I'm not at ease with abstract concepts. But it did start out to be such a nice day, and I was looking forward to it."

"There's not going to be any shine place open," Sonny said gloomily.

"To come back to what I was saying for 'arf a mo'," Regenery said.

"Back? To what? What do you want me to come back to?"

"What I've been saying. What else can you come back to?"

"But what do you want me to say? You said it all."

"No," Regenery said. "Who's right?"

"What is it you want of people?"

"Who's right?"

Emerging from the Park, the cab stopped for a red light.

"Then I'm sorry," Sonny said, opening the door on his side and getting out.

Regenery told the driver to take him home instead.

"WHAT'D you and Sonny talk about?" Millicent said after her husband told her about all those roses.

"You know I can never think of anything to say to him."

"Must you always glorify yourself in one way or another?" she said.

"We're two bugs in a rug, aren't we?" he said. "Where is your famous smile? Why aren't you nicer?"

She reached up and turned out the light.

"Oh, I forgot," he said in the dark. "The mill was also reflected in the water, in case you're interested."

—GILBERT ROGIN

DEAR DR. MILLER: Florian, our 2-year-old Beagle, had twins but Gus is the only survivor. He is only three months old, and the smartest pup anyone has ever seen. Could this have anything to do with shots that Florian had? We asked him if those shots could have had anything to do with Gus being so smart and he said he didn't think so. Do you agree?—P.R.

—Inglewood (Calif.) Daily News.

Yes. And this Florian is no dimwit, either.

THE SOFA

THE new sofa was to be delivered today, Tuesday, but "sometime during the day;" no set time had been given by the people in the shop. Mrs. Bagot had been so pleased when they told her she would have the sofa for sure on Tuesday that she hadn't thought to ask if she should expect it in the morning or in the afternoon. She should have asked them to set a definite time, or at least to say whether the sofa would arrive in the early part of the day or later. As it was, she had spent the whole morning in waiting and it was now two o'clock in the afternoon. She had wasted the better part of the day wandering about the house and not doing much of anything, and yet you could hardly say wasted when she had really been waiting, and waiting for something worthwhile. The downstairs part of the house was going to be completely furnished at last. The sofa was going to make all the difference.

She was sitting on a low chair beside the fireplace in the back sitting room, where she and the children spent most of their time. The fire was laid—paper, sticks of wood, lumps of coal, all in neat bumpy layers, ready to blaze up and spit sparks at the touch of a match. The small hearth, of pale greenish tiles, was washed and shone with a dull, clean glow. The hearthrug, thin and fringed, was woven in a dark Oriental pattern of red and green lines, circles, curlicues, and unfinished curves, and all it had in common with the linoleum that covered the floor was that both rug and linoleum were well taken care of. Rug and linoleum looked their best. The rug had been brushed until its worn spots looked hardly less rich than the rich design, and the diligently domestic red-green-and-brown fleur-de-lis pattern in the linoleum was clear as glass. And what it said was "I am a plain, in-offensive piece of linoleum, ready to last for years, even in a house where there are children." To the right of the fireplace, shelves fitted into a shallow alcove held Mr. Bagot's library, which included books by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Darwin, Shakespeare, Turgenev, Edgar Wallace, Wolfe Tone,

W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, Chekhov, Ibsen, Molière, Edgar Allan Poe, and others. The books were old for the most part, and well worn, but they were tidy, and at the moment they were nearly hidden from sight by the folding doors that opened the front sitting room and the back sitting room into one quite large room.

Mrs. Bagot had opened the doors back as far as they would go so that she could get an idea of how the front room was when it was empty, and it was nearly empty now, with the old piano gone that had taken up so much space and the sofa still to come. The sofa would be wonderful in that room. She had made a good choice. The carpet on the floor in there was beige with big pink roses on it and the sofa was fat and beige and had room enough for almost four people. The sofa would face the fireplace. The fireplace in there was the same as the one in the back room except that the tiles in the hearth were golden brown and the brass bars in the fender were flat instead of being round and had a panel of filigreed brass in between, so that the panel of brass ran all around the hearth, just as the Greek frieze ran all around the top of the wallpaper, just under the ceiling. It was clever of whoever had decorated the house to put that frieze around to

break the hard line that might have showed where the painted ceiling joined the papered wall. The wallpaper was no longer in the best of shape. After all, it had been on the walls at least fifteen years, maybe longer. But even so, the room looked very nice. And what made Mrs. Bagot wonder was that the room looked quite furnished enough with just the carpet on the floor and the table of ferns there filling the bow window that looked out onto her small front garden and beyond the garden to the narrow Dublin street. The room looked very carefree with no furniture in it. The children had walked around in there this morning as though they had found themselves in a new house. They said they never saw a room with no furniture in it before. They walked on all the part of the carpet that had been hidden by the piano, and on all the part that would be hidden by the new sofa.

There were only two children—Lily, who was nine, and Margaret, who was seven. When they grew tired of walking around on the carpet they sat on it, and then they lay down. They were dressed for school and they had very little time to spare, but Mrs. Bagot could not bear to hurry them. By the time they came home from school in the afternoon, a good part of the carpet would be covered up by the sofa and they would never be able to play in



"Footage, footage, footage . . ."

AN ORDINARY EVENING IN CLEVELAND

I

Just so it goes—the day, the night,
what have you. There is no one on TV.
Shadows in the tube, in the street.
In the telephone, there are echoes and mumbings,
the buzz of hours falling through wires.

And hollow socks stumbling across
the ceiling send plaster dust sifting down
hourglass walls. Felix the cat has
been drawn on retinas with a pencil of light.
I wait, gray, small in my cranny,

for the cardboard tiger on the
kitchen table to snap me, shredded, from
the bowl.

II

Over the trestle go
the steel beetles, grappled tooth-to-tail—over and
over and over, there, smokestacks

lung tall hawkers into the sky's
spittoon. The street has a black tongue. Do you
hear him, Mistress Alley, wooing
you with stones? There are phantoms in that roof's trousers;
they kick the wind. The moon, on a

ladder, is directing traffic
now. You can hardly hear his whistle. The
oculist's jeep wears horn-rimmed wind-
shields, the motor wears wires on its overhead valves.
Grow weary, weary, sad siren,

you old whore. It's time to retire.

III

The wail of the child in the next room quails
like a silverfish caught in a
thread. It is quiet now. The child's sigh rises to
flap with a cormorant's grace through

the limbo of one lamp and a
slide-viewer in your fingers. I cannot
get thin enough for light to shine
my color in your eyes. There is no frame but this for
the gathering of the clan. Words

will stale the air. Come, gather up
our voices in the silent butler and
pour them into the ashcan of
love. Look, my nostrils are dual flues; my ears are
the city dump; my eyes are the

very soul of trash; my bitter
tongue tastes like gasoline in a littered
alley.

IV

The child cries again. Sounds
rise by the riverflats like smoke or mist in time's
bayou. We are sewn within seines

of our own being, thrown into
menaces floating in shadows, taken
without volition like silver
fish in an undertow down the river, down time,
and smogs of evening.

V

The child cries.

VI

Do you hear the voice made of wire?
Do you hear the child swallowed by carpets,
the alley eating the city,
rustling newsprint, in the street, begging moonlight with
a tin cup and a blindman's cane?

VII

The lamps are rheumy in these tar
avenues. Can you sense the droppings of
flesh falling between walls falling,
the burrowing of nerves in a cupboard of cans?
Can you hear the roar of the mouse?

VIII

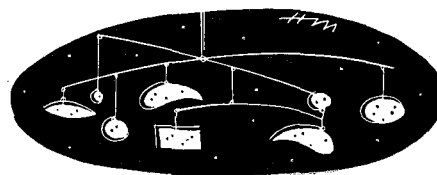
There is nothing but the doorway
sighing; here there is nothing but the wind
swinging on its hinges, a fly
dusty with silence, and the house, on its back, buzzing
with chimneys, walking on the sky

like a blind man eating fish in an empty room.

—LEWIS TURCO

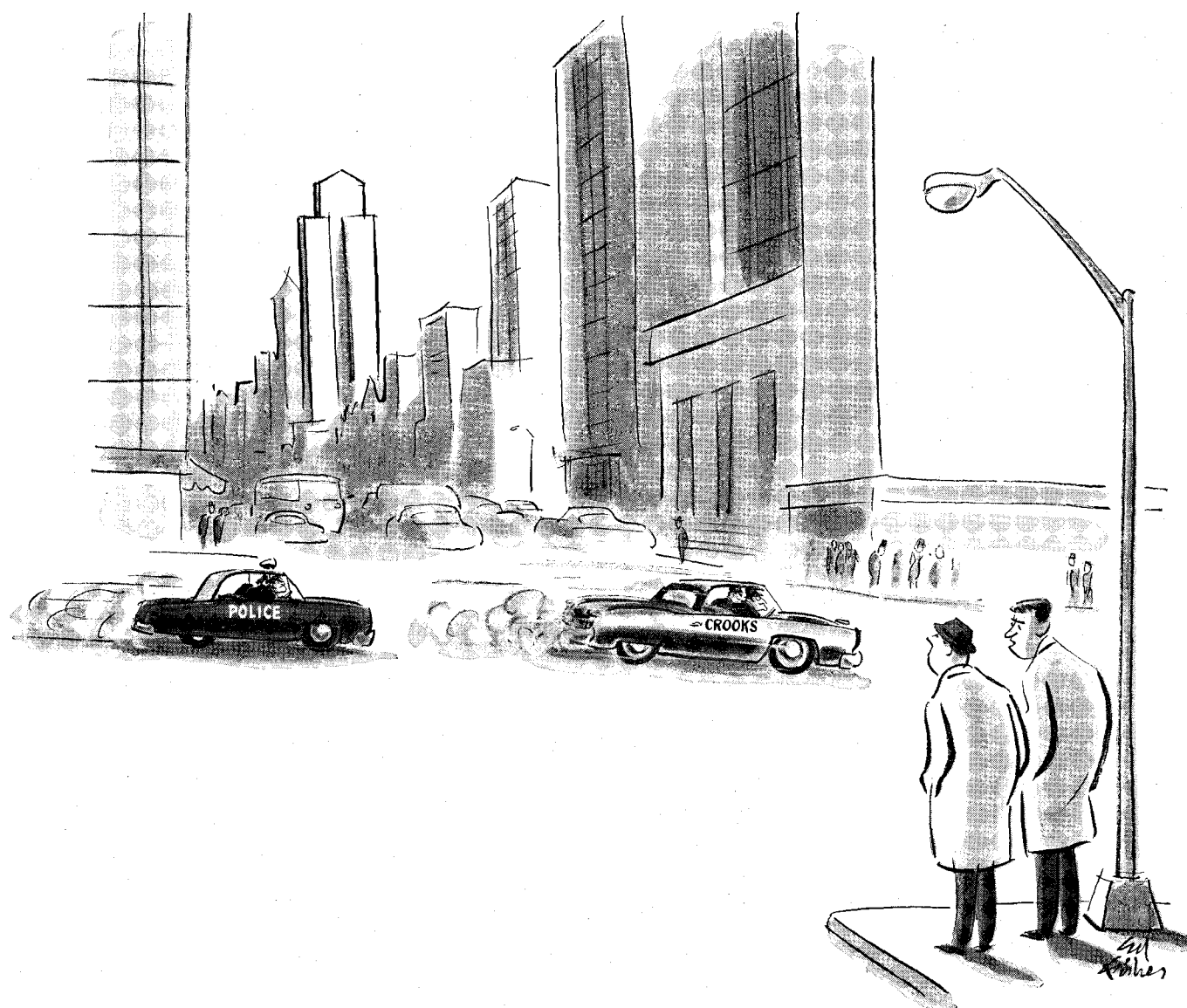
the room like that again. She thought
she had never seen them so completely
before, except of course out in the
open—in the garden, or on the street,
somewhere like that. They were lying
on the floor with their heads toward
the windows and their feet toward
where she was in the back sitting room,
which they often called the dining
room. They were on the carpet, and
she was standing on the shiny linoleum
that covered the dining-room floor.
She could see the soles of their shoes,
their knees, the hems of their dresses
and of the coats that covered their

dresses, and the palms of their hands—
their hands were flung out, and she
could see the insides of all their fingers.
She could hardly bear it. They were
just as they always were, but she put
her hands together as though she was
going to applaud them. She wanted to
laugh out loud. She felt weak and silly



with pride, with surprise and a joy that
held no taint of fear. The children were
safe. There was no one near to cut them
down, or to put them in their place, or
to look at them with the ugly eyes
of suspicion and tell them they were
too sure of themselves. There was no
one to tell them to *stop*. Mrs. Bagot
thought that the worst thing in the
world was to be told to *stop* when
you had no intention of doing any-
thing and did not know that you had
been doing something you should stop
doing.

There was a solid bar of molding



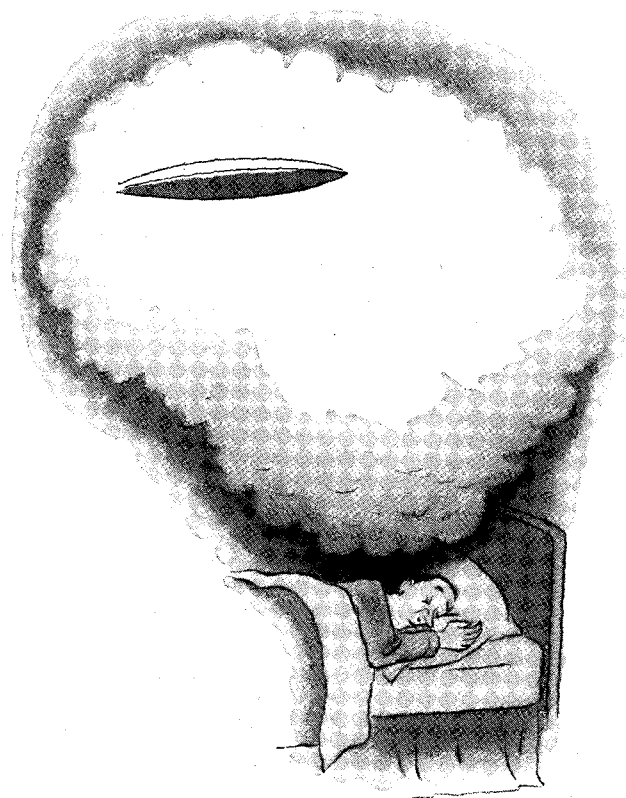
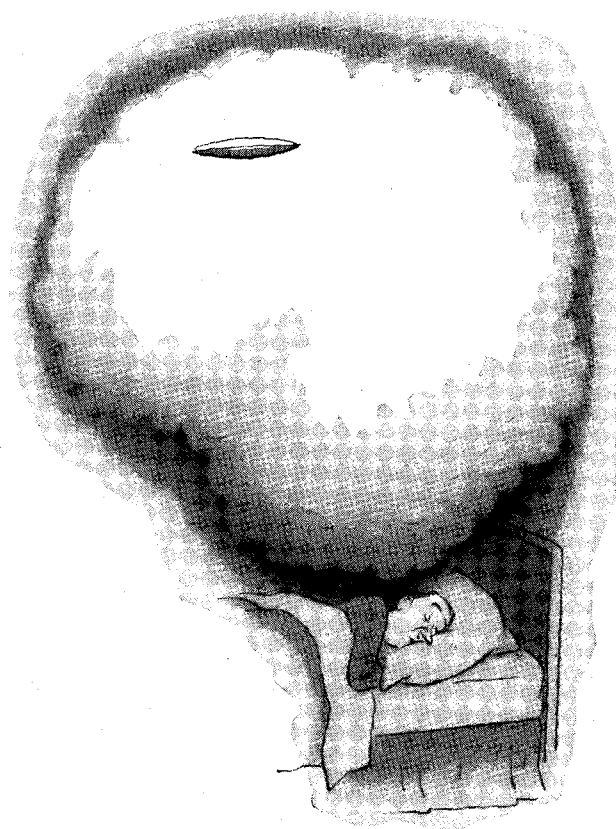
"See what I mean? Society's becoming so darn structured."

nailed across the floor under the folding doors. One of the doors could be bolted into the molding, and then when the doors were fastened together they stood firm as a wall and both the front and back rooms were sealed against drafts. Now that the doors were wide open, Mrs. Bagot could see how the edge of the rose-covered carpet lay neatly parallel with the molding and about two inches away from it. It needed only a row of footlights on this side of the molding to turn the carpet into a stage. It *was* a stage. She could see the children as though they were on a stage. The soles of their shoes, their knees, the palms of their hands, their necks and chins, their nostrils, their foreheads, and their straight hair—which spread out around their heads as though it was flying in the wind or with their movement, although they were motionless and there was no wind. They were watching her, look-

ing at her and smiling. Their eyes were shining. They were waiting for her to tell them that they would be late for school, and she thought they might have been far above her on an important stage, dancing some wild, slow dance—something they made up as they went along. Bennie, the white terrier, brushed Mrs. Bagot's legs on his way into the room to investigate the children. There was plenty of space between the doors, and Mrs. Bagot was a very small woman, but Bennie must brush against her. Bennie must brush against her every chance he got, and he must put his nose against her hand when she sat in her chair, and he must follow her anxiously to the front door and stand anxiously wagging his tail while she talked to whoever was there, and all it was was that he must at all times know that she was still herself. Verification, ascertainment, recognition, and silence—

Bennie lived in the blazing humility of perfect love. And Mrs. Bagot wanted to lie down on the floor with the children and embrace them both and press them *with her hands* into her memory so that she might always have them before her as she had them now—alive and confident in their independence, and seeing her. They saw her. She knew they did. Their smiles were happy and secretive. They were testing her. They were waiting for her to speak. She did not speak and she did not move. She kept smiling and she almost laughed with pleasure. She pressed her dry palms together and then she clasped her hands and let them fall down to arm's length in a gesture that seemed to say, "So this is the way it is." Bennie smelled each child's face and then he sat down between them. As soon as Bennie sat down, Lily jumped up.

"That's enough of this nonsense,"



Lily said. "We are going to be late for school."

"Nonsense yourself," Margaret said. But she jumped up too and pushed past Lily so as to get to the hall first. Bennie ran past both of them and began smelling their schoolbags, which were lying on the chair in the hall. The bags were particularly interesting to Bennie because each bag contained a wrapped lunch. Mrs. Bagot would not be bringing the children their lunch to school today. Today she had to stay close to the house and wait for the sofa. The children knew all about the sofa, and they were looking forward to its arrival just as much as she was. It was an important day in the house, and its importance had grown overnight, while they slept. Yesterday seemed a long way in the past, gone, quite gone. And tomorrow had a long way to travel before it would reach them. Tomorrow was still far away in the distant future. Mrs. Bagot could not think of tomorrow. In fact, she could not think of anything—the sofa kept getting in the way, and it was restless, as though it longed to be in the house and settled down so that ordinary life could begin again and everybody could go about their business as usual.

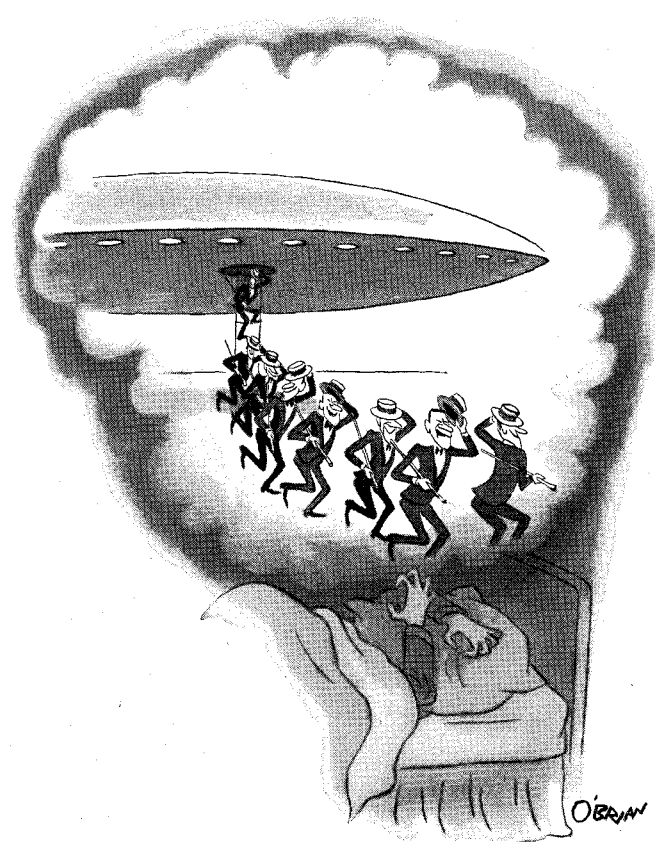
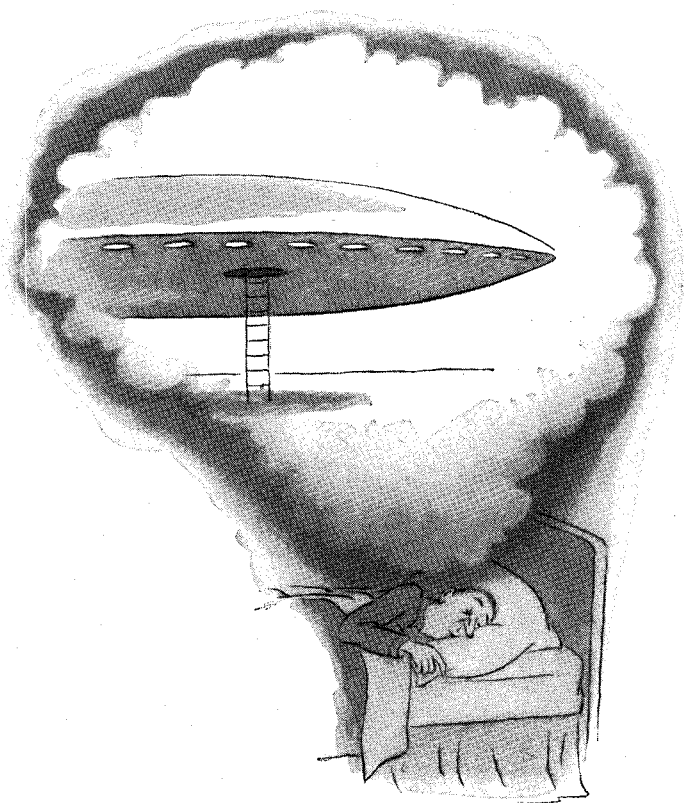
It was two o'clock and then it was past two. When Mrs. Bagot sat down and began watching the clock, she said to herself that when the hands marked two she would get up and find

some little job to occupy her—something she could leave at a minute's notice. But two o'clock came and then one minute past two, and on, and still she sat, calmly doing nothing. That big clock was most dependable. It always kept perfect time. All the other clocks in the house were set by it, and it had ruled Mrs. Bagot's days and nights during all of her married life. Through the years she had watched it; she had looked at it in anxiety, excitement, apprehension, satisfaction, relief, and anticipation, and in disappointment, and in annoyance, and now she simply sat and looked at it as though she dared it to tell her to stand up and do something. But the clock, that had been so domineering all these years, had no power over her today, and as one wasted minute after another turned and vanished before her eyes she began to smile. She did not know she was giving the clock the same smile she used to give the children when they were babies and slept past their time and she smiled at them as though to say, "Sleep on, you will be awake soon enough." It was a secret smile, amused, absent, and speculative. When Mrs. Bagot smiled like that, her eyes reflected something she did not know about herself. She was in touch then with a spirit she did not know she possessed, and when she smiled her face was lighted by the faint and faraway glimmer of an assurance that was truly hers, but

truly buried, buried deep down under the sound, useful earth of her thirty-two years of unquestioning, obedient life. She thought the clock was beginning to look quite friendly, and she also thought it had calmed down and was taking its time, just as she was.

SHE did not sleep, she did not even doze, but she must have been hypnotized by the clock's big innocent face, because when she heard the knock at the door she was terribly startled. She ran along the narrow hall to the front door, and as she ran she kept thinking that it was too soon; she was not quite ready for the sofa yet. But when she opened the door and saw the delivery-man actually standing there, she said, "Did you bring the sofa? I hope they sent the right one. I hope nobody has made a mistake." The man looked at her in surprise and said, "I just want to see how wide the hall is." He peered in past her and said, "We'll manage all right." And then he went down the tiled path to the miniature iron gate, which he had left standing open, and around to the back of the van, where two other men had opened the doors and were waiting for him without enthusiasm. Mrs. Bagot flew after him and around to the back of the van and looked in. Yes, it was her sofa.

The big man who had come to the door had already climbed into the van and was beginning to move the sofa



out. She saw that he was grinning cheerfully at her, and she turned away in confusion and hurried back to stand at her front door. She felt she had made a fool of herself and shown herself to have no dignity, and she thought the men must be laughing at her for her eagerness. She made up her mind to look severely at the big man when he came into the house.

The sofa began to emerge, timidly, from the van, and as it did Lily and Margaret came into view, running up the street. Some other children from the houses around appeared and stood watching curiously. Lily and Margaret were quick to disassociate themselves from these unfortunate children who were not getting a new sofa, and they raced up the tiled path and stood beside their mother at the front door. She looked so serious and worried that they became serious too, and worried. Getting a new sofa was not the simple matter they had imagined. The sofa was not just going to float into the house and take its place in the front sitting room. There might be difficulties. The sofa was all the way out of the van now and it looked huge and helpless, high and dry and stranded on the shoulders of two of the men, who did not seem to enjoy carrying it. "The legs on it are very small," Margaret said.

They were all afraid the men would drop the sofa and break its legs.

"I hope they don't drag it across the top of the railing and tear the underneath part," Mrs. Bagot said. She was trembling. "Listen to me," she said to the children. "We have to be very careful not to get in the men's way. When the sofa starts coming through the gate, you two run back and sit on the stairs, and I'll go back and stand at the head of the kitchen stairs. That way we'll leave the hall free and clear and there won't be any damage and the men will have room to move around. Now, are you listening to me—when they get it to the gate, we'll all go back."

With this strategy planned and agreed upon they were able to give their full attention to the sofa again. "They'll never get it through that little gate without destroying it," Mrs. Bagot said. But when the men got to the gate they lifted the sofa high in the air and carried it triumphantly and arrived so quickly at the front door that Mrs. Bagot and the children barely had time to rush back and take up their positions by the stairs. The sofa filled the hall for a minute and then it began to sidle into the front sitting room. Mrs. Bagot hurried into the back sitting room and stood where she had stood watching the children that morning. "Facing the fireplace, please," she said, which was unnecessary because there was no other way for the sofa to face.

The sofa looked very nice in the

room—much better even than she had expected. "It looks as though you had it made specially," the big man said, and she forgot to look at him severely.

She saw the men to the front door, and she watched the van drive off, and then she went back to join Lily and Margaret in contemplating the sofa. They walked all around it, sat on it, stroked its back and sides, and said everything they could think of about it, and they continued to talk about it all through dinner, which they had in the kitchen as usual.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

(SWEET MYSTERY OF LOVE IN PARTICULAR)
[Card enclosed with some Japanese dolls]

NEW MASCOT
ALL OVER THE WORLD
KOKESHI KISSING DOLLS

1. Place these different gender of dolls on desk or table, move gently one of them with finger close to the rest. If they have a passion for suddenly will kiss.

On the contrary, she turns round her face, and will never kiss.

2. "KOKESHI KISSING DOLLS," are able to keep their youthful motives for considerable years.

Put kissing couple together in a case is desirable.

put—case is desirable.

KENKOSHA ART PRODUCTS.
155 Momohama-Cho Hiratsuka-Shi
Kanagawa-Ken, Japan.

LETTER FROM SAIGON

FEBRUARY 21

BY their unique and audacious attacks of late January and the first weeks of February on Saigon and Hué and some thirty other provincial capitals, along with many district towns throughout South Vietnam, the Communists have suddenly altered the nature and course of the whole long and painful conflict here and, at least momentarily, are in a stronger position than ever before to set their own terms for negotiation. Nevertheless, it remains questionable whether the North Vietnamese and Vietcong strategists will succeed in their daring gamble to touch off and sustain a widespread urban insurrection while simultaneously continuing major attacks against Allied forces elsewhere in the nation and maintaining pressure on the rural hamlets and villages. No firm answer to the question is likely to be forthcoming until the present winter-spring Communist campaign reaches its expected climax, sometime between now and the end of May. Equally questionable is the nature of the Saigon government's response to what has been at once a deep national shock and an opportunity for the country to rally its strength and try to find the kind of unity and purpose that it has so evidently lacked at least since the fall of the Diem regime in 1963.

The war in Vietnam has always been full of contradictions and imponderables, but in attempting to comprehend and evaluate the stunning events of the past few weeks three tentative conclusions may be offered. First, the attacks on the cities—whatever degree of success or failure they may be judged to have had—cost the Vietcong heavily. Second, the reaction of the Saigon government to date has been good in some respects. It has dealt swiftly and fairly effectively with the emergency social and economic problems created by the tremendous damage and dislocation, which, as the Communists correctly anticipated, were caused in large part by American and South Vietnamese counterattacks. And although in other respects, notably the more important political and psychological ones, developments have been slower, a belated beginning has now been made, in the third week of February, to create a broad front that represents all elements of Vietnamese society; by getting prominent leaders in the political, religious, social, labor, and other spheres, who have never worked together before, to cooperate

in dealing with the crisis. Third, the winter-spring offensive will almost surely be marked by a significant number of coordinated sequels to the attacks that were launched on the cities in late January, at the time of Tet, the Vietnamese New Year holiday. The strongest possibility is for a continued offensive below the D.M.Z., or Demilitarized Zone, that divides North and South Vietnam—an assault on the mountain base of Khe Sanh, in the west, or renewed attacks on the eastern bases of Con Thien and Gio Linh and the cities of Hué and Quang Tri—accompanied by another major effort in the Highlands area around Dak To, near the Laotian border, and by fresh attacks on half a dozen other cities in the Highlands and farther south.

There is considerable expectation here among military and diplomatic officials that if the Communists achieve any degree of success in this phase of their 1968 campaign, they will offer to negotiate on the basis of their controlling much of the western half of South Vietnam (just as they control the eastern and central parts of Laos). The alternative, the Communists will suggest, would be more of the same protracted war, which they are willing to wage indefinitely. If the United States unconditionally stops bombing the North, negotiations on "all relevant problems . . . will begin . . . on the basis of the 1954 Geneva agreements," according to the latest statements from Hanoi, but at least one high-ranking diplomat, who has just returned from the North Vietnamese capital—Ormond W. Dier, the head of the Canadian section of the International Control Commission—says that the mood there is more intransigent than ever, and that there is no sign of any desire

to negotiate now. As their euphoric broadcasts of exaggerated claims of success during the Tet attacks indicate, the Communists are relishing their present position and feel that they will soon be able to force new concessions from Washington, if not from Saigon. More and more, the leaders both in Hanoi and in the National Liberation Front seem determined to "fight and negotiate at the same time," as they put it, and most observers here believe that it is partly for this reason that they have attacked the cities now. Their apparent purpose was, and is, to strengthen their underground bases in urban areas in order to be in a better position ultimately to force the kind of coalition solution they want and hope to control from the outset. They seem to feel that such a coalition—or, initially, series of coalitions—can best be brought into existence in the cities, where almost thirty per cent of the population is now concentrated, in contrast with about ten per cent during the period of the 1946-54 war with the French. The coalition would spread to the countryside—in effect reversing the classic Chinese Communist formula of forcing a decision in the rural areas while encircling the cities and letting them "die on the vine." And then the Vietnamese Communists' control of the border regions around Cambodia and Laos, part of the Highlands, and some key cities and towns would become the basis for continuing to "fight and negotiate at the same time" in an effort to obtain the all-embracing, "final" coalition, dominated by the National Liberation Front.

NOTHING like the coordinated and synchronized Tet offensive against the cities occurred earlier in this war or in the war with the French. As for what happened here in Saigon, the only comparison that can be made is with the situation in August and September of 1945, when the so-called Committee of the South, a group dominated by the Vietminh, peacefully established itself as the city's ruling government; after a month it was thrown out by a combined force consisting of British occupation forces, returning French commandos, and Japanese troops that were pressed into service before being shipped home. Ten years later, in March, 1955, a non-Communist attempt to seize the city from the Diem regime was led by the Binh Xuyen, a religious sect dominated by racketeering elements, but that, too,



failed; the Binh Xu-yen, together with some members of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects who took part in the anti-Diem uprising, were defeated in sporadic fighting that lasted about a month. In both these instances, however, Saigon, though somewhat damaged, was not badly disrupted and did not suffer anything like as much physical destruction as it did in the period that began on the early morning of January 31st, when the Communist attack on the capital was launched, and ended on February 7th or 8th, when, except for some isolated sniping and other acts of harassment, the situation had—for the moment—become comparatively calm.

During the second week of February, I rode through the city, including the Chinese section of Cholon, which bore the brunt of the attack, and I flew over it in a helicopter. A dozen separate areas, comprising perhaps sixty or seventy blocks, had been totally burned out. These were almost all residential areas. (Approximately two hundred thousand people, or about seven per cent of the city's population, are now homeless, and are living in municipal refugee centers or with relatives.) From the air, I saw a number of fires still burning or smoldering. Most of the damage was the result of rocket attacks by American armed helicopters or other planes, though some of it had been caused by artillery or ground fighting. The civilian death toll in the city is now said to be six hundred, with more than four thousand civilians wounded. Fortunately, most of the population of the totally destroyed areas, which were the areas most heavily infiltrated by the Vietcong, had either been evacuated or had fled in advance of the Allied bombardments. The damage to private homes in Saigon has been estimated to run to twenty-five million dollars, but this is only a preliminary figure; the over-all damage to property is certainly much higher. A modern ten-million-dollar



"Gee, Pop, is that the only paternal advice you have for me—never dip into capital?"

textile plant, containing forty thousand spindles, was entirely destroyed by bombs because it was suspected of being a Vietcong hideout, and many other factories were destroyed or badly damaged, as were many shops and public buildings. Two weeks after the attacks began, four of Saigon's nine districts were still considered "red"—that is, insecure and unsafe—and the whole city was still under a partial curfew. Government offices and some restaurants and stores in certain parts of the city were open four or five hours a day, but Saigon could not be said to be functioning at more than a half or a third of its normal pace, and complete recovery will unquestionably take a long time. The public utilities are operating, and there is enough food; ample amounts of rice and adequate amounts of pork are being distributed at emergency relief centers set up all over town. As for the Americans here, who have also been subject to the curfew, they have been getting by. The Army post exchanges reopened a week after the attack, and the Western-style food in the billets and hotels began to improve then, too. However, I did ride in a jeep up a narrow driveway in Cholon

at dusk one day with a worldly sergeant who was stopping at his girl friend's house to pick up a full Vietnamese dinner pail. "A little reverse relief," he said. "It's better than the Spam I've been eating."

It has been harder to assess the damage elsewhere in the country, partly because the Communist attackers knocked out communication facilities wherever they could. It is known, though, that conditions are much worse up north in Hué, where in mid-February about a thousand Communists were still fighting bitterly in some parts of the town. American Marines and South Vietnamese troops were battling block by block and, in the old Citadel section, house by house. At least half of Hué seems to have been destroyed or damaged—the first time that this lovely and gentle northern city, sitting right in the eye of the hurricane, has felt the direct physical impact of the war. In most of the other major cities that were attacked, the amount of destruction apparently runs between twenty and thirty per cent. Among the worst hit were My Tho, Ben Tre, and Vinh Long, in the Delta (I visited Vinh Long and found a quarter of the

city's homes burned out or in rubble), and Ban Me Thuot, the so-called capital of the Montagnards, or tribal people, in the Highlands. Although the Communists may have failed to rally the Montagnards to their side, they came very close—far closer than elsewhere—to creating the sort of mass uprising that they had hoped to achieve throughout the country. Some six thousand tribal people, mostly members of the Rhade and Mnong tribes, were assembled by the invading forces and were marched toward Ban Me Thuot during the attack on the city, which occurred on January 29th, two days before the assault on Saigon. These columns of tribesmen, waving banners, were dispersed by heavy ground and artillery fire on their flanks. But the Communists killed five American missionaries and a nurse in the town, kidnapped one American missionary,

destroyed several language schools and other buildings, and, it is estimated, set back by at least half a year the government's recent, and belated, program of helping the mountain people and giving them some degree of self-expression.

On a nationwide basis, the Communists have seriously disrupted the Revolutionary Development Program, through which the government has been attempting to provide economic and social assistance—as well as a measure of security—in village areas. In moving up to infiltrate the cities, they did not stop to attack the widely dispersed Revolutionary Development teams, but the disruption of communications caused by the city assaults, to say nothing of their psychological impact, has had a drastic effect throughout the countryside. In some places, the fifty-nine-man Revolutionary Develop-

ment teams have been reassembled and are trying to get started again, but in many others the teams, along with their protective screens of Regional and Popular Forces, have not yet been heard from, and American officials estimate that the whole program, which was just beginning to make some small headway, has lost three or four months, and maybe more.

As for the total nationwide casualty figures, it may be some time before the true picture emerges. The Allied figures of about four thousand American and South Vietnamese military dead and twelve thousand wounded are relatively accurate, but the figure of five thousand two hundred Vietnamese civilians dead by the third week of February is unquestionably low—the heavy totals in Hué, for example, were not included—and the figure of twenty thousand civilians wounded is low, too. In addition, there is considerable doubt about the accuracy of the Allied claim of thirty-six thousand Communists killed between January 29th and February 18th. This supposedly includes only those Vietcong commandos and main-force units and North Vietnamese troops that attacked the cities, but it is conceded that it may also include several thousand civilians. Since the Communists committed between fifty and sixty thousand troops to the city attacks, and since the minimum ratio of wounded to dead is calculated to be one and a half to one, the Allied claim would indicate that the total attack force of the Communists had been put out of action. Nevertheless, even allowing for a wide margin of error, the Communists have certainly suffered very heavy losses. The two weeks of holocaust in South Vietnam must assuredly rank in bloodiness with any similar period of war or revolution in modern history.

WHAT remains hardest to gauge, and is therefore most tantalizing, is the calculation that made the Communists willing to pay such a heavy price for the limited rewards of their Tet offensive. Here, again, no firm answers are immediately available, but from prisoner interrogations and other intelligence sources Communist strategy and tactics are beginning to emerge. As is always true of the Communists, the military objectives were reckoned carefully in terms of political purposes. These objectives and the campaign to achieve them must be considered not only in relation to the general situation in South Vietnam and to Hanoi's judgment of it—and, for that



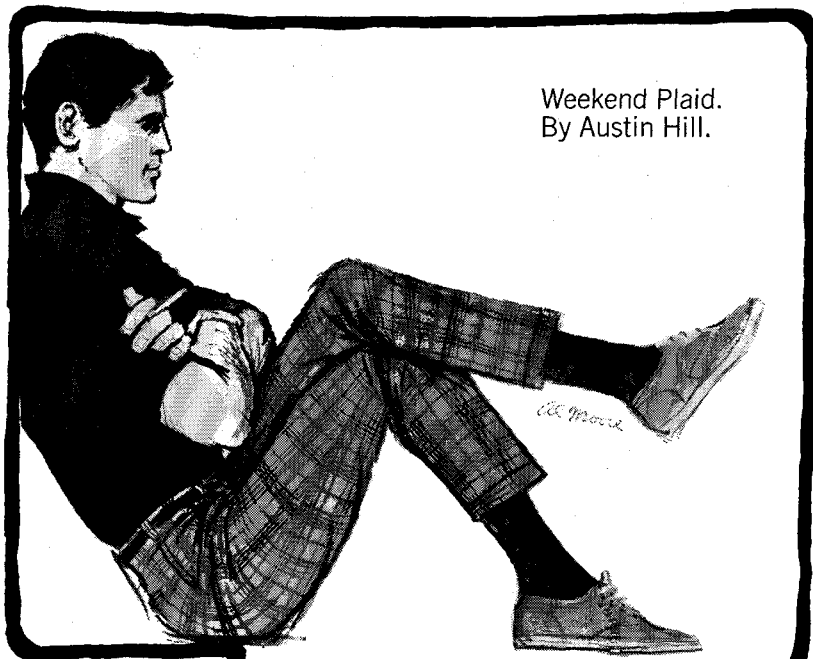
"Forget it, Fred. It was a natural mistake."



Super-sheer makeup.

*Essential to the present look of curls and waistlines—
the new fashion for “pretty.” More fluff
and sheerness to face powder and makeup;
lipsticks, no more than thin shining stains of color.*

Germaine Monteil



Galeys & Lord

Polyester/cotton glen plaid fabric woven by
Galey & Lord, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

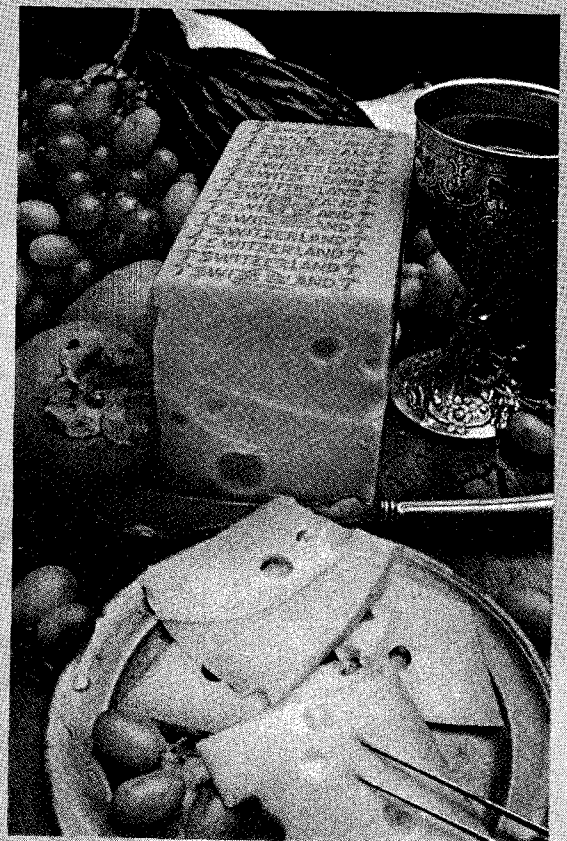
Introducing mileage ingredients for cocktails.

Makes manhattans go smoother.

You can go farther with your martini.

IMPORTED BY: PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC., N.Y.

matter, to its judgment of world reactions and particularly of American public opinion and policy—but also in relation to the internal political situation of North Vietnam. Although North Vietnam is a young country in demographic terms—seventy-five per cent of the population is under thirty-five—and although only about eleven per cent of the total available manpower is engaged in military duty of any kind, there has been considerable economic deterioration and dislocation as a result of the pressures of the long war, and especially the American bombing. The country's transportation and communication systems are constantly being destroyed, repaired, and destroyed again, and although there is enough food to get by on, it is known that for almost all major commodities, including rice, there is now a black market, in which prices are roughly ten times the controlled prices—ample evidence that serious strains exist. According to some reports, an increasing sense of impatience has been reflected in the North Vietnamese Politburo, where more or less open dissatisfaction has been expressed over the way General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Defense Minister and Commander-in-Chief, has been conducting the war. It is conceded that old-timers like Giap, President Ho Chi Minh, and Premier Pham Van Dong are as eager as anyone else to bring the war to a successful conclusion—certainly Ho and his contemporaries would like to achieve their lifelong ambition of unifying Vietnam under Hanoi's banner before they die—but they have been criticized for not adapting themselves sufficiently to the present difficult circumstances resulting from the tremendous weight of American technology. The military realities, especially air mobility and gigantic firepower, have made the current war altogether different from the one the Vietminh waged against the French, and though no one denies Giap's military genius, there is some feeling that he has been thinking too much in terms of that war; that is, he has been pursuing the classic three-phase strategy originally developed by the Chinese Communists, and refined by Giap himself, of advancing from a period of guerrilla resistance to one of mobile warfare, involving both defensive and offensive action, and then to a period of full-scale counter-offensive and general uprising. In the six years before mid-1965, when the Americans came to Vietnam in force, this classic approach had worked so well that the Vietcong were on the



When Julius Caesar invaded Switzerland all he took was our cheese.

The genuine Swiss cheese you buy today is 2,000 years better than the cheese Caesar fought for. We have spent those years perfecting our cheese-making techniques to a fine art.

Six hundred years before the American Wild West was born, Swiss farmers were scientifically improving their dairy herds to

produce the sweetest milk. And only whole, fresh milk is used in our cheese.

Over hundreds of years we searched out the perfect Alpine grass for our cows to feed on. Switzerland forbids using silage for feed because silage contains butyric acid that prevents long natural curing. And it's the long

natural curing that helps develop the distinctive taste.

Enjoy the results of our fine cheese-making techniques without fighting your way across the Alps. All you have to do is make sure the word Switzerland is on the cheese you buy. It tells you it is genuine Swiss cheese. Made only in Switzerland. Naturally.



The sale is in the bag.

United flies more golfers than any other airline. Is it because we fly to more U. S. golf courses, or because we know more about taking care of your clubs?

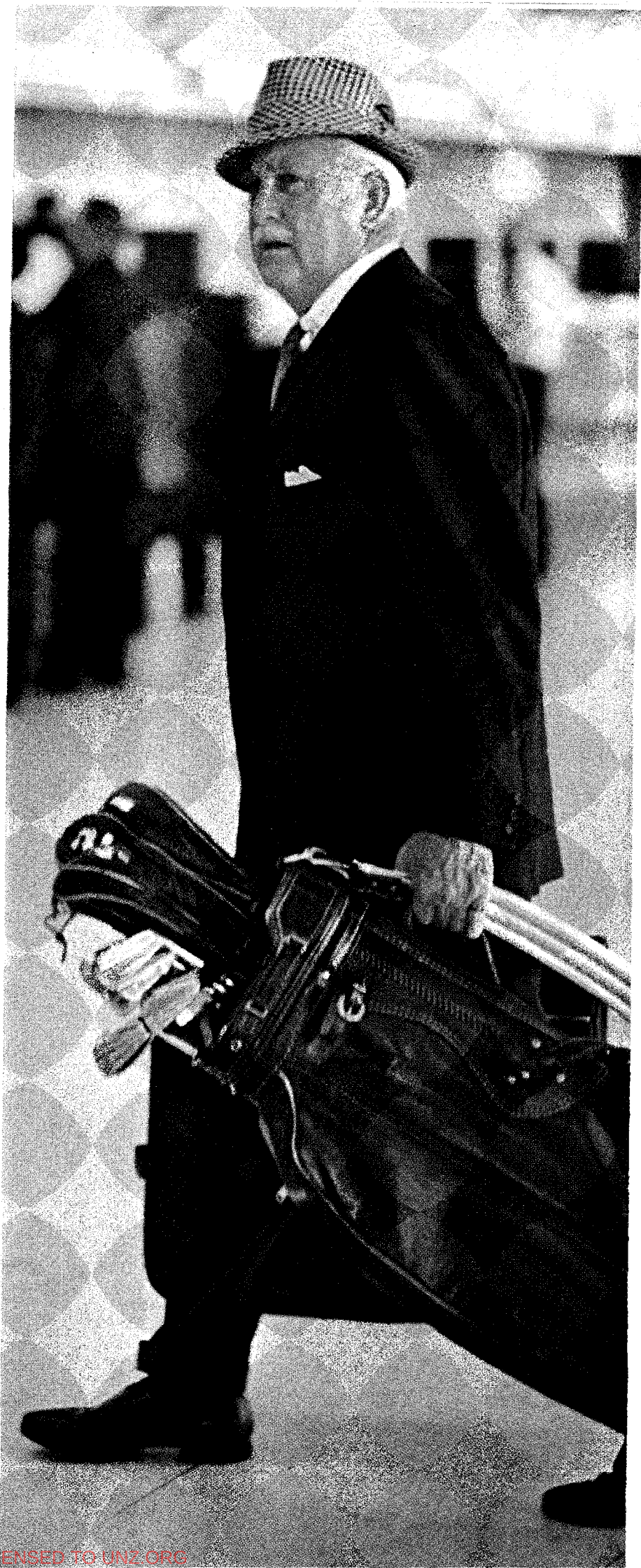
Could be both.

United also flies more businessmen than any other airline. Is it because we fly to more U. S. cities, or because we know more about taking care of you?

Could be both.



"I got a 72 net and a \$50,000 order."



verge of launching their general offensive in the Highlands and following it up with a decisive attack in the cities. But once the Highlands offensive had been prevented and American pressure on the ground and in the air had begun to build up, the Communists were forced to improvise and experiment. Their traditional care and caution—mainly Giap's—in "preparing the battlefield" before beginning a major attack gave the Americans repeated opportunities to throw them off balance with mobile search-and-destroy operations, heavily supported by planes and artillery. The Communists also lost some of their long-held secret base areas in the jungle as a result of major American attacks on these sanctuaries, and by the end of 1967 their guerrilla ranks were reduced from about a hundred and twenty thousand to seventy thousand; for one thing, owing to the increasingly heavy pressure to which the regional and main-force units were subjected, many guerrillas were impressed into these to help compensate for losses. None of this meant that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese were on the verge of defeat, but it did prompt Giap to revise his strategy and, in effect, adopt a bolder plan than he has followed customarily. And regardless of whether or not the impetus came from Hanoi, the situation in the South made a change essential: with the increasing delay of a general offensive in the countryside, the population in the cities was in danger of forgetting about the Communists' revolutionary aims. Despite individual attacks against police stations and the assassination of local officials, carefully planned to supplement propaganda campaigns, the urban people felt comparatively secure, and if they were not pro-government, they were not pro-Communist, either; for the most part, they were cynically neutral. In fact, instead of "dying on the vine" many city people were thriving on the American cultivation of it, and the rest were at least managing to survive better than their rural compatriots, who were constantly subjected to the brutalities of the war.

It seems likely that Giap reformulated his strategy in mid-1967, when he began to plan the present winter-spring campaign. He had been successfully, although with a heavy loss of life, pinning down large numbers of American Marines and some South Vietnamese troops below the D.M.Z. Last fall, he started large-scale attacks at Loc Ninh and Dak To. His losses continued heavy, but there were



Sometimes mothers are so worried about keeping your playsuit clean, they forget you're supposed to play in it.



"bits 'n' bytes" playsuits are the kind of playsuits that make you look like a little angel. But that doesn't mean you have to act like one. They're 100% Acrilan®

acrylic fiber. And they're guaranteed for 1 year's normal wear. (Refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.) So when your mother puts you into one, she won't automatically put you into a chair right after.

In sizes from 12 months to 12 years. And all kinds of colors.

"bits 'n' bytes"® playsuits. You can play in them.

IN CHICAGO—MARSHALL FIELD

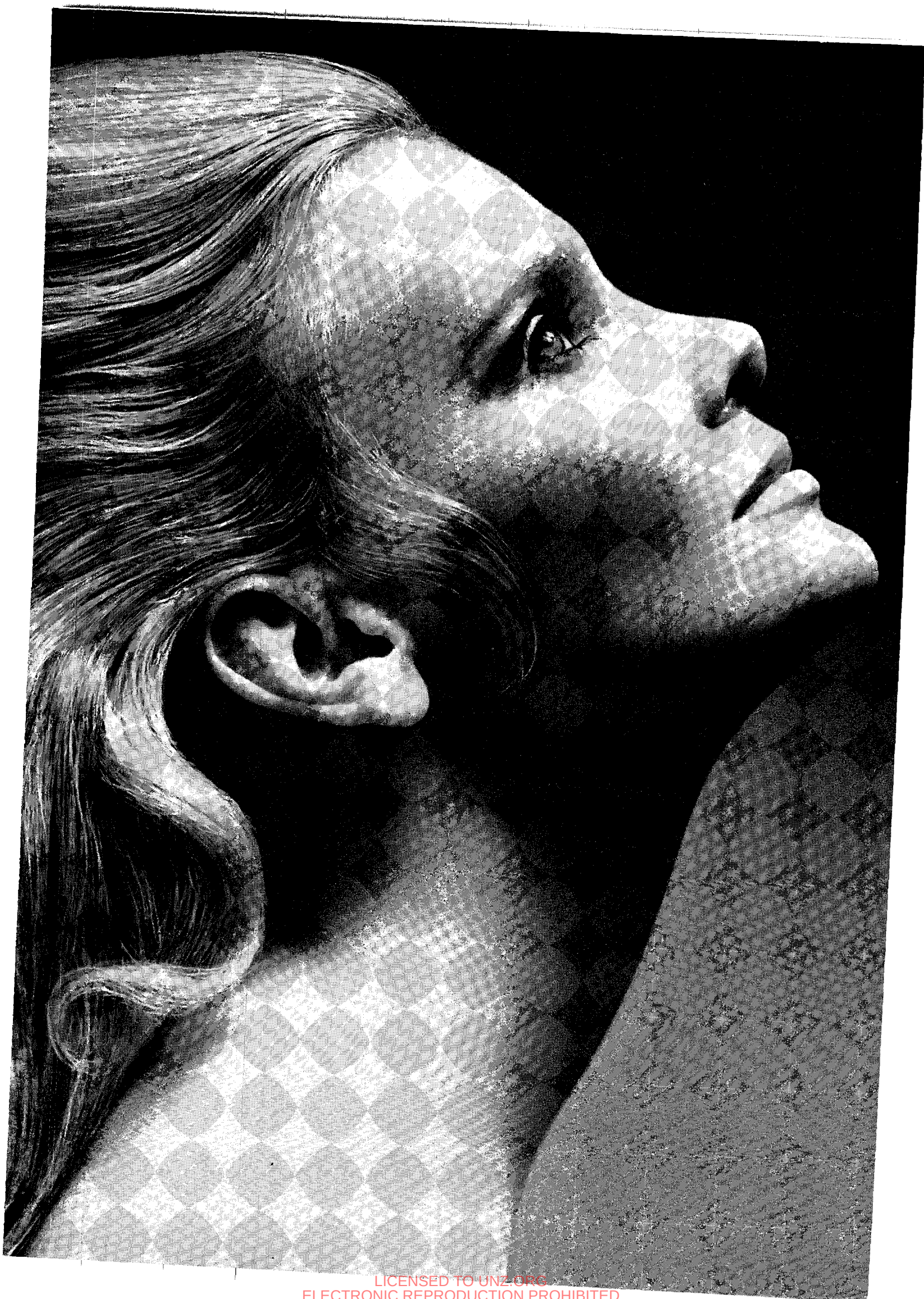


New. A shampoo to do all its good work in one healthy lather Shampoo de Pantene.[®]

Now you don't have to rob the life out of your hair. Now you can shampoo as often as you wish. New Shampoo de Pantene has famous Swiss conditioner. Makes hair shining-clean and healthy-looking in just one special lather. Your hair doesn't fall apart. You can do something with it from the start. In two types; for dry or oily hair. It costs a little more, but it's marvelous. \$3. At the best department stores including:

HENRI BENDEL
BONWIT TELLER
JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
NEIMAN-MARCUS
I. MAGNIN & CO.





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Widdicomb

Makers of fine furniture for more than a century



A John Widdicomb reproduction of a Welsh cupboard, ca. 1710. Made of Oak finished to look 250 years old. May be had as a buffet, without the upper section.

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture

See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.

NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 Chestnut St. • BOSTON, 90 Berkeley St. • GRAND RAPIDS Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

psychological benefits: he succeeded in arousing further dissatisfaction in the United States over the seeming endlessness and futility of the war. Giap also stepped up his attacks against Allied air bases, communication and transportation facilities, and logistic centers like ammunition dumps and warehouses. In the opinion of Douglas Pike, the Americans' foremost expert on the Vietcong, this first phase of Giap's revised policy lasted from October to December of 1967, the second phase—attacking the cities—is going on now and will last through March, and the final phase of the stepped-up general offensive will extend from April through June. Giap presumably feels that by then the Americans may have become so tired of the war, both militarily and psychologically, and the South Vietnamese may have become so disillusioned and disorganized that a peace settlement favorable to the Communists can be reached.

Some analysts believe that Giap's new strategy indicates desperation on the part of the Communists now that they are under severe pressure in both the South and the North, and, further, that the daring decision to reverse all previous revolutionary-warfare doctrine and attack in the cities without having first fully prepared the countryside offers a classic example of the Communists' mistakenly believing their own propaganda, and thus assuming that the people of the cities would welcome them without reservation. Other experienced students of Communism and of the Vietnamese situation disagree. Despite what appeared to be an all-out offensive, in which Giap employed about half of his total Vietcong main force of a hundred and eighteen thousand and also between five and ten thousand North Vietnamese soldiers, these analysts doubt that he and the other Communist leaders expected to achieve their maximum military and political objectives in a first assault. The actual objective, these experts say, was a limited one, involving certain definite short-term risks, and it was based on the assumption that losses would be heavy but were justifiable in preparing the final battleground in the cities and in the countryside simultaneously.

If the Communists did indeed make the decision, for tough-minded political reasons, to set up the "objective conditions" for the third, and final, stage of their general offensive, they must have had several purposes in mind. Tactical-ly, they wanted to create a big sensation in the United States and elsewhere in the world. Strategically, the drive on

Don't
wait
to
inherit
Spode®

BRIDAL ROSE (bone china)
place setting \$29.50



"One perfect rose" is all the adornment required of this famous Spode pattern. Nestled amid an embossed cluster of French savoy leaves, the delicate rose, designed by William Billingsley about 1800, is fashionably suited to all settings, all occasions. Write for Booklet N2.

Spode

Spode Incorporated / 206 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010



Medaglia d'Oro introduces
an exciting new concept in home entertainment.

It's called talk.



A cup of espresso can relax the mind, loosen the tongue and let the words go forth.

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Est. 1899.



this plaid suits
the new spring mood exactly!
Longer, belted jacket
and a fling of pleats
for skirt. It's a Weathervane
by Handmacher, in
rayon/cotton/acetate,
white plaided with
charcoal and chocolate.
8 to 16 sizes 50.00

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to Union Square,
San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or
telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

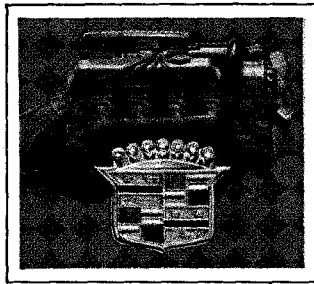
the cities was meant to draw attention away from the slow tempo of their military and political offensive in the rural areas and to prove to the urban people that the Saigon government and the Americans could no longer protect them, since the Vietcong were capable of striking anywhere at any time. A second strategic purpose was to strengthen the Communists' underground bases in the cities, and to use these urban organizations for collecting taxes, food, and medicines, for distributing propaganda, and—most important—for hiding weapons and making other preparations for the next assault. In all this, the Communists achieved at least a qualified success in their Tet offensive.

CERTAINLY there was no reason for the Americans or the Vietnamese government to doubt that some big offensive would take place at the time of Tet, and that its primary objective would be the cities. The debate about why the intelligence agencies of both the South Vietnamese and the Americans failed to pinpoint the size and number of the attacks will go on indefinitely. The assaults were astonishingly well coordinated, although there are some indications that the synchronization was not perfect. For instance, there is evidence that the attack on Saigon was originally scheduled to take place on the morning of January 30th instead of on the morning of January 31st, and thus follow the attacks on Ban Me Thuot and some other places in the Highlands by one day instead of two. An attack of some sort on Saigon was expected by the police, but it was believed that this would come at the end of Tet, and not at the beginning. About a week before the attack, a cache of forty AK-47s—the guns in widest use among the Vietcong—was discovered in the city. This prompted General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the Chief of the National Police, to order a state of alert, and all but fifteen per cent of his police were assigned to duty during the Tet period. At 10:15 P.M. on the thirtieth, a little more than four hours before the assault on the American Embassy started, a man carrying four AK-47s in a burlap sack was caught in town, and at that point all available police were called out for duty. When the attack came, in the early hours of the morning, Lieutenant Colonel Nguyen Van Luan, the head of the city police, was in his office playing chess—and waiting.

Even so, there was no hard intelligence that the Vietcong would mount a multiple attack early in the morning on the thirty-first, aiming at such targets as the American and Philippine Embassies, the Presidential Palace, the Joint General Staff Headquarters, the Tan Son Nhut Airport, the radio station, and South Vietnamese Naval Headquarters, or that the Saigon assault would be only one of many coordinated attacks throughout the country. The fact that the Communists were able to infiltrate so many men and weapons into the city without being detected indicated an astonishing amount of successful covert planning and organization, and it also showed that an effective underground was in existence in and around the city despite General Loan's earlier success in breaking up some elements of it. Many weapons were systematically smuggled into town weeks in advance, and were hidden in homes and in cemeteries, among other places. The agents who were to direct the attacks arrived several days in advance, and went to assigned houses—particularly on two streets, Le Van Duyet and Yen Do—where they waited to give orders to the incoming commando units, consisting of from three to fifteen men each, that constituted the initial assault wave. Interrogation of prisoners has revealed that on the eve of the attack a general order of the day was issued to all participants by the headquarters of the National Liberation Front. It began with a special Tet poem written by Ho Chi Minh. Then came a statement that the assault on South Vietnamese and



American installations was designed "to restore power to the people, liberate the people of the South, and fulfill our revolutionary task of establishing democracy throughout the country." The order continued, "This will be the greatest battle ever fought in the history of our country. It will bring forth worldwide changes, but will also require many sacrifices." An additional order, which referred to "the confused Americans, who are bogged down and hurting badly" and to "the expected disintegration of the Puppet Army," called on the troops to punish drastically all high-level traitors and all tyrants and to "establish a people's revolutionary government at all levels," and declared that "our friends all over the world, including the progressive American people, sympathize with us and support us wholeheartedly." All the attacking commando units were



Caution! Admirers who get this close end up as owners. Driving a new Cadillac is one of those experiences that almost defies description. Once around the block is impressive, twice is persuasive, and a few miles on the highway is highly convincing. The new 472 V-8 engine provides a sense of mastery and command you've never known before. Visit your authorized dealer soon and drive a Cadillac. It's an experience that may cause you to wonder why you waited so long.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD



Cadillac Motor Car Division



By Air: International air service—over 175 flights weekly, including jets.

James Bond slept here.

Did you know the movie "Thunderball" was shot in Nassau? In the sunshiney, seabreezey city of Nassau, they can't forget it. You can't let a man like Bond (and those people he hangs out with) run around a town and expect nothing to happen.

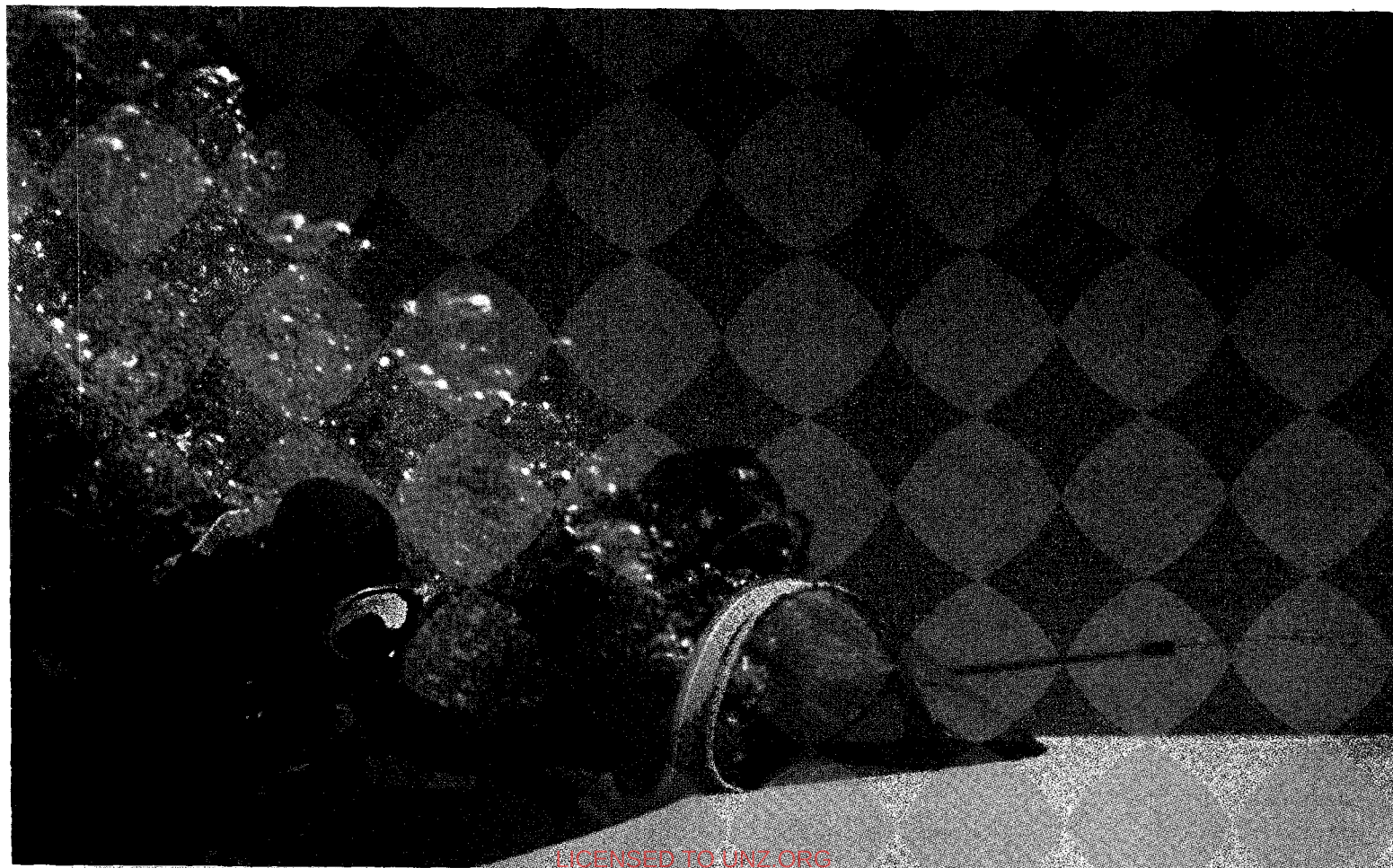




By Sea: From New York—weekly 7-day cruises from \$210. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York. From Miami—3-day cruises from \$69. 4-day cruises from \$85. Eastern Steamship Lines, Miami.

Nassau. Bahama Islands

We don't know where they're shooting Bond's next movie, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service." We hear it's your home town.



Clan delivers a premium taste in Scotch. You never sipped a more elegant blend of old smoothies from all over Scotland. (Including the likes of our own Speyside whiskies, some of which we sell to the snooty labels.) But Clan comes at less than a premium price. And this conceivably might make some people too nervous to buy us. They might figure their friends would figure they're frugal. (Clan imports in barrels, bottles here, and isn't a penny the poorer from passing on the saving in freight and taxes; all you pay for is the Scotch.) Would this \$2-or-so saving per bottle make you feel guilty? Then may we suggest what you do with some of your Clan MacGregor savings!

Smashing opportunity! Send for prestigious decanter...keep your Clan MacGregor secret safe!



Cat out of bag.

Mail to: Decanter, Box 4080, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

Clan MacG: How silly for grown folks to be in any way embarrassed by serving your spiffy Scotch. Money can't buy more aristocratic-tasting stuff. I'm proud of displaying the Clan MacGregor bottle, and want your smashing decanter only as an *objet d'art*. Find \$3 enclosed (no stamps) to cover cost of decanter, postage and handling.

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____

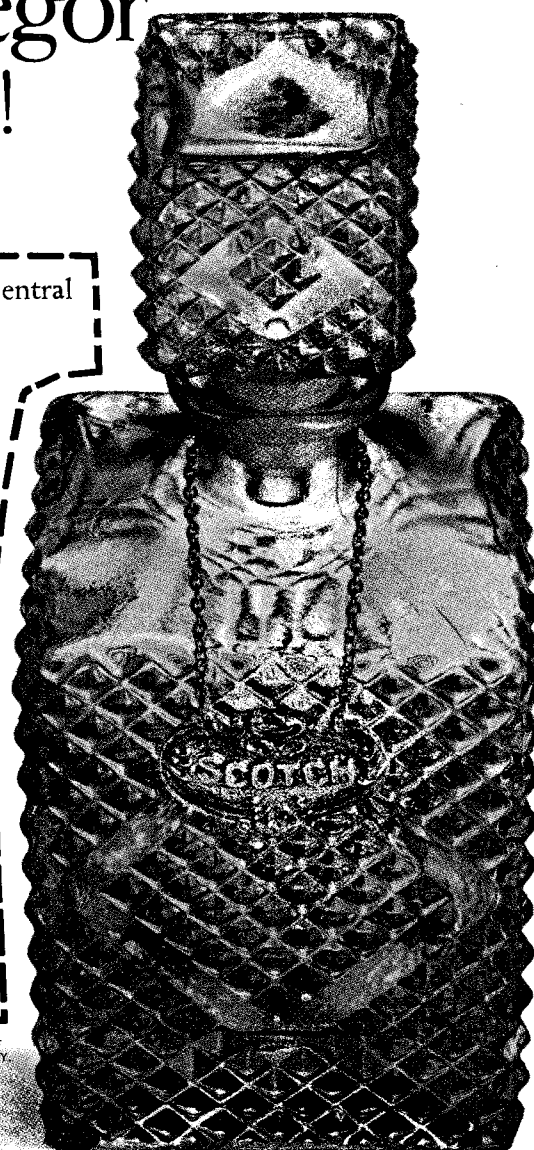
State _____ Zip _____

03 Available only in states where legal.

Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

Offer good until September 30, 1968.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF
© IMPORTED BY POPPER MORSON CORP., N.Y.



Secret safe.

told that there would be a popular uprising, and that large elements of the South Vietnamese forces would desert and join them.

A distinction must be made between these commando units and the four thousand Vietcong soldiers, in two separate battalions, who attacked the city from the south and the north. (Eventually, it was said, parts of five Vietcong battalions were in the city.) The commandos, who wore civilian clothes, were simply given orders to infiltrate into town by motor scooter, by boat, by truck, on bicycles, and on foot, and then go to designated houses, where they would get their specific instructions and, if they did not already have them, their weapons; in some cases, they were also given uniforms, including red armbands. Most of this infiltration took place on January 29th and 30th. Once the commandos had received instructions to attack specific targets—and some of the units were not assigned their objectives until almost the last moment—they became, in effect, suicide squads, since most of them had no contingency or withdrawal plans and were carrying out their orders in the expectation that they would be supported by the incoming main-force units and by the promised popular uprisings. Subsequent accounts by commandos who surrendered or were captured indicate that although ninety per cent of them detected no signs of popular support, almost all of them kept fighting until they ran out of ammunition and food, a day or two later.

Apparently, it was not expected that all the initial targets would be held—for instance, the American Embassy, which was attacked at 2:54 A.M. on the thirty-first by nineteen commandos, all of whom were killed by the time the Embassy compound was re-secured, six hours later. The Embassy attack was undoubtedly for show purposes, to prove to both the Vietnamese and the American people that the very symbol of "imperialist power" was vulnerable. In the case of other objectives, such as the radio station, which was captured and then blown up during a government counter-attack, and the Joint General Staff Headquarters, near the airport, it was apparent that the Communists hoped to hang on with combined groups of commandos and regular soldiers until main-force troops arrived, later in the morning. One of the early heroes of the resistance to the attack on the military headquarters was General Nguyen Duc Thang, who had resigned as Deputy

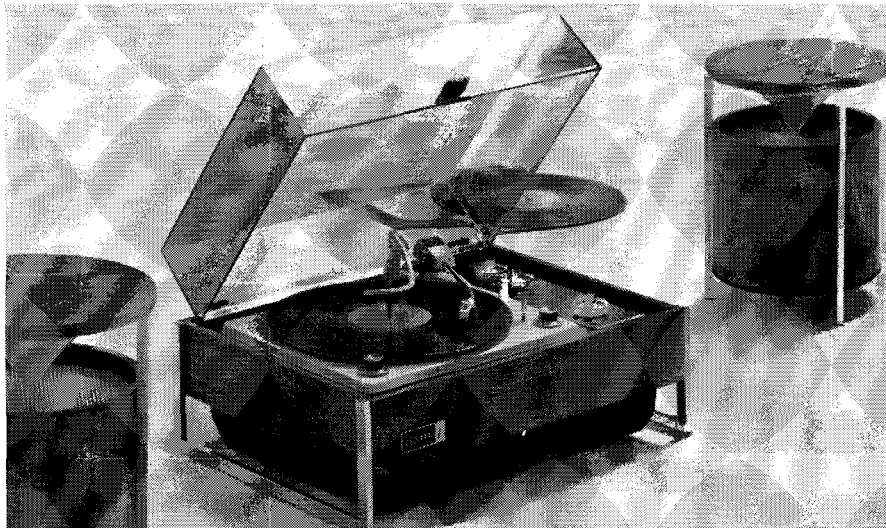


This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park

The Regency Hotel

PARK AVENUE AT 61ST STREET, NEW YORK 21, PLAZA 9-4100. A LOEW'S HOTEL.

ZENITH'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY — BEST YEAR YET TO GET THE BEST



**Zenith's amazing
"Circle of Sound"
Stereo lets you
sit anywhere...
and still hear
perfectly balanced
stereo sound!**

You can sit to the left of it. Sit to the right of it. Sit anywhere in the room. You're *still* surrounded with perfectly balanced stereo sound. The secret: unique Zenith remote speakers that fire upward into inverted cones—uniformly dispersing stereo sound in a 360° circle. "Circle of Sound" Modular Stereo also features a solid-state amplifier with 80 watts of peak music power and famous Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm. *The Moderne*, Model Y565, \$199.95*



The quality goes in before the name goes on

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our very own body sweater. A lean long length of sweater that's pretty great worn either in or out. With epaulettes, no collar at all, and navy buttons marching two by two. Marvelous with pants or skirts. In white wool, small, medium and large sizes, for \$18. From our Sports Separates Collections alone. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

Chief of Staff a week before, because he disapproved of the way Army reorganization plans and the Revolutionary Development Program had been handled. General Thang, a former artillery officer, was standing near two 105-mm. guns when the attack began, around 3 A.M., and he got a handful of soldiers on duty to fire them point-blank at the company that was blasting its way through the back gate of the headquarters area.

An interrogation report on a twelve-man commando squad that attacked the Naval Headquarters, along the Saigon River, throws considerable light on the detailed plans the Communists drew up. The attack, one of the boldest that had been conceived, was designed to capture the headquarters building, to employ three machine guns on its roof to neutralize the guns aboard several small Navy vessels in the river, and then to capture these ships and use them as ferries to bring two Vietcong battalions into the city from the far shore. If the plan had succeeded, it could have affected the entire situation in Saigon quite significantly. When the attack began, early in the morning, the commandos quickly killed three Navy guards and managed to blow a hole in the side of the headquarters building, but, thanks to a general alert that had gone out six hours earlier, all twelve commandos were killed or captured. One of the survivors said that he and two other members of the team had come to Saigon together from Ben Tre, in the Delta, a day and a half in advance, carrying false identification papers; they had been told to go to a downtown movie theatre and, when they came out, to look for a man with a distinctive mark on his shirt. They did so and met the man, who took them to a house on Le Van Duyet Street, where they were told what their mission was. None of the four groups of three who met in the house had known each other until late on the evening of the twenty-ninth; in fact, they all came from different parts of the country.

What may have been the worst break for the Communists was the killing by the police of two of their top leaders in Saigon. Phung Van Cung, a Vice-Chairman of the National Liberation Front, who was apparently the political officer in charge of the whole operation, was killed in a house on Yen Do Street on February 1st after the police had received a tip that a group of Vietcong had taken refuge there. The second man, whose death is officially described as "seventy-seven

ON THE WING FROM EUROPE **A GUARDIAN ANGEL** FOR THE CROWNED HEADS OF AMERICA



(SHORT, LONG, STRAIGHT, OR CURLED)



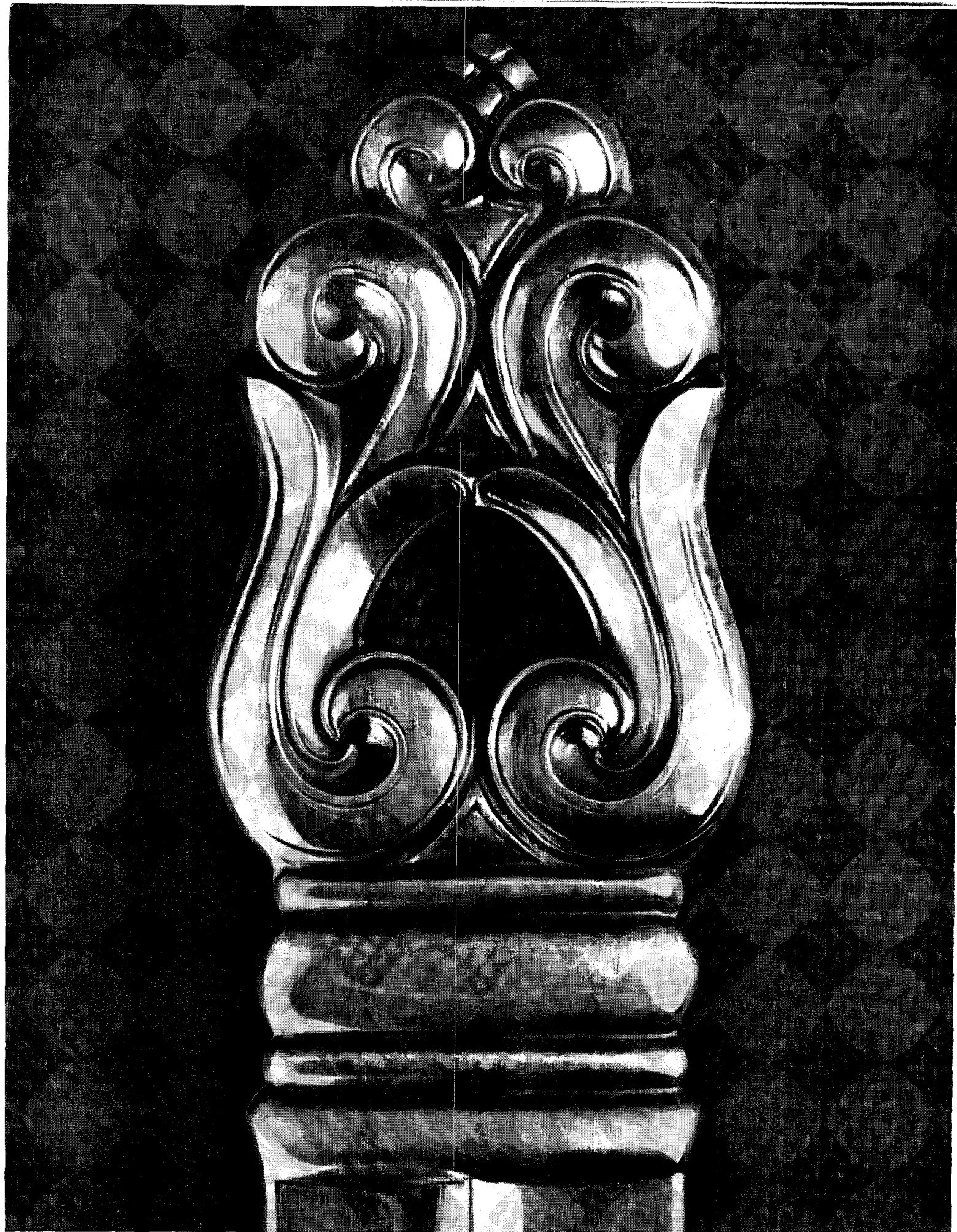
THE GREAT 60-SECOND CONDITIONER WITH SUPERSET POWER

Get on the side of the angels with Claircare® the potion so good for the hair Clairol went to Europe to import it for you. For weakened, abused or simply neglected hair there is simply nothing like Claircare. A sprinkle and a frisking after shampooing and before setting gives you all the benefits: shine and shimmer, gloss and glow, and a supreme new touchability and hold. Pick up a vial where all good Clairol things are sold. This 60-second conditioning crowns your hair with splendor.

CLAIRCARE®
imported from Europe by Clairol.



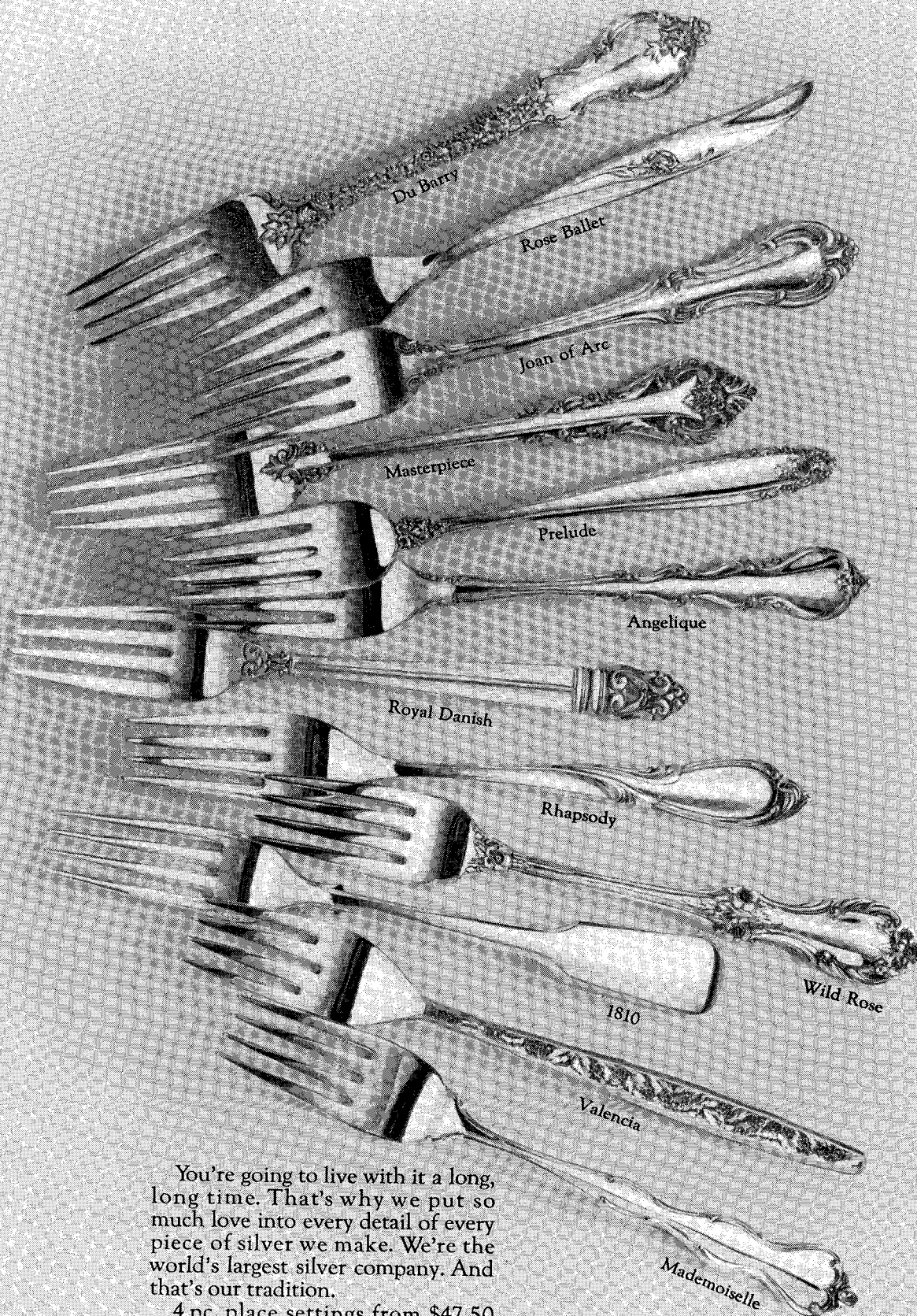
© 1968 Clairol Inc.



Royal Danish

® International Sterling. Because

All patterns made in U.S.A.



You're going to live with it a long, long time. That's why we put so much love into every detail of every piece of silver we make. We're the world's largest silver company. And that's our tradition.

4 pc. place settings from \$47.50 to \$60. Bride's Sets, complete 44 pc. services for 8 with serving pieces, \$484 to \$631—a \$65 saving over open stock. The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

you don't just buy it, you marry it.



Individualism, expressed here by our exclusive shirts

The individualist expresses himself with Hathaway's patterned dress shirts that boldly bear a solid color collar. Deep Bristol blue sparked with white checks or stripes is topped with a Bristol blue collar or with a self collar. Each, 10.00. Men's Store, Street Floor and all branches. 3rd Avenue at 59th, New York, N. Y. 10022, EL 5-5900

per cent certain," was General Tran Do. General Do is said to have been killed on February 11th, on a road in Cholon, while he was trying to make his way from one house to another. Over the past several days, the police had noticed that a group of Vietcong they were pursuing kept moving about, with their guns blazing, and encircling one man in their midst who never fired a gun himself. When the group was finally cornered, the leader's face was half shot away. He was wearing a North Vietnamese Army uniform. According to intelligence data, Do had replaced General Nguyen Chi Thanh, who died of a heart attack last year, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Central Office of South Vietnam (COSVN), which directs the war in the South. A third important Communist figure, General Tran Van Tra, has been reported killed near Vinh Long, where he may have been directing operations in the Delta. There has also been a report, so far unverified, that General Giap himself was near Saigon during the attack and planned to come into the city if the situation permitted. This seems improbable; if Giap is anywhere in the country, he is more likely to be up north around the D.M.Z.

The death of one or two Communist leaders of the first rank, and also of at least one battalion commander and two company commanders in Saigon, may account for what appeared to be a degree of confusion, and even aimlessness, on the part of some of the commandos and main-force soldiers after the attack. Significantly, the Communists did not reach one of their principal Saigon objectives—the city prison, where they had hoped to liberate some five thousand persons, many of them Vietcong members or sympathizers. (Elsewhere in the country, most notably in Hué and Quang Tri, they did free prisoners, for an estimated total of five thousand.) After the first two days, a good many of the invaders seemed to be confused about what part of the city they were in; quite a few were captured when they asked directions. Initially, the infiltrating commandos carried out their tasks of sniping, attacking key government positions, and assassinating officials with precision. As the days passed, however, the pattern of terror became less discriminate. Men and women who were simply suspected of helping the government had their hands cut off or were otherwise maimed. Generally speaking, though, the Vietcong behaved well toward the population. Some of them even went about helping

BACCARAT ... the crystal of Kings ... since 1764



This tall, fluted PASSY stemware pattern, in full-lead crystal, is a recent addition to BACCARAT's vast selection of glassware. With its deep, bold spear cutting and its very large saucer champagne glass, ideal for ice cream or appetizer, it is both elegant and sturdy: \$11.50 per glass.

Write Dept. Y3 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and/or \$1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

BACCARAT ... for brides... for gourmets... for hostesses

BACCARAT ... for stemware... for gifts... from France



It took years of careful planning to make American cities so easy to get lost in.

Our purpose in exposing this minor shortcoming in city planning isn't as civic-minded as it might seem.

A lot of grown-up businessmen don't rent cars because they're afraid of getting lost in strange cities.

Faced with these facts of life, Hertz figured that the best way to make our cities a little less menacing was to take the time to explain how they work.

So the next time you come up to a Hertz counter, don't be reluctant about admitting you know where you're going, but don't know how to get there.

In more than 25 of the largest

American and Canadian cities, the Hertz girls stock all sorts of simplified maps which even a stranger in town can understand.

Since the first problem you face (before you can get lost in the city) is finding your way out of the airport, she'll give you a special airport map.

Next she'll give you maps of the city. If you have the time for a historic moment on your business trip, she'll provide tour maps that guide you to the local monuments.

And, finally, if you're one of those businessmen who hate last minute sur-

prises, ask her to diagram the fastest route back to the airport in rush hours.

With every map, Hertz also gives you a nice new Ford, or some other good car, which won't add to your problems. (We check and recheck our cars to make sure they're in better shape than the one you left at home.)

No other map company can make that claim.



Hertz

We can help a little.

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1968

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

A little Oriental mystique comes wrapped up in our fascinating at-home affair. An exotic hand-screened print that ties a number of ways—any of which is enormously comfortable and flattering. In a charming cotton sateen print with shocking pink or turquoise predominating, for sizes Petite, Small, and Medium, at \$21. And another of the entertaining ideas from our Young Elite® Robe Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.



people whose homes had been destroyed by American or government planes. There were also dramatic shows of leniency here and there; for example, an impromptu people's court was set up on a wooden box, and a woman accused of being the mother of a government security officer was "pardoned" when the crowd shouted that she should be let go.

At the time the Saigon attack took place, mixed elements of some ten South Vietnamese battalions were in the city, in addition to the police. There was little cohesion among them, and the danger was at its greatest when the attacking elements from the direction of the airfield moved into the city. The Communists were trying to cut the city in half, using two main-attack elements, from the north and the south, and not until the second or third day were government reinforcements in a sufficiently strong position to keep the Communists from overrunning the city from Cholon toward the center. Even then, if it had not been for American and South Vietnamese air and artillery support, the attack might have succeeded. The Communists took full advantage of the fact that most of the damage was the result of Allied bombing and shelling, and they began stressing this in their first broadcasts to the world. Although there were occasions when government troops behaved toward the people with their traditional contempt and cruelty, by and large they conducted themselves a lot better than they might have been expected to in such a crisis. They fought especially well considering that many of their units were at half strength or less because of the Tet holiday period. General Loan's police force, which was near its full strength of seventeen thousand in the city, also fought well. Loan—who at one point, in an incident that is now famous, shot a Vietcong prisoner in the head—was all over town directing operations during the whole fortnight of the fiercest fighting. The police and intelligence agencies of the government worked around the clock to keep up with the flow of information that might give them further clues to the Communists' plans. In addition to questioning prisoners intensively, they employed a number of modern devices to check persons brought in for interrogation. For example, they used an ultraviolet machine on the hands of suspects to determine whether they had fired a gun within three days.

The Americans' role during the attack was principally to throw a ring of troops around the city in order to keep reinforcements from coming in and the Communists already in the city from escaping. Nevertheless, there apparently was some movement in both directions, and it is still continuing. American tanks with infrared scopes that can pierce the darkness have roamed the outskirts of town from dusk to dawn, and flares have been filling the sky for many nights. By the fifth or sixth day, however, it was apparent that the back of the attack had been broken. About a thousand Vietcong, mostly operating in small groups, were then left in the city, and by the eighteenth the number officially given out was five hundred, but no one could estimate how many were in hiding, possibly awaiting a signal that a second major attack was beginning.

TOGETHER, Hanoi and the high command of the National Liberation Front prepared a number of special political programs for the Saigon attack. These programs were designed to have a spontaneous appeal of their own, and were therefore to be kept separate, at least at the beginning, from the program of the Front itself. Part of the idea, apparently, was to create a coalition of a new sort, with which the Americans could negotiate if they wished—the expectation, or hope, being that the Saigon government would collapse and disappear from the picture. The first troops sent into Saigon were called "revolutionary troops," or "troops with a cause," as distinct from the usual Vietcong "liberation forces," which were to follow. Defecting government elements were to be described as "troops to fight for a cause," and were to become probationary forces of the new revolutionary high command, which would afterward be embraced by the National Liberation Front. This was obviously all part of the special mystique surrounding the anticipated "general uprising," with which all the combatants had been thoroughly indoctrinated. For every combatant with a weapon, it is thought, one political officer was infiltrated into town, and if this estimate is accurate it points up the importance of Phung Van Cung, the top Front figure who was killed on the second day.

The most important element of the independent coalition government that was supposed to take shape in Saigon



Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

WHY DO I HAVE TO GO TO BED?

You sleep to give your brain and muscles the rest they need so you can think and grow. Muscles take food from your blood and turn it into energy, so you can play all day. But your muscles get tired from playing. And your brain gets tired from thinking. A nap or a good night's sleep lets all these important parts of your body rest—so you have the energy to think and play again.

The fun of sleeping is waking up ready to play wearing Health-tex, which are lively, handsome, strong—with the most wide-awake styling around for boys six months to size 8, girls six months to size 6x. Everything is washable, and lots are treated with permanent press for no-iron ease.



A product of the Standard Romper Co., Inc.,
130 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.



Health-tex presents the Children's Film Festival with hosts Kukla, Fran and Ollie, every Sunday from Feb. 4 to March 24, 4:30 P.M. EST on the CBS television network. Check local listings for time in your city.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWA announces



Changing the Atlantic from an ocean to a river means more than getting you to Europe fast on a jet. Europe is like it's never been before. They want you. U.S. credit cards are being accepted. Almost everyone's speaking English. Europe is ready. We know.

TWA is ready, too. If you've planned a vacation, we have more ways

to get you there than you could believe. Group tours, non-group tours, special rates, buying tips.

It's all designed to show you a great time while keeping your dollar expenses down.

Or if you're travelling on business you'll need fast information on accommodations. Conference arrangements. Inter-

the Atlantic River



city connections. Car-rentals. TWA will get it for you. We're the only airline in the world that flies from 39 cities across the U.S.A. to major capitals in Europe.

Since you'll be flying a U.S. airline this year, take the one that can do more for you. After all, for us, it's just across the river. Ask Mr. Information (your travel agent), call us or mail coupon.

TWA, Dept. 214, P.O. Box 25,
Grand Central Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10017
I'd like to cross the Atlantic River.
Please send me free brochures.

Name

Address

City State Zip

My travel agent is

*Service mark owned exclusively by Trans World Airlines, Inc.

up up and away* 



Our "Clipper Cargoes" collection has just landed.

Are you exploring for exciting and distinctive fabrics to dramatize any room in your home? Then set sail for Schumacher's to see this new bounty of beauties we've assembled from the four corners of the globe. Precious silk damasks, fine linens, carefree cottons and blends all

in patterns and colorations in the tasteful Schumacher tradition. Available through decorators and decorating departments of fine stores. F. Schumacher & Co., 58 West 40 Street, New York, New York 10018. Showrooms: 939 Third Avenue, New York, New York (at 56 St.)

Schumacher's

FABRICS | CARPETS | WALLCOVERINGS

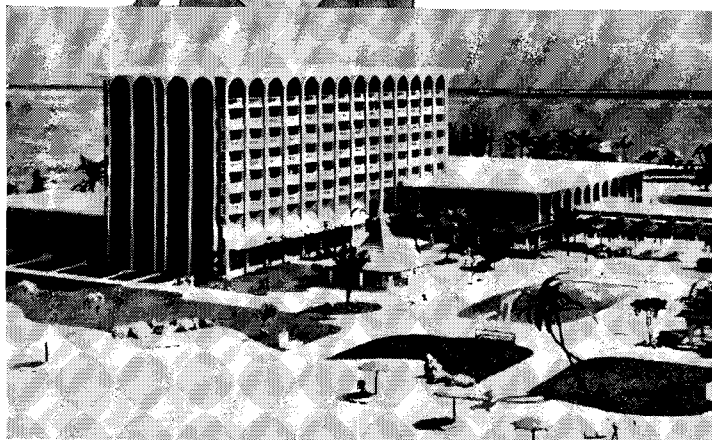
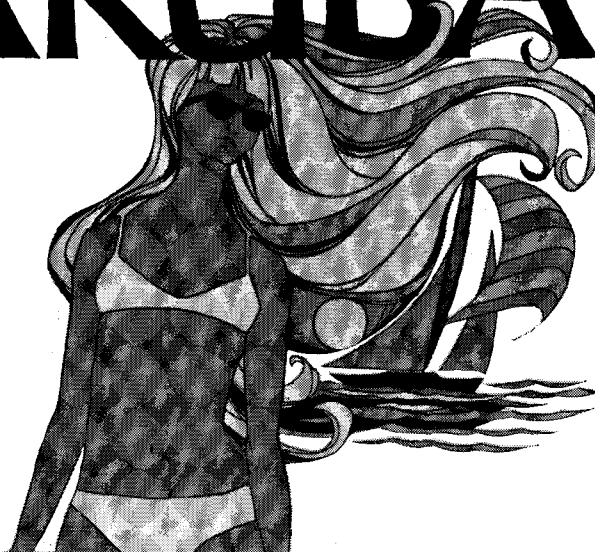
was to be the Alliance of National and Peace Forces, or the National Alliance for Peace and Democracy, as it has also been called. This was formed January 31st, according to a barrage of broadcasts that began immediately on Radio Hanoi and on a clandestine radio of the Front somewhere near Saigon. (Leaflets announcing the formation of the Alliance were also distributed throughout the city.) The Alliance was ostensibly composed of "intellectuals, industrialists, representatives of political parties, and representatives of religious organizations," and its appeal was directed at the urban middle class. It had a four-point platform, calling for the overthrow of the government of President Nguyen Van Thieu (early Communist broadcasts had it that he had been killed during the attack on the Presidential Palace) and the substitution of a "power representing all strata of the South Vietnamese people;" for the withdrawal of all American forces and the establishment of an "independent, democratic, peaceful, and neutral South Vietnam;" for the restoration of "national sovereignty;" and for subsequent negotiations with the National Liberation Front, "in order to enforce the above aspirations." Much of this was obviously designed to detach the Americans from the South Vietnamese and to give Washington a way of reaching an accommodation with "independent forces" that were not formally a part of the National Liberation Front. In Hué, a similar group was established, calling itself the National Democratic Peace Alliance Front of the Central Part of Central Vietnam, and its purposes, which were much like those of the Saigon Alliance, were broadcast from the Hué radio station as soon as that was captured. Later, as the fighting in Hué intensified, the Communists announced the establishment of a Committee to Form the People's Government, and Radio Hanoi quoted a "liberation-army commentator" as saying that the entire countryside of Quang Tri and Thua Thien, the two northernmost provinces, had been liberated. Whereas the approach in Saigon has been to suggest that the Communists want to create "a movement open to Western-style democracy," in the words of one captured cadreman, the emphasis up north has been on separating that part of the country entirely from the areas to the south—perhaps in preparation for talks on unification. An attack on Khe Sanh or other northern bases would clearly support this strategy. In addition to the purely political organizations, a variety

OPENING MARCH 18: ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO



FLY RELIABLE KLM TO ARUBA.

ARUBA



Sun-splashed, breeze-cooled Aruba — Holland in the Caribbean.

The new Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino is the place to enjoy Aruba the most. It's the resort hotel with everything — from a soft, white, private beach, water sports, huge swimming pool, deep-sea fishing and freeport shopping — to the exciting Casino, hotel nightlife, magnificent meals.

Aruba-Sheraton is exceptional. But isn't that the kind of resort you've been looking for?

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your favorite Travel Agent or call any Sheraton.

ARUBA-SHERATON HOTEL & CASINO

160 Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities

*Toys
is an any-time
any-place
coat!*



Light as laughter, warm as toast—
in a wonder fabric* of Antron® nylon...
rain and stain repellent because
it is protected by DuPont **ZEPEL**®.

White, navy, yellow, greige.

Sizes 6 to 16. About \$50.

At B. Altman & Co., New York
and branches; Rich's, Atlanta;
Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles;
Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.



**COUTURE
SPECIALTIES**

a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue • New York 18

POACRON FILLED
© REG. T.M.

of groups were formed in Saigon, Hué, and elsewhere in an effort to draw government soldiers and "Buddhist Army men," among others, into what were collectively described as the Patriotic Armed Forces. These were the hoped-for defectors who would ultimately qualify to become part of a new revolutionary mass organization.

After the first few days, Radio Hanoi and the National Liberation Front radio began to play down the various new organizations and fall back on the Front itself as the only true revolutionary body in South Vietnam. However, the new organizations have by no means been given up, and as late as February 9th Wilfred Burchett, a correspondent with close Communist connections in Hanoi and elsewhere, quoted Nguyen Van Hieu, who is the Front's chief representative in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, and is considered to be, in effect, its Foreign Minister, as saying that the Saigon "Puppet Government" no longer existed, having been replaced by "autonomous People's Committees." On the question of negotiations, Hieu said that the problem of setting up "a provisional government" was an "agenda item" that would be "decided through consultations with other revolutionary forces and in the light of future developments." If there had been any question about these new organizations' having been created as ploys in a ritual leading in the direction of negotiations, Hieu's interview should have removed all doubts.

WHEN the attacks began, President Nguyen Van Thieu set up a National Recovery Committee and appointed Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky to be its chairman. Though the Committee has been successfully performing its function of distributing emergency relief, it has had no success at all in creating the sort of united political front that has been lacking for so long. The trouble, as usual, has been personal and political rivalries, and a lack of central leadership. If ever there was a need for a single national leader, it is now, but President Thieu, who is by nature a cautious man, given to withdrawing in a crisis and then trying to pick up the pieces, has been reluctant to take charge. His appointment of Ky, who has been his political rival, to head the Committee was a mistake, most observers feel, despite Ky's capabilities and the fact that he had very little to do as Vice-President. It was not that Ky would misuse his new post but that the appointment would inevitably serve to dramatize his dif-

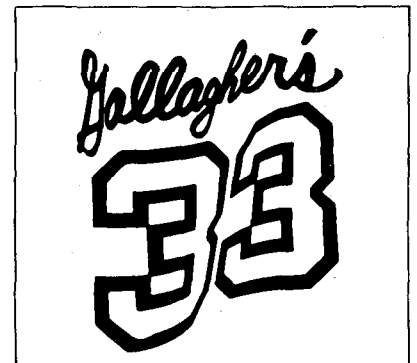


This charming fountain in lead will make a lovely addition to any terrace or informal garden setting. Complete with recirculating pump available in oxidized lead patina or Pompeian green finish. 37" high, 20" diameter shell. \$375.00 F.O.B. New York City.

Send 25¢ in stamps or coins for 40 page Catalogue illustrating many other complete fountains and garden ornaments.

**FLORENTINE
CRAFTSMEN** Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

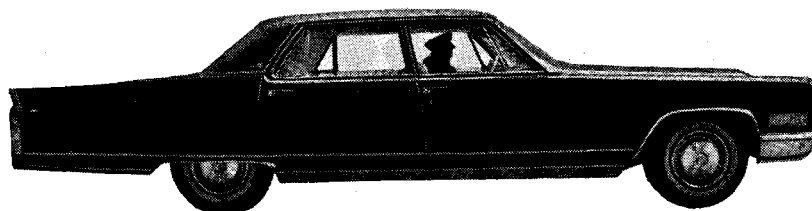

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS
Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition of Elegance
HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
NEW YORK PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450
or Atlantic City 344-8131



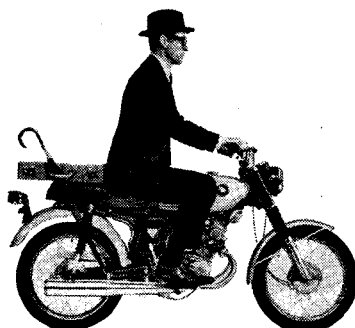
The great new restaurant
a hop skip and jump from the new
Madison Square Garden

133 West 33 Street 736-3373

Personal investment service



for those who've "made it"



and those who'd like to

No one can make guarantees concerning the stock market. What Francis I. duPont & Co. does guarantee is that we will put our considerable experience, facilities and talents at your disposal—with the sole purpose of helping your money make money. We don't grow unless our clients do. And, in just a relatively short time, we have grown to be one of the nation's largest brokerage houses.

Ours is a fresh, contemporary approach to investment service. We have a fierce dedication to our hundreds of thousands of clients—from the most sophisticated to the first-time investor. In short, those

who've "made it" and those who'd like to.

So, if you're in the market for help in the "market," we'd like a chance to provide that help. We've just published our 1967 Annual Report. It tells a good deal about us and the many ways in which we can be of help to you. Very few investment firms publish annual reports. And they're not required to. But we believe that people who entrust their investments to us are entitled to know all about us.

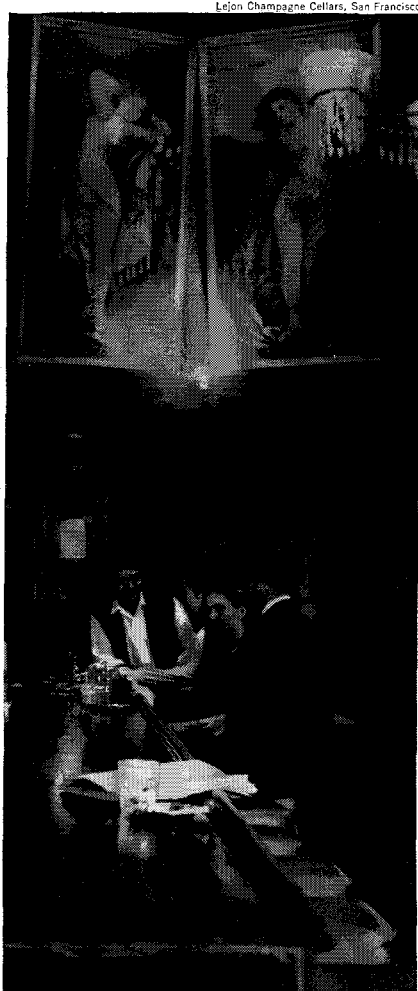
You can get your copy of our Annual Report at any of our local offices. Or write: Francis I. duPont & Co., Dept. N, P.O. Box 833, Wall Street Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10005.



FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.

Your investment success is our business

MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES. OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ABROAD. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES: ONE WALL STREET, N.Y. TEL: 212-344-2000



It's hard to get a bad martini in San Francisco. 1. The martini was invented there. 2. Most martinis are made with San Francisco's largest-selling vermouth: Lejon.



ferences with Thieu and give fresh encouragement to the ambitious underlings surrounding each of them. The Vice-President, who has just resigned as chairman of the Recovery Committee, remains a more popular figure than Thieu, and he has a grasp of political realities that is not only deeper but subtler. He also has more support in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. Thieu's appearance before a joint session of the National Assembly early in February to ask for emergency powers to deal with all economic and financial matters for one year did not go over well, and at the moment the sentiment of the Assembly is not to grant him such powers, or, if it does, to qualify any such grant considerably. The feeling of the legislators is that his request was unnecessary under the constitution, which already allows him to declare an emergency and take required steps to deal with it without seeking added executive authority. In political terms, it is felt, Thieu would have been wiser to "act like a President" from the outset of the crisis, perhaps setting himself up as the head of an emergency task force, aided by Ky and Premier Nguyen Van Loc and the Americans. In this way, he could have taken full advantage of the critical situation to forge the needed political unity. Instead, there has been an increase in factionalism and bureaucratic confusion during the recent weeks of crisis.

There are still no political parties in South Vietnam, despite the various elections that have been held, and all that has existed so far is a number of amorphous blocs. The one that has so far made the most headway includes three of last year's Presidential candidates—Phan Khac Suu, Tran Van Huong, and Ha Thuc Ky—along with Tran Van Don and Tran Van Lam, who are prominent Senate leaders, and some House leaders, plus representatives of the Buddhists, the Catholics, the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects, youth, and labor. The chief organizers of the group have been Senator Don, a general, now retired, who was a leader of the 1963 coup against Diem, and Dang Duc Khoi, who is one of Vice-President Ky's chief aides. Thieu, along with Ky, has reportedly given Don his blessing, but at the same time one of Thieu's closest associates, Nguyen Van Huong, has been busy forming another group. It remains to be seen whether the group formed by Don and Khoi, which they call the

Committee to Organize the People for the Safety of the Nation, can become a truly effective political force. By their own admission, it represents a belated effort to rise above divisiveness and form a united front representing all anti-Communist forces in the country. "This is the answer to those who have long thought the nationalists are incapable of getting together," one member of the new group told me somewhat defensively. At least it does include an appreciable cross-section of Vietnamese society, and it is the first political group to do so. Thus, it could serve as an effective anti-Communist



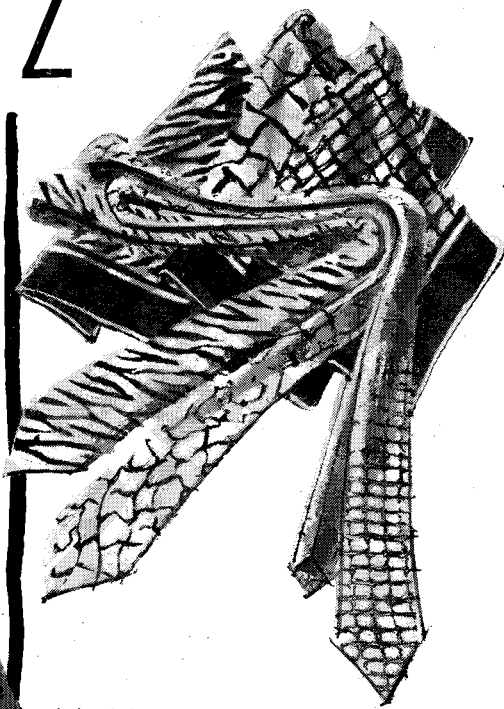
front if it manages to hold together. Though Ky has avoided any formal connection with it, most of its leaders are either pro-Ky or more inclined to support him than Thieu, and, in spite of Thieu's blessing, it risks being regarded as a pro-Ky body. Thieu could change this if he were to demonstrate real leadership, but perhaps the group's best chance lies in maintaining an independent posture. Some other intellectuals and professional leaders are thinking in terms of starting a sort of Paris Commune to deal with the present critical situation. This would fit in well with a concept the Recovery Committee has formulated—that of creating neighborhood or block organizations throughout Saigon to counteract the Vietcong's underground political activities. The Committee's plan envisions arming some carefully chosen civilians in each block area, and instilling a will for self-help and self-defense in the population as a whole. The Don-Khoi group also wants to do something along these lines. There are those who regard the arms project as dangerous, particularly in view of the Communists' head start and of the danger that the guns, no matter how carefully they are distributed, will fall into the wrong hands. Meanwhile, as the debate goes on, time is being lost, and simply dispensing rice and medicine—and even rebuilding houses—is not enough. What is desperately needed is political leadership at the top to create unity, both within and apart from the government, and so far no such leadership is in sight. The Americans, as usual, are sitting on the sidelines and keeping their fingers crossed, making their recommendations and hoping for the best, but there is a widespread feeling, which no one likes to express, that the initiative belongs to the Communists, no matter how many casualties they have suffered.

Everyone is waiting for the Com-

JOHN WEITZ

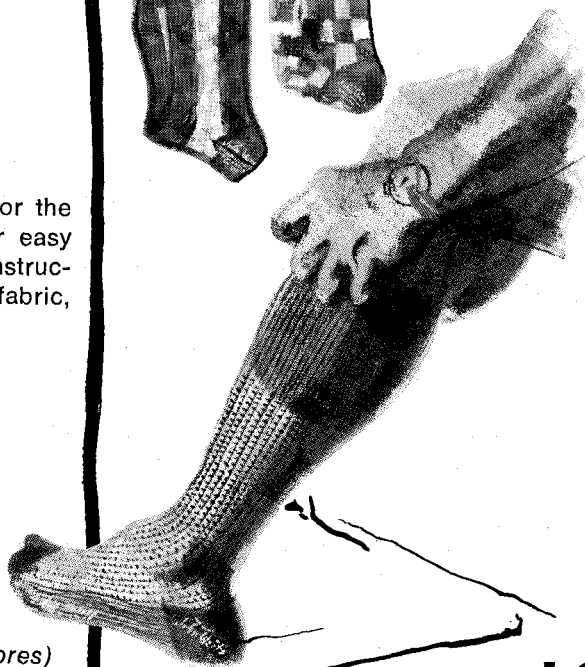
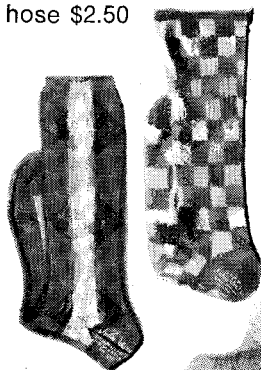


John Weitz designed this suit for the Businessman. Slant pockets for easy access, unpadded "contour" construction, single button, featherweight fabric, great on planes! \$165



John Weitz believes in *adventurous* ties and *quiet* suits. Zebra, leopard (with suit), giraffe, crocodile prints in *great* colors. The kerchiefs: same prints, twice the size. Ties, \$7.50, kerchiefs, \$4.00. By **BURMA-BIBAS**.

John Weitz likes socks that brighten a man's life. *Wild* patterns and colors for country wear (in Orlon®) and more muted designs for business (in nylon). By **CAMP**. Country hose \$2.00, business hose \$2.50



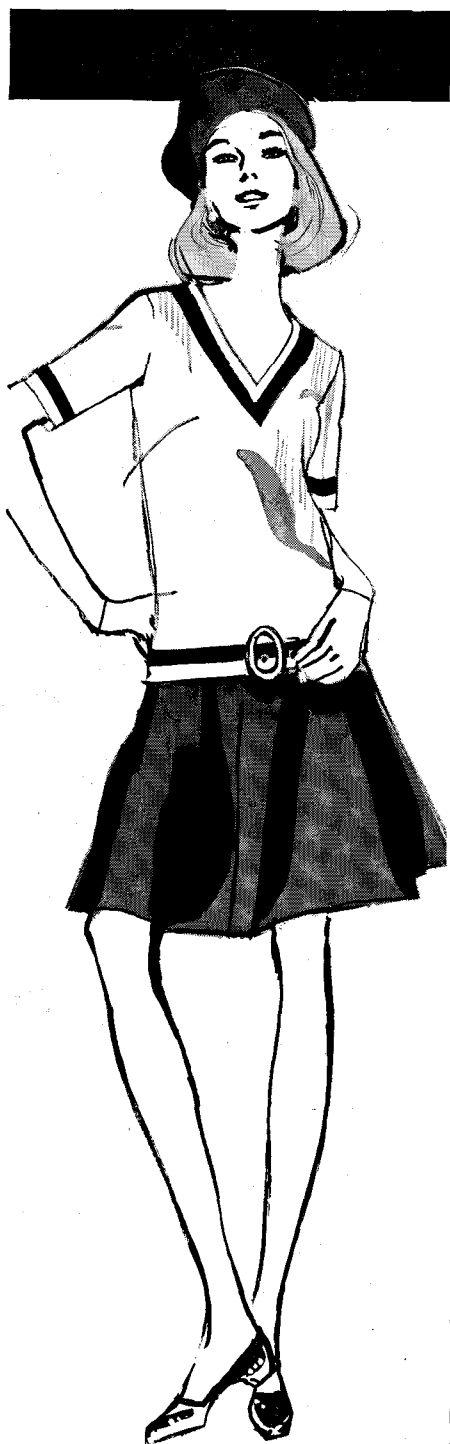
The John Weitz chain watch is *chunky* and masculine. By **DESTINO**. \$35.00

The John Weitz hotel suit is for business trips. The criss-cross closure never gapes, *ever*, in front of Room Service. Hardly wrinkles. Packs in a briefcase. \$10.00. By **DIPLOMAT**.



JOHN WEITZ

It's all available at
LORD & TAYLOR
(and, of course, at other great stores)



For the long pull...
Higbee's newest travel knit.
A fabulous new V-neck pullover that slinks to the hip belt then flares out to the hem. Ponte de Roma knit of drip-dry Dacron polyester. New navy with white or espresso brown with white; by Act III. Misses' 6 to 16. 36.00

*Mail and phone orders:
 add 75¢ beyond delivery area.
 Ohio residents add 4% sales tax.*

HIGBEE'S
 CLEVELAND

munists to drop the other shoe. Sooner or later, it is generally agreed, the shoe will be dropped somewhere, whether at Khe Sanh or some other place in the north, in the Highlands, in Saigon, in the Delta, or in several of these simultaneously. (There is a growing feeling here that the Communists may take another crack at Saigon, partly because of the success they have been having at tying down Allied forces in Hué, where some estimates of casualties in Marine units run to more than fifty per cent.) If the Communists do launch a followup to the Tet offensive soon, they will almost certainly have to use many more North Vietnamese troops than they did before. According to intelligence estimates, such troops are readily available all the way from the D.M.Z. down to the Delta. Approximately sixty thousand North Vietnamese troops are in the country, and only about ten per cent of them took part in the Tet attack. Giap also has sixty thousand main-force Vietcong troops he did not commit during Tet, but he cannot afford to spread himself too thin by using all these in another attack on the cities, and he will need time to recover from the casualties he has already suffered. (Giap is already taking advantage of the concentration of American and South Vietnamese troops in and around the cities to stage an extensive recruiting drive in the countryside.) Most experts are convinced that the Communists will be more selective in the next phase of their winter-spring campaign, and that belief seems to have been corroborated by the harassment actions that have taken place in the last few days, mostly on airfields around the country. The other day, Radio Hanoi announced, "We see more clearly than ever our great basic advantages, which are now greater than ever. We are determined to annihilate large numbers of the enemy, strongly and accurately attack enemy air bases and ammunition dumps, destroy large amounts of his means of waging war, and destroy the important communications arteries, thus causing the enemy to multiply his efforts to keep himself supplied." An attack on Khe Sanh is still expected at any time, although many Vietnamese here feel that the Americans have talked far too much about Khe Sanh's resemblance to Dienbienphu, and have thereby played into Hanoi's hands. Even as the Hué battle continues, Giap has begun probing other American and South Vietnamese bases below the D.M.Z.—Con Thien, Gio Linh, and Camp Carroll in the last few days. He

**More comfort
 than barefoot**

**Belgian
 Shoes**



MR. HENRI BENDEL
 Owner-President

MIDINETTE
 22 smart colors
 Calf \$25

FOR HER



MR. CASUAL
 Black or Brown Calf
 Brown Calf, Trim Black
 White Buckskin
 Patent Leather
 \$30

FOR HIM

*Soft soled casuals known the world over.
 Color brochures on request.*

BELGIAN SHOES

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
 (212) PLaza 5-7372
 In California: I. Magnin & Co.

**To get the most
 authentic mutton
 chop in the world,
 fly to London.
 Or, take a cab to**

Keen's
English Chop House.

72 W. 36, N.Y.—WI7-3636
 Open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

Your
 choice of
 today's
 foremost
 portrait
 painters
 and
 sculptors



PORTRAITS, INC.
 136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK



What it's like to visit Fort Lauderdale in spring

Spring in Fort Lauderdale is just like the winter-season in Fort Lauderdale, with one exception. Lower costs. And here's the reason.

The prevailing fad for mid-winter visits in this sunny clime puts a peak demand on lodging places through March. Following Easter the pressure is off and rates are dropped a third and more just to keep things humming.

Golfing fairways are in top condition. No long waits before teeing off.

No queuing up in restaurants or supper clubs. No letdown in the wonderful dining or sparkling entertainment offered. Nor in the service and appointments of the many luxurious places to stay.

Spring weather is ideal for outdoor fun. The broad beaches, the transparent surf are irresistible as ever. In fact, all the celebrated beauty of Fort Lauderdale, all its exciting things to see and do, remain. Everything is still in season but the cost.

The only change you notice is the kind that jingles in your pocket. Use it to extend your stay and avoid the colds and sniffles of a reluctant spring back home.

FORT LAUDERDALE
the Place to go in Florida

For FREE lodgings guide books plus color brochure, write City Information Department, P. O. Box 1181-N-46, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302

Biography of a brogue.



If it can be drunk, the chances are the Irish make it better. Irish ale and stout and Irish Whiskey and even the rich Irish cream are all justly famous.

And the talent travels.

One of France's all-time classic cognacs, for example, bears the fine old Irish name, "Hennessy," and not by chance.



And the label on a wonderfully soft and silken French red wine reads "Haut Brion," which is French for Gaelic: "O'Brian."

And over 100 years ago, Henry McKenna went from County Derry to Fairfield, Kentucky. From that day to this, the supply of Henry McKenna's remarkable Kentucky table whiskey has never equalled demand.

Only an Irishman could love whiskey enough to take this much care making it.

Henry McKenna's elegant table whiskey is not available everywhere, nor is it cheap.

But it is worth seeking out.



Henry McKenna

Remarkable Kentucky table whiskey.
The bourbon with a brogue.



H. McKenna Distillery, Fairfield, Kentucky,
86-proof Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey, six years old.

is apparently trying to get the Americans to disperse their forces. Some American military planners, pointing out that we have far more ability to maneuver around Khe Sanh than the French had at Dienbienphu, advocate that we take the bull by the horns and, instead of waiting for the Communists to attack the place, go out and chase the four North Vietnamese divisions in the area with a combination of air power, artillery, and ground strikes. Khe Sanh itself, they maintain, is important only as part of the larger complex in Quang Tri Province, and we cannot afford to remain pinned down in that one part. Hanoi is almost certainly aware of our capacity for maneuver, but it is also aware of the effect that such an ambitious and doubtless costly operation could have on the already jittery and weary American public.

To anyone speculating on what might happen in the next three or four months, there seems little doubt that a conclusive phase of the war has begun. The Saigon government, despite the great military strength it has acquired from its American allies, still lacks political motivation. If the Communists choose to enter a period of "fighting and negotiating at the same time" after another offensive, and if the conditions are established for political accommodation to begin, then Saigon will be tested by both risks and opportunities as never before. What the Communists have accomplished in the last three weeks is to throw an immense political burden on the Saigon government while placing the Americans in a kind of diplomatic limbo and keeping the possibility of negotiations in their own hands more firmly than ever.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

WEST UNION (CNS)—Officers for the Honor Society have been elected at North High School as follows: Marsha Mork, president; Becky Reisner, vice president; Jean Meyer, secretary; and Marsha Winter, treasurer.

Frogs wipe their mouths with their feet.—*Waterloo (Iowa) Daily Courier*.

And so are seldom elected to anything.

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Unaccounted-for Survey Engineering Corp., Boston.
Sensation Distributors, Inc., Chicago.
Total Energy Publishing Co., Downers Grove, Ill.
Memory, Good & Co., Los Angeles.
Little Pigs of Denver, Inc. (sandwich shop), Denver.
Wild Violin Repair Shop, San Francisco.

Fu Shen, The Mandarin's household god of happiness.



The Last of the Great Individualists

You could spend your lifetime looking for another hotel like The Mandarin. There isn't one. If it weren't for all the superb modern facilities, The Mandarin could be something from a past era. The feeling that pervades The Mandarin is of serenity and grace. Comfort and care. Every need fulfilled. Because The Mandarin has that rare ability to serve you, impeccably, without seeming to intrude. Let The Mandarin bring you back to the grand old days, when hotels were fiercely individual. You won't experience anything quite like it again. Call your travel agent or Inter-Continental.

The **Mandarin**
Hong Kong
MEMBER, INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTELS



OFF BROADWAY

AS the second production of its season at the St. Marks, the Negro Ensemble Company last week offered a revival and adaptation of Ray Lawler's "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," changing its locale from Australia to Louisiana. The play, as you may remember, concerns a couple of sugar-cane cutters who work in the fields for seven months of the year, and who, over the past seventeen years, have been spending their five layoff months with a couple of merry barmaids. Now one of the barmaids has gone off and married, and the other has brought in a local widow as a substitute. The widow, a skeptical party, has heard glowing reports of all the frolics in the past but is inclined to take a somewhat bleak view of them in the present, and also a bleak view of the lover provided for her, a man with

more of a reputation as a Casanova than the facts seem to warrant. Her disenchantment, made known in flat comments, flattens the joy of the game—the game of middle-aged people pretending to be still as young and larky and strong as ever, and refusing to see, almost until the end, that the party is over. This time around, the theme seems frailer and more obvious in its moralizing than it did ten years ago, but the theme is the least of it. What mattered then and matters now is the people, their feelings about one another, and the commonplaces of their lives, as reflected in their talk. Much of the attraction of the original production was just being inside somebody's house in Melbourne, and much of the attraction of the present production is being with these particular characters inside somebody's house in New

Orleans. The setting is the barmaid's living room.

In the company's first presentation, "The Song of the Lusitanian Bogey," a play I disliked, the players got little opportunity to show more than their ability to work well as a group, emoting much of the time in chorus. Now we see that they can portray individuals who never become standard types. In scene after scene, under Edmund Cambridge's sensitive direction, the actors are clear and consistent, never missing a nuance of mood or a chance for comedy. Moses Gunn shows his range in the banked fire of his performance as the barmaid's lover, who is forced to face some discouraging facts about his middle-aging self. Among the most delightful scenes are those he has with a girl next door (played with exactly the right ingenuousness by Hattie Winston), to whom the cane cutter has always been a romantic hero, and with whom he is teasing, warmly affectionate, and confident. With the barmaid (Frances Foster), he is loving and protective but slightly wary. In the end, he is utterly defeated, and it is then that Mr. Gunn is wonderful. I must say that it is rare these days to

see an actor who is able to portray a powerful man overwhelmed by emotion without losing any of his power in the portrayal. As the barmaid, whose demands on herself and everyone else prove false as well as exorbitant, Miss Foster—keyed up, gay, touchy, and ultimately shattered by grief—is very good, too. Her sudden shrill spats with her snoopy, sharp-tongued old mother are particularly amusing. As the mother, sneaking around in an elaborate wig, Clarice Taylor is a little hokey for my own taste but pretty comical all the same. Esther Rolle, Norman Bush, and William Jay do well as widow, dimming Lothario, and a young cutter, respectively. The adaptation, presumably by Douglas Turner Ward, the artistic director of the company and a drama-

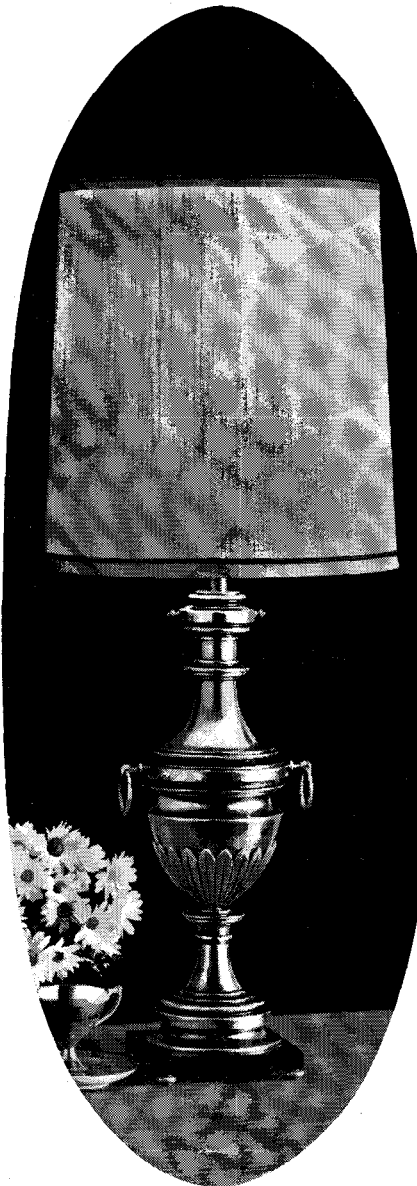


"Hofstetter is projecting urban blight in the nineteen-seventies, Dr. Bartley is hypothesizing aftereffects of the Third World War in terms of agronomy, and Fitler, there, is, I'm afraid, wool-gathering."

Guerlain bath oil, dusting powder and talc. Available in Shalimar, Chant d'Arômes, Vol de Nuit, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko.

If you wear a truly great fragrance,
you should use it all the time.





British
regency urn
with
foliated husk
and ring bails
on pedestal
and plinth.
38 inches.
About \$100.*

The Stiffel Lamp

For brochure of selected Stiffel lamps,
send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company,
Chicago 60610.

*Slightly higher west and south.

tist in his own right, sounds fine. "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" has survived its transplanting and is blooming quite sturdily.

IN Asif Currimbhoy's "Goa," at the Martinique, Ali Akbar Khan's Indian music and C. Murawski's setting—the square of a small Goanese town, with a footbridge in the foreground and the house of the local whore in back—make for more atmosphere, and are more telling, than all the words put together. The play is a drift, gossamer allegory with spurts of violence and swatches of clogged, passionate eloquence about chastity—male and female—and racial color. I must say I was quite perked up at one point to hear somebody call somebody else, or compare somebody else to, a Mickey Finn. In Goa? There is not much to be said on behalf of the poor actors, except for Cal Bellini, who managed to keep his head throughout an all but impossible assignment.

—EDITH OLIVER

MATCHLESS SECURITY

Gates guard the entrance on the front, and a high fence secures the rest of the property. The door to the inside parking garage is operated only by radio controls in the tenants' cars. There is a 24 hour security within the building. At The Gates, the unwanted guest, the vandal and the burglar will find the precautionary devices and procedures most discouraging.

Average living rooms at The Gates are a whopping 18'4"x19'5", plus a huge bay window. Master bedrooms are 19'5"x14', and that doesn't count its entrance alcove, dressing room and balcony. Extremely spacious, livable dwellings. And each residence is extremely sound proof. You would have to listen closely to hear an explosion next door.—*Adv. in the Atlanta Journal Constitution.*

Nothing but a couple of lousy safecrackers, anyway.

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Cooking with Love and Paprika,"
by Joseph Pasternak]

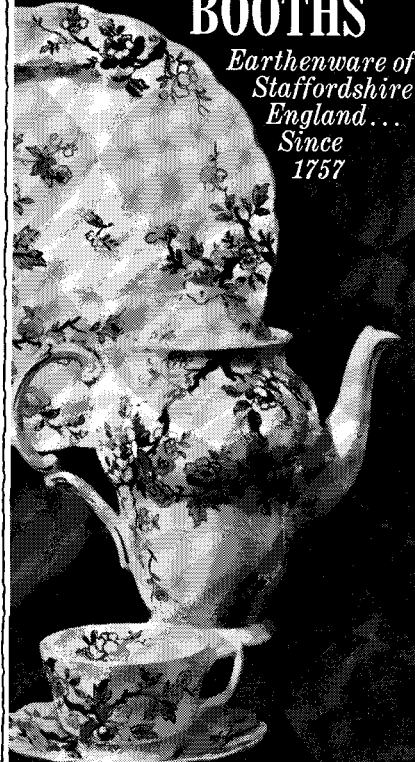
Another good rule of hospitality, often overlooked, is never to insist that a guest eat a dish he has politely refused. He may be allergic to its ingredients, he may be on a diet, he may have psychological reasons. Let him eat what he does like in peace, and he'll think of you as a kind and considerate person forever. —Page 3.

The first time I served *lecsó* to Van Johnson he looked at it and said, "Hot dogs and tomatoes and green peppers! I don't even like those when they're not mixed up together!" So as usual I said, "Taste it, taste it, just taste it..."

—Page 195.

BOOTH'S

Earthenware of
Staffordshire
England...
Since
1757



CHINESE TREE—5 pc. place setting, about \$10.

Available at Tiffany & Co.

Send for FREE illustrated Booth's brochure to:

EBELING & REUSS CO.

Dept. B1, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms... suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset

30 West 54th St.

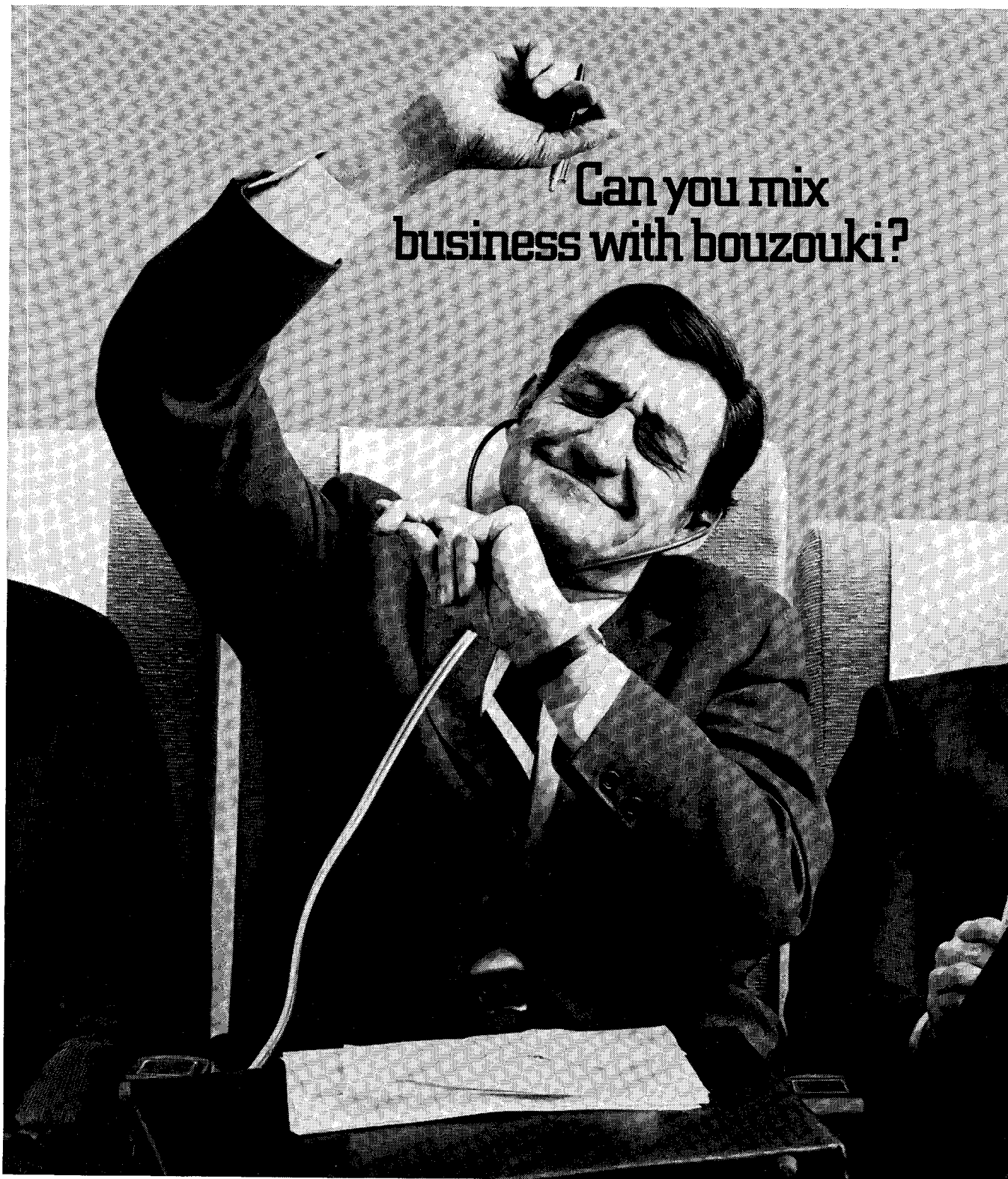
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

Furniture for Gracious Living



Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.



Can you mix business with bouzouki?

We get a lot of businessmen on Olympic Airways flights to 38 cities in Europe and the Middle East. Some of them have work to do during the flight. And they think maybe a little background music wouldn't hurt. So they put on their headset and switch on the stereo.*

That's fine if you stick to Beethoven. The Pastorale hasn't ruined an annual report yet. But stay away from the stereo channel with bouzouki music.

Sure, it sounds harmless enough at first. Just a nice bouncy little tune. Then all of a sudden... wham! You're hooked on that vibrant music of Greece. And the only business you have on your mind is funny business. Like dancing in the aisles. (Which is strictly forbidden.)

But please don't think that Olympic has anything against businessmen. After all, we've made it very easy for you to get your paperwork done be-

fore you board the plane. Our flights leave late enough for you to put in a full day at the office—and early enough to get you to Paris or Rome in time for a morning appointment. Maybe that's why so many businessmen are ready for bouzouki.

Call your travel agent or Olympic Airways. Please specify business or bouzouki.

OLYMPIC
A I R W A Y S

*At nominal charge per IATA. Diners' Club, American Express and all other major credit cards honored.

THE SPORTING SCENE

OLD GAME, NEW CHALLENGE

EXCEPT perhaps for polo, which the Persians may or may not have played four thousand years ago, the oldest ball game in the world is court tennis. It is difficult to fix on an exact date for its birth, since court tennis evolved from a whole slew of rudimentary games, in particular from *jeu de paume*, a form of handball played in the Basque country, but, in any event, by the fourteenth century it was well established. In France, its home country, there were hundreds of courts by then, in the moats and courtyards of the châteaux and monasteries, and in Paris the working classes had become so infatuated with watching matches and betting on them that they were neglecting their work. The game was big in Italy, too, and had also caught on in England, where, as on the Continent, it was the favored pastime of royalty. In the year 1600, court tennis reached its peak: counting the small courts known as *tripots*, there were more than eighteen hundred courts in Paris alone. Then a gradual decline set in. Excessive gambling and suspected fixing of matches gave the game a bad name, the interest of the French kings waned (Louis XIV was a billiards man), and, of course, the French Revolution applied the coup de grâce. Today, there is only one court in Paris. In England, court tennis suffered a corresponding decline in gen-

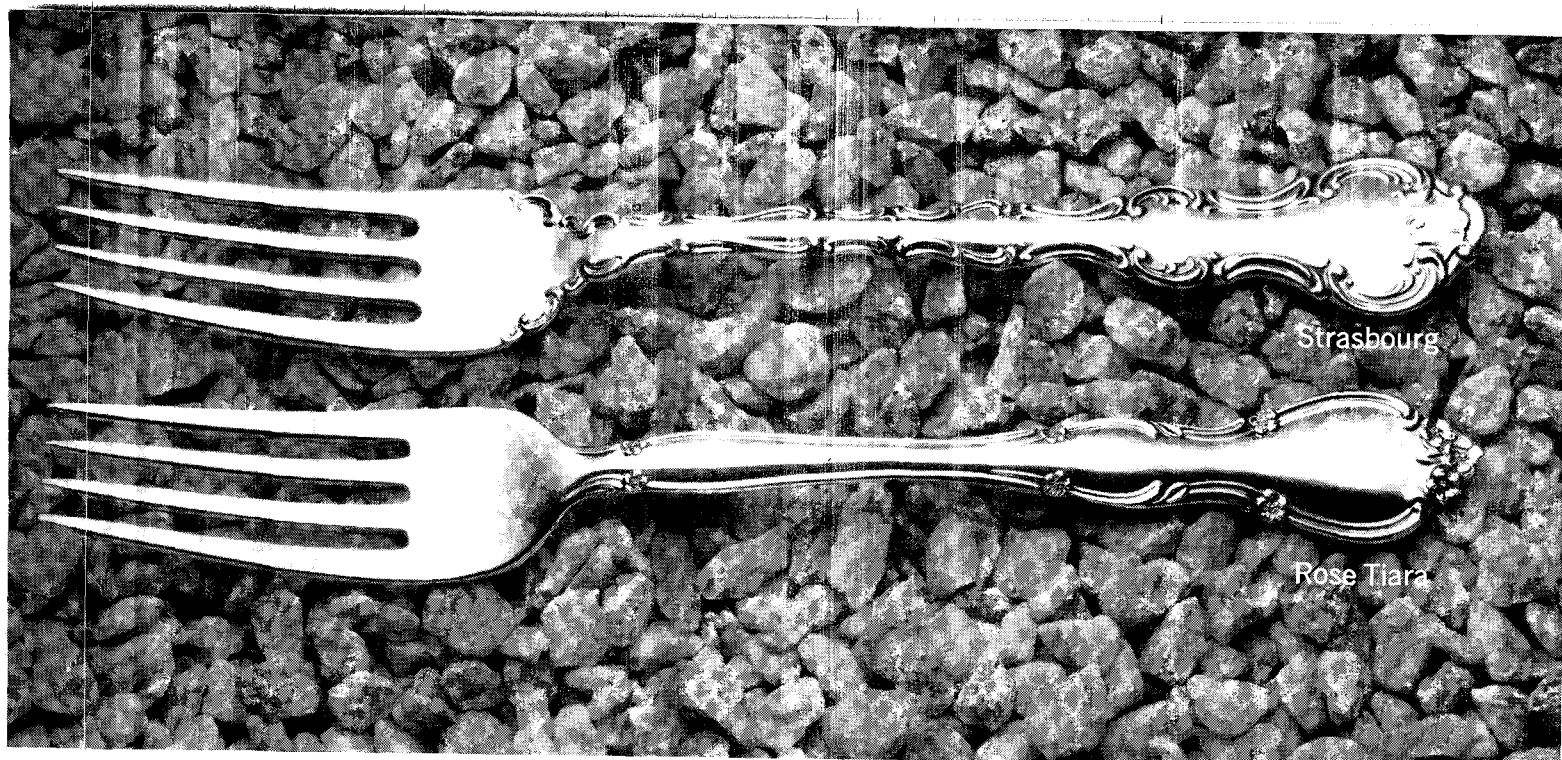
eral popularity, but the game was kept alive on private courts at the country homes of the aristocracy. Just about a century ago, American clubmen-sportsmen, who customarily looked to England for their lead in such matters, imported the game, and eighteen courts were eventually built in this country, most of them along the Atlantic seaboard. Court tennis here has since remained the special province of the very well-to-do, the main reason being the high cost of constructing a modern indoor court (one of the most lavish, built by Payne Whitney at his estate on Long Island in 1915, came to \$250,000), so just about the only time that the average American sports enthusiast becomes aware of its existence is when there is an unusually colorful challenge for the World Open Championship. This happened in 1914, when Jay Gould, the grandson of the financier, challenged the holder, an English professional named G. F. Covey, and defeated him—a considerable triumph, for no amateur before Gould ever won the World Open Championship. It happened again in 1928, when Pierre Etchebaster, the Basque professional whom many consider the finest court-tennis player of the modern era, came into his own, also by defeating Covey, who had regained the title when Gould decided to relinquish it. And it happened again just over a fortnight ago,

at the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York, when, for the first time in history, two amateurs—both Americans and both pupils of Etchebaster's—faced each other for the world title: Northrup R. Knox, of Buffalo and Aiken, South Carolina, the World Open Champion since 1959, and George H. (Pete) Bostwick, Jr., of Locust Valley, Long Island, the United States Open Champion for two of the past three years. While their match may have lacked some of the drama of the one in 1641 between Louis XIII of France and Philip IV of Spain (Cardinal Richelieu refereed and Louis won), it was still an occasion.

As a rule, people outside the milieu of court tennis have an idea that to become a player of world class doesn't require anything like the skill it takes to succeed at the more popular games. This attitude is based partly on the fact that there are fewer than a thousand court-tennis players in the world—that's not too many to beat—and partly on the misconception that so ancient a game can't be much good anyway. The astonishing thing about court tennis, the ancestor of all the racquet games, is that it still offers the talented modern athlete a tremendous challenge. In a hard-hitting rally, the ball moves faster than it does in lawn tennis, so a top player must have both fleetness and agility to cover the four-walled court. He must also have superb reflexes and be able to think very quickly, for court tennis is essentially a subtle game and presents the player with many more options than lawn tennis does. If it weren't so exacting, I doubt very much whether it would appeal so strongly to men like Norty Knox and Pete Bostwick, for they must rank as two of the most remarkable all-round athletes of the day. Knox, who is thirty-nine and raises Aberdeen Angus cattle, and Bostwick, who is thirty-three and is a partner in the brokerage firm of H. N. Whitney, Goadby & Co., have quite similar backgrounds. Each is the son of an outstanding sportsman: Seymour H. Knox excelled at all the racquet games, and for many years was a seven-goal polo player and captain of the Aurora team, which won the United States Open Champion-



"I'm going out to get a paper. Hold the fort."



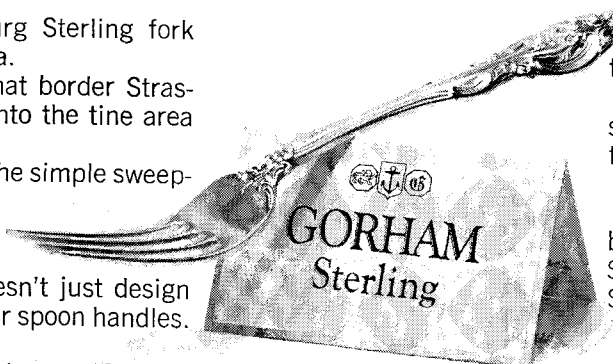
How come some Gorham designs extend down into the tine area and some don't?

Compare the Strasbourg Sterling fork shown above with Rose Tiara.

The series of scrolls that border Strasbourg must flow naturally into the tine area to unify the design.

In Rose Tiara Sterling, the simple sweeping lines of the design blend perfectly with the smooth shape of the tine area.

That's why Gorham doesn't just design fork handles, knife handles or spoon handles.



They design the entire piece from one end to the other. And from front to back.

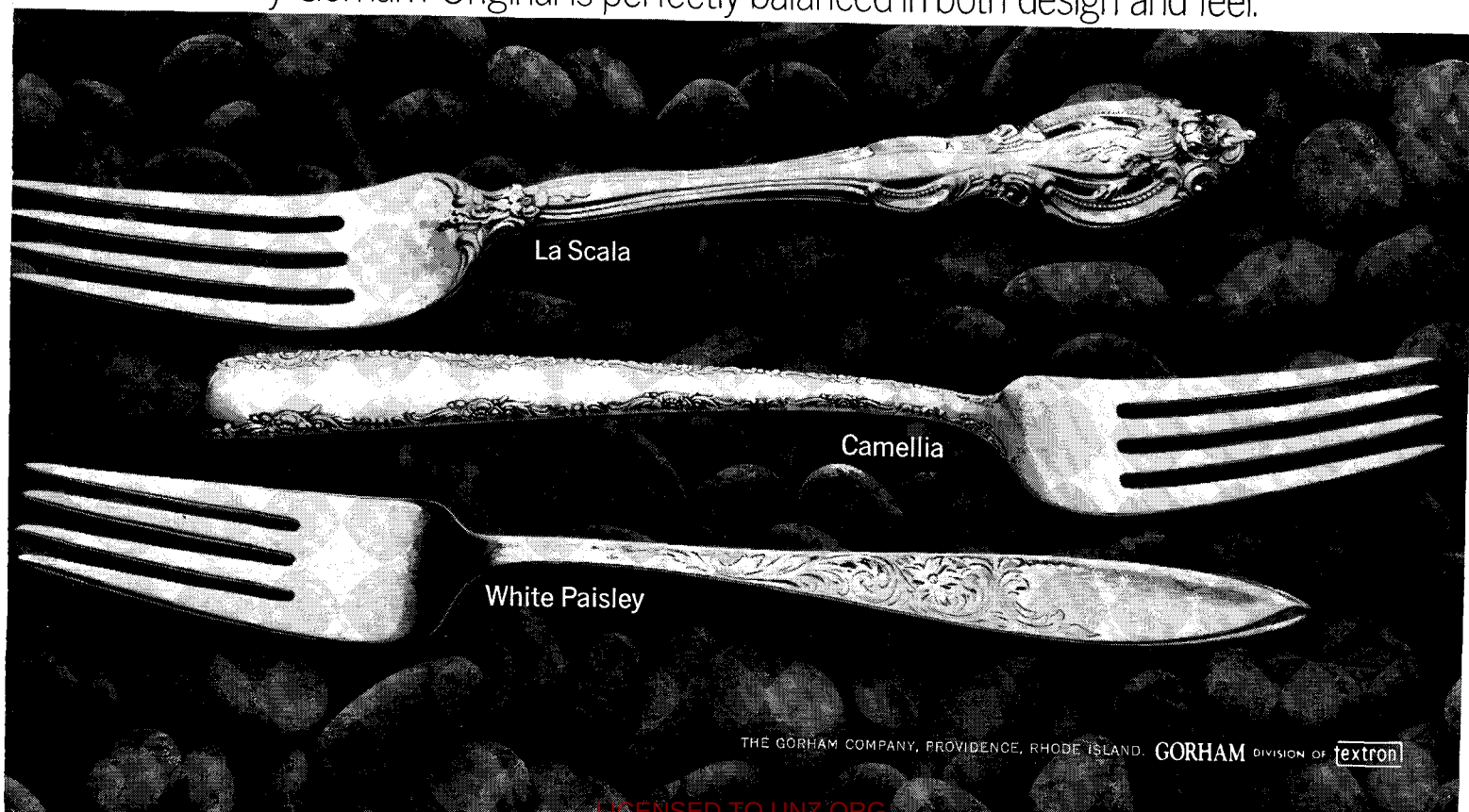
Every fork tine, every knife blade, every spoon bowl must be in perfect balance with the handle. Both in design and feel.

Do you own a Gorham Original?

Price for a 4-piece place-setting: Strasbourg \$48.75, Rose Tiara \$46.00, La Scala \$54.50, Camellia \$46.00, White Paisley \$52.25.

Prices subject to change without notice.

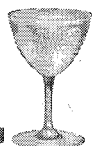
Every Gorham Original is perfectly balanced in both design and feel.



THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. GORHAM DIVISION OF **textron**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**IF YOU LIKE
A NICE, BLAND,
DELICATE
LITTLE
DAIQUIRI...**



**STAY AWAY
FROM
MYERS'S
RUM.**



Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 318, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

ship in 1933; George H. (Pete) Bostwick, Sr., in addition to accomplishments in many sports, was regarded as the foremost American steeplechase rider of his generation and raced in England's Grand National three times. Both the younger Knox and the younger Bostwick attended Aiken Preparatory School and St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, before Knox went on to Yale and Bostwick to Middlebury.

At St. Paul's, Knox was captain of the baseball team and the ranking squash player, and at Yale he was on the hockey team. Since college, he has played the expected lawn tennis and done a little fishing—he set a world record off Cabo Blanco, Peru, by catching a four-hundred-pound big-eyed tuna on a thirty-nine-thread line—but he has concentrated on polo and court tennis. He has held an eight-goal rating since 1957, and two years ago he captained the United States team in the Cup of the Americas matches against Argentina in Buenos Aires. In court tennis, he has won our national amateur singles championship six times and our national amateur doubles championship eight times (three of those times with his brother Seymour H. Knox III). He gained the World Open Championship in 1959 by defeating Jack Johnson, an English professional, and in 1966 he successfully defended his title against Ronald Hughes, another English professional.

Bostwick's versatility is, if anything, even more confounding. In lawn tennis, he became proficient enough to win the New England Interscholastic Championship, to captain his college team, and to play in our national championships at Forest Hills. In ice hockey, he was the fourth leading scorer in the Eastern college ranks during his senior year at Middlebury, and he is currently the captain and the star center of the St. Nicholas team, a New York hockey club that plays about ten games a year against the top Eastern colleges. Although he didn't become serious about golf until after his graduation from Middlebury, in 1958, he nevertheless managed in his final year to win the New England Intercollegiate Championship, which he entered because it was held close by, in Burlington. The next year, when he *was* serious, he qualified for the United States Open. This remains Bostwick's most noteworthy golfing achievement, but he has also won the Long Island Amateur, qualified four times for the United States Amateur, and been club champion at Piping Rock five times

The Luxury Lotion Imported from Italy

Cristall lotion for men is distinctively different . . . definitely masculine. Subtle essences from Italy create its unique aroma. The special emollient base makes Cristall lotion gentle to your skin. There is no lotion quite like Cristall for men, just as Cristall glycerine soap is unmatched in its field. Available: I. Magnin, Abercrombie & Fitch, Nieman Marcus and all fine stores.

CRISTALL

FOR SAMPLE LOTION AND SOAP, SEND 25¢ TO:
CRISTALL, P.O. BOX 411, SADDLE RIVER, N.J. 07458



Barrie Ltd.[®]
Moccasin
Casual...



FREE
BROCHURE
ON REQUEST

... in hand-antiqued, grained calf, completely soft leather-lined, and patented flexible sole construction for walking comfort. With leather soles ☐ or natural crepe soles ☐ \$22.95 postpaid. Order by Mail, state shoe size—**BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—NEW HAVEN.**

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO

A sitting in
black and white
plus six glossies,
only \$42.50.
Color from \$150.



Bachrach
Fabian

48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233



Spring stimulant. A traditional favorite in the new Brandywine color. Sterling & Hunt flavors this new-for-spring classic with a spirited new color. Brandywine—a smooth whiskey tone that's male and mellow. Styled in Sterling & Hunt's definitive natural-shoulder model, the Hunt Club. With three buttons, flap pockets, traditional center vent. Revive your spring wardrobe with this refreshing stimulant.



Sterling & Hunt

Sterling & Hunt sport coats \$70 to \$100. Suits from \$100 to \$175 at these and other fine stores: L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis • CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO., Chicago & Peoria • DAVISON'S, Atlanta & Augusta • THE DENVER, Denver • DEY BROTHERS, Syracuse • DONALDSON'S, Minneapolis & St. Paul • SANGER HARRIS, Dallas • D. H. HOLMES, New Orleans & Baton Rouge • JOSKE'S, Houston • MAAS BROTHERS, Florida • KILPATRICK'S, Omaha • MABLEY & CAREW, Cincinnati • MACY'S, New York • JORDAN MARSH, Orlando • THE MAY COMPANY, Los Angeles & San Diego • MEIER & FRANK, Portland • RIKE'S, Dayton • YOUNKER'S, Des Moines • FRED BROWN'S, Knoxville • R. E. COX, Ft. Worth • KNAPP'S, Lansing • SCARBROUGH'S, Austin • BERGMAN & MONARCH, Altoona • CARLISLE ALLEN, Ashtabula • HEER'S, Springfield, Mo. • MULLER CO., Lake Charles, La. • PARISIAN, Birmingham. • AUSTIN REED of Regent Street, London.

**Fortrel,
the fiber that welcomes
a waist on the way up.**



Don Sophisticates does Jane Justin's view of the empire bit in Super-Knit. Wide lick of licorice patent marks raised waist, shiny black buttons pizzazz romantic mood of collar and cuffs. Lebanon Mills' double-knit ottoman of 100% textured Fortrel polyester machine-washes and dries with no need for ironing. In white, yellow, brown or red. 3-13. About \$45.* At Bonwit Teller, New York; Filene's, Boston; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus.

*slightly higher on the West Coast

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

CELANESE FORTREL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

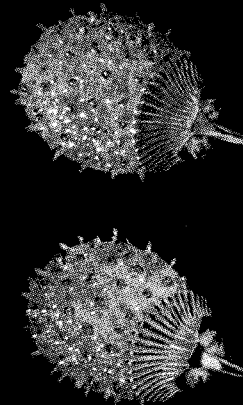
and at the National Golf Links eight times. A compressed version of his record in the racquet games would go like this. Squash racquets: no individual titles, but a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club team that won the Metropolitan League Championship. Hard racquets: twice winner of the Tuxedo Gold Racquets tournament, and surprise winner over a strong international field in last year's Canadian Centennial tournament in Montreal. Court tennis: national amateur singles champion in 1965, 1966, and 1967, national open singles champion in 1966 and 1968, and national open doubles champion twice (each time with his brother James, a very gifted court-tennis player, who has himself won our open and amateur singles titles). Bostwick also knows which end of a horse to get on.

The best thing about Knox and Bostwick, considering the range of their attainments, is how little ego there is in their cosmos. They are solid and extremely pleasant individuals who have had the character, as well as the wherewithal, to develop their natural talents, and they have continued to pour their energy into sports simply because they enjoy sports. They are, in a word, what athletes should be like.

SINCE I get to watch court tennis only a bit more often than I get to the Court of St. James's, I decided early this winter to refresh my thin knowledge of the game and to prepare myself for the challenge match by attending the United States Open Doubles Championship (which the Bostwicks won). This was held—as was the challenge match—on the east court at the Racquet and Tennis Club. (There are two courts at the club, but only five others survive in the whole country—the one at the Whitney estate and one each in Boston, Tuxedo Park, Philadelphia, and Aiken.) As I looked out over the court, I felt myself transported back over the centuries. The sight of a court-tennis court invariably does this to me, and I should imagine it does the same thing to most people, so powerfully does the setting conjure up the Middle Ages. That is one of the game's great charms, of course—the fact that the court has changed hardly at all. Indeed, the court that Henry VIII built at Hampton Court palace in 1529 is still in use.

Now, here we should pause for a moment. Since court tennis may well be the most elaborate and complicated of all games, it is very difficult to describe, even superficially, how it is

C'EST LES BERNARD



OUCHLESS PORCUPINES. Pretty little pins of uniquely textured 14-carat gold-plated sterling (we call it diamond-point) set with pseudo-spinelles. Shown actual size. \$40.00 the pair, \$20.00 each. March to get them at G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D.C.; I. Magnin & Co. all stores. Write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 5th Ave., N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS

ENZO STUARTI

ROBERT DRUM, Conductor

BOBBY RAMSEN

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12

3 SHOWS SAT 8, 11 & 2

10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

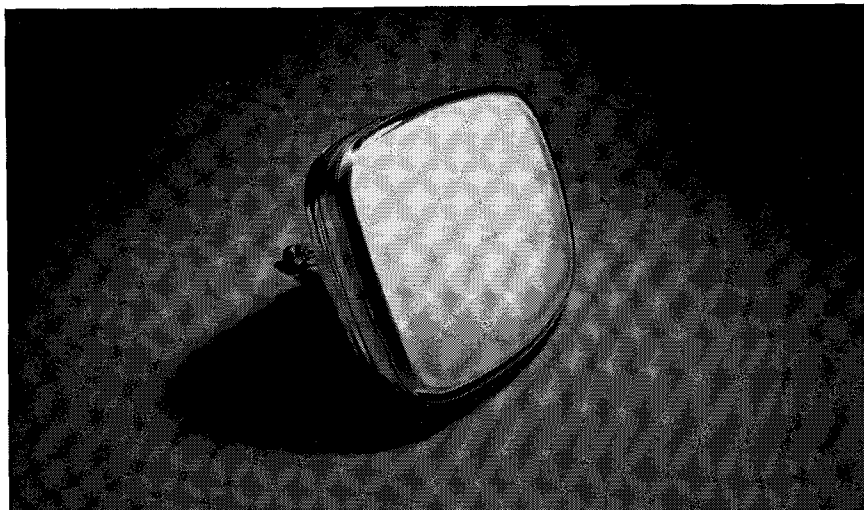
*Café
Carlyle*

GEORGE FEYER
at the piano

Complete deluxe dinner
\$6.50 served 6 to 9.
Entertainment & supper
8:30 to 2 a.m. Minimum \$3.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 78TH ST.
TEL. RH 4-1600





Tranquilizer or stimulant? It depends on the way you look at it.

You can relax with television, or be stimulated by television, or even be provoked by television. How television affects you, depends on the way you choose to look at it.

Your choices in March include a three-part adaptation of William Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" and Michael Gazzo's drama "A Hatful of Rain." An examination of Dr. Salk's research and an analysis of the results of the first Presidential primary election. An in-depth study of Soviet progress in outer space and, from Africa, a special on the game-filled Plains of Serengeti. And always, the news.

Sound like a month of tranquilizers? Hardly.

The Soviets in Space. NBC News Special. The many facets of the Soviet space program. Kenneth Bernstein reports. Friday, Mar. 1 (10-11 pm).

A Hatful of Rain. Sandy Dennis, Peter Falk, Michael Parks and Herschel Bernardi in Michael Gazzo's Broadway drama. Sunday, Mar. 3 (9-11 pm).

The 21st Century. Dr. Jonas Salk. A look at medical research conducted by Dr. Salk. Sunday, Mar. 3; Perspectives. A panel of futurists discusses aspects of science, philosophy and religion today and in the 21st century. Narrated by Walter Cronkite. Sunday, Mar. 10 (6-6:30 pm).

The CBS Children's Film Festival. Kukla, Fran and Ollie host distinguished motion pictures from many lands. Sundays, Mar. 3 (4-5 pm), 10, 17 (4:30-5:30 pm); Mar. 24 (4-5:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents—Part II. Guests include pianist Artur Rubinstein, violinist David Oistrakh and the Bolshoi Ballet. Tuesday, Mar. 5 (9:30-11 pm).

Savage World of the Coral Jungle. The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau: records the mystery, beauty and terror of the animal and plant life in the coral reefs. Wednesday, Mar. 6 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. An adaptation of William L. Shirer's history of Nazi Germany, narrated by Richard Basehart. Part I—The Rise to Power, Wednesday, Mar. 6 (10-11 pm); Part II—The Road to War, Friday, Mar. 8 (10-11 pm); Part III—Gottterdammerung, Saturday, Mar. 9 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Bell Telephone Hour. Man Who Dances. The balletic art of Edward Villella. Friday, Mar. 8 (10-11 pm); Opera: Two-Six. Singers Joan Sutherland, Phyllis Curtin, Tito Gobbi. Nicolai Gedda, Mildred Miller, Jerome Hines, Charles Anthony featured. Friday, Mar. 22 (10-11 pm).

Campaign '68: New Hampshire and Beyond. Election-night report and analysis of the New Hampshire primary results. Tuesday, Mar. 12 (10-11 pm).

The Actor. Alec Guinness narrates this close-up of actors and the theatre arts. Friday, Mar. 15 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Travels With Charley. Henry Fonda narrates program based on John Steinbeck's book about his poodle. Sunday, Mar. 17 (10-11 pm).

The Reluctant Dragon. NBC Children's Theatre: Kenneth Grahame's classic performed by Burr Tillstrom and Fran Allison

(Kukla, Fran and Ollie). Thursday, Mar. 21 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Kiss Me Kate. Robert Goulet, Carol Lawrence, Michael Callan star in this adaptation of Cole Porter's musical classic. Monday, Mar. 25 (9:30-11 pm).

How Life Begins. The miracle of birth. Tuesday, Mar. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Plains of Serengeti. A news special focusing on the African game preserve. Friday, Mar. 29 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein. Sunday, Mar. 31 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Wonderful World of Golf/ABC's Wide World of Sports/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/Animal Secrets/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

She loves her *Chemstitch*[®] coat!

For good reasons, too. It travels comfortably 24 hours a day, season to season... rain or shine. And "the sculptured look" by Chemstitch[®] adds an extra touch of elegance to any fashion wardrobe. To wit: this smartly tailored go-anywhere coat, in black, ivory, tulip pink, or yellow; sizes 6-16. About \$50,

by **COUTURE SPECIALTIES.**

At: B. Altman & Co. (and branches), New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Halle's, Cleveland; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Gus Mayer, all stores.



CHEMSTITCH INC., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10001

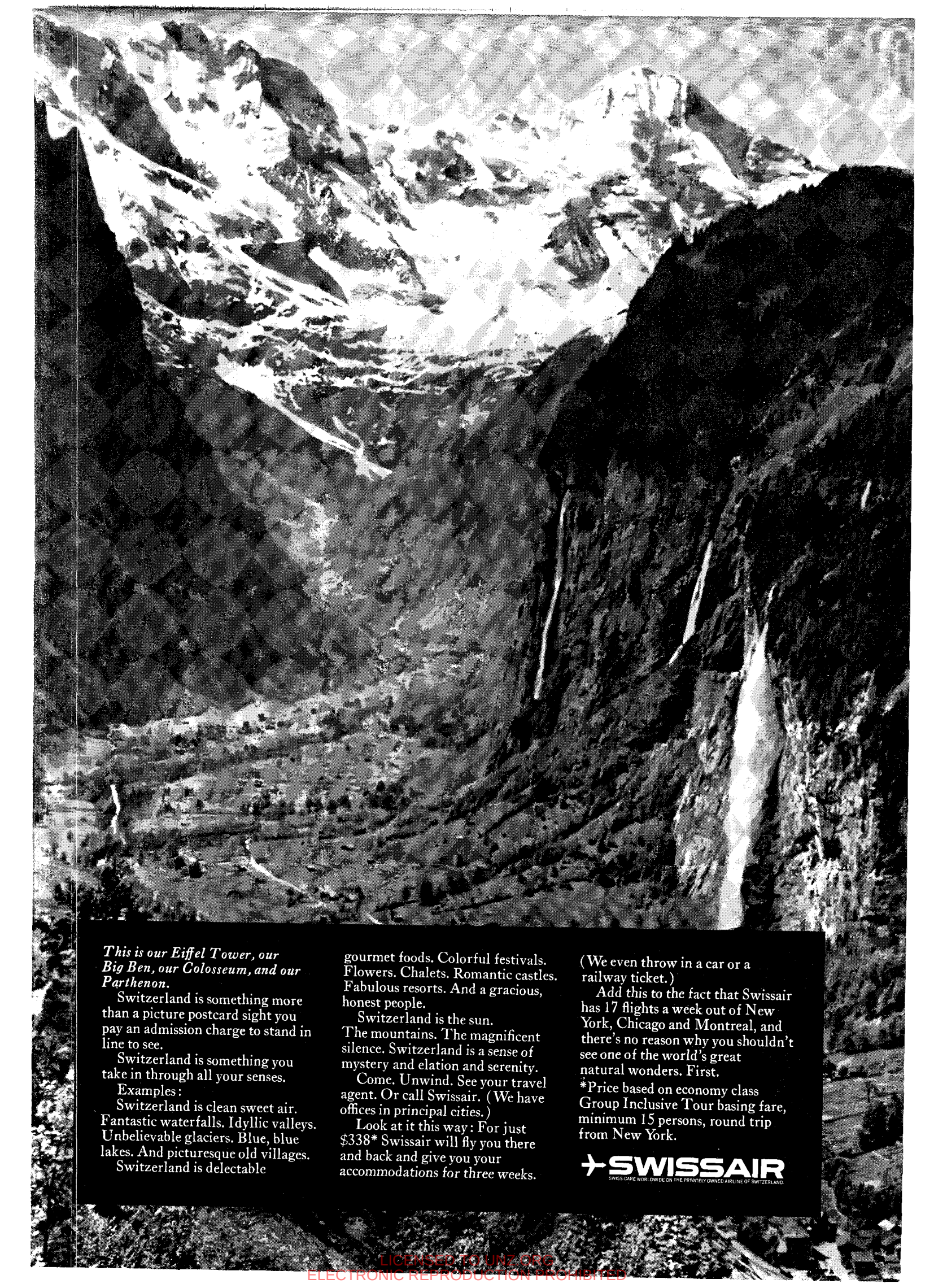
played and how its asymmetrical court is constructed. Anyway, *en avant!* To begin with, most court-tennis courts of championship quality are a hundred and ten feet long and thirty-eight feet eight inches wide, and are covered by a glass skylight some thirty feet above the floor. The floor is a smooth concrete of a special composition, made in England, and the walls, eighteen feet high at the sides and twenty-three feet high at the ends, are of a slightly rougher concrete, also imported from England. (There are no prescribed colors. At the Racquet and Tennis Club, the floor is a dull orange and the walls are a grayish black.) A sagging net, five feet high at the ends and three feet high in the center, runs across the floor, dividing it into two almost equal parts—the service side (where the server always serves) and the hazard side (where the receiver always receives). The two sides *would* be equal in area were it not for a peculiar jog in the main wall—the wall at the receiver's left. Some six feet from the rear of the court, this wall changes direction and slants out into the court eighteen inches, at a forty-five-degree angle, then continues straight to the end wall. This buttress—which is what it was originally—is called the tambour, and it plays a basic role in the tactics of the game, since a ball that strikes its slanted face will ricochet across the court at an unpredictable angle. The most bizarre feature of the court, though, is the penthouse, a gray-black shedlike structure that is a stylization of a monastery cloister and runs along three sides of the court—along both end walls and the side wall opposite the main wall. The wooden roof of the penthouse is seven feet wide and slopes toward the floor at about a thirty-degree angle, the upper edge being ten feet seven inches above the floor of the court and the lower edge seven feet one and a half inches above it. (A ball hit onto the penthouse roof during a rally remains very much in play. In fact, to put the ball into play at the start of each point, the server must bounce it off a section of the roof so that it trickles down into the service box on the receiver's side.) There are two rectangular openings in the penthouse wall, one on either side of the net; each is about twenty-four feet wide and four feet high, and is divided by iron posts into four sections, called the last gallery, the second gallery, the door, and the first gallery. If you are still with me and haven't fallen out of the barouche, let me add that the last

gallery on the hazard side is also called the winning gallery, since a shot hit into it wins the point. There are also two openings in the walls of the court proper that are automatic point-winning areas: the grille (three feet one inch square), which is cut into the end wall on the hazard side, close by the buttress; and the *dedans* (twenty-one feet eight inches long and three feet seven inches wide), which takes up almost the entire back wall on the service side. During a rally, the player who has that yawning *dedans* behind him must always keep alert to defend it. As for the grille, that comes into play quite often, too, because the player on the hazard side cannot really defend it. When a ball is hit to his left, toward the tambour, you see, he must stay in the center of the court to be in position to handle the ricochet; should the ball



miss the buttress and find the grille instead—well, he played the percentages.

A game consists of four winning points (15, 30, 40, and game), unless the game goes to deuce. This is the same system as in lawn tennis, of course, but that's putting the cart before the horse, for when Major Walter Wingfield invented lawn tennis, in 1873, he drew on court tennis for his scoring method and adopted many of its other features, among them the rock-bottom fundamental rule that if a player hits the ball into the net or out of the court he loses the point. In both lawn tennis and court tennis, the ball must be played before it bounces twice, but Major Wingfield steered away from the whole business of "the chase." We will touch on that briefly, and then, although we will have only scratched the surface of court tennis, we will be wise to stop. In general terms, if a player in court tennis fails to hit the ball before its second bounce, he doesn't necessarily lose the point. A chase is called, and the spot where the ball struck the floor on its second bounce is noted—the nearer to the back wall it is, the better, in much the same way that it is in that other ancient pastime, pitching pennies. Later in the game, the two contestants change sides and the chase is played off; the man who did not make the chase tries to produce a better one. If he succeeds, he wins the point; if he fails, he loses it. As exclusive to court tennis as the stymie once was to golf, the chase lies at the heart of the game. While there are situations in which a player should try to put the ball in the *dedans*, in the



This is our Eiffel Tower, our Big Ben, our Colosseum, and our Parthenon.

Switzerland is something more than a picture postcard sight you pay an admission charge to stand in line to see.

Switzerland is something you take in through all your senses.

Examples:

Switzerland is clean sweet air. Fantastic waterfalls. Idyllic valleys. Unbelievable glaciers. Blue, blue lakes. And picturesque old villages. Switzerland is delectable

gourmet foods. Colorful festivals. Flowers. Chalets. Romantic castles. Fabulous resorts. And a gracious, honest people.

Switzerland is the sun. The mountains. The magnificent silence. Switzerland is a sense of mystery and elation and serenity.

Come. Unwind. See your travel agent. Or call Swissair. (We have offices in principal cities.)

Look at it this way: For just \$338* Swissair will fly you there and back and give you your accommodations for three weeks.

(We even throw in a car or a railway ticket.)

Add this to the fact that Swissair has 17 flights a week out of New York, Chicago and Montreal, and there's no reason why you shouldn't see one of the world's great natural wonders. First.

*Price based on economy class Group Inclusive Tour basing fare, minimum 15 persons, round trip from New York.

 **SWISSAIR**
SWISS AIR WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

There is a certain kind of woman whose favorite sounds are Mozart and Motown. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck

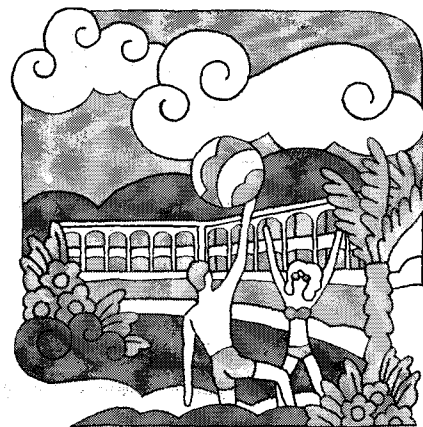


How to be ruffled and seem unruffled: take a perky gingham, ruffle it a bit, and belt it in patent. In light-as-air cotton/Avril® rayon, from our Haberdasher Collection. Navy/white or brown/white. 8 to 16, 30.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/Palm Beach

grille, or in the winning gallery, the accomplished player primarily "plays the floor;" that is, he becomes adept at cutting the ball down with a chop stroke so that it will hit low against the end wall after its first bounce.

THE Knox-Bostwick match, as is customary in all challenges for the world championship, was best of thirteen sets. The first block of four sets was scheduled for Saturday, February 10th; the second block of four for Monday, February 12th; and whatever sets remained to be played for Wednesday, February 14th. Just before noon on the first day of the match, the champion entered the court and warmed up with Etchebaster, who has been the club's head professional since 1928. In repose, Knox does not cut an impressive figure. He is only five feet seven, he has receding brown hair, and on the court he now wears glasses. However, the instant he moves to the ball and plays a stroke he is all swiftness and grace and dispatch—a handsome athlete. When he left the court, the challenger came in and also warmed up with Etchebaster. Bostwick, a lean five feet eleven, sandy-haired and good-looking, is not quite as fast on his feet as Knox, or as skillful in using the court, but he has neat, powerful strokes and great pertinacity, and it was expected that he would mount a strong challenge. Both men were wearing modern attire—Knox, white shorts and a white sports shirt; Bostwick, white shorts and a long-sleeved yellow sports shirt. (Cardinal Richelieu would have probably thrown them both off the court.) Their racquets, of course, were the classic model. The court-tennis racquet is a strange-looking implement. The handle is similar to that of a lawn-tennis racquet, but the head is smaller—only a little larger than the head of a squash racquet. Moreover, it is pear-shaped and set at a slight angle to the handle. The racquet is strung with catgut. Naturally, the balls used in the match were the traditional balls—the same kind that Henry VIII used to net. About the size of a tennis ball but heavier and harder, they are made of strips of cloth wound tightly into a sphere, tied with twine, and covered with white Melton cloth. Two hundred spectators, by the way, were on hand—a capacity house. Most of them, protected by a net, were packed behind the *dedans*, and the rest looked on from a corridor above the court and through the netted openings in the penthouse. Soon the champion and the challenger walked out onto the



Dutch Treat

The Dutch are famous for spic and span housekeeping and the French for fine wines and food. Put them together on a lovely island sparkling in the Caribbean—that's St. Maarten, the idyllic setting for the Little Bay Beach Hotel.

Completely air conditioned, including your beach-front room with its private verandah, the new Stuyvesant Bar and Las Vegas type casino. Sun and swim in the new Olympic-size pool or off our wide beach. Evenings dance and enjoy native entertainment.

LITTLE BAY
BEACH HOTEL

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES

For color folder and reservations see your Travel Agent or
ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC., International Representatives
1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10020
Phone: (212) 757-2444
Offices in Chicago, Miami, Toronto, London, England

NEW YORK'S BELOVED Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining... and
just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper
Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL
Algonquin

59 WEST 44th ST. NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for
dinner guests and weekend visitors.

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE
STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT
AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK
AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE,
TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

©1968 FLORENCE EISEMAN



PHOTOGRAPHED AT CARTIER INC.

Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?



Goody-Goody

For days when you're on your best behavior, a dress with manners and tact for the two of you. With upstanding stovepipe neckline and long sleeves for dignity, it's a well-disciplined combination of Fortrel polyester and cotton, plaided in Azalea, Surf Green, Tangerine, Daffodil, Navy, or Honeydew on White.

Sizes 6 to 16.

About \$21 at good stores and college shops



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST
© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253.

court, play began, and in no time the official marker was calling out the score in the special language of court tennis: "Thirty-fifteen Mr. Knox. No chases." "Forty-thirty, Mr. Bostwick. Chase better than three" (meaning better than three yards). And every novice's favorite, "Chase the door."

The opening set was close and exciting. After Knox had gone to 5-3, Bostwick took the next two games, but the champion dominated the eleventh game, finding the grille twice, and won the set, 6-5. (In court tennis, the first man to win six games wins the set.) Bostwick increased the severity of his hitting in the second set, and, playing a stream of beautiful winners off his backhand—his best stroke—he took it, 6-2. Then the champion turned on the steam. Playing much more deliberately and using the sloping tambour particularly well, he forced Bostwick into errors, regained command of the court, and won the last two sets, 6-3 and 6-3, to lead three sets to one. Over this first block of sets, one measure of Knox's superiority was that he had played sixteen winning shots into the *dedans* and the grille, compared to five for Bostwick. Knox says very little on the court, but when he thinks he has hit a shot that will find the grille he has the habit of saying "Hello" in a low, throwaway tone the instant the ball leaves his racquet. He is seldom wrong.

On Monday, when the second block was played, the quality of the tennis, which had been very good to start with, picked up a discernible notch. The rallies became longer, with both the champion and the challenger pulling off nearly impossible gets in the corners and off the side walls, and the winning shots had to be patiently set up and crisply executed. The first two sets were split, Bostwick taking the first, 6-2, and Knox the second, 6-3. In the third set, Bostwick, who was cutting the ball down sharply and changing pace effectively, led 3-1, and in the last set he led 3-2, but, while he never let up on the pressure he was putting on Knox, he dropped both sets, 6-4. On several occasions, Bostwick lost control of a rally he was in charge of by playing shots that the veteran observers near me thought were tactically debatable, and in the end Knox's experience and his tremendous retrieving—for a man of thirty-nine, he really gets around—made the difference. He was now in front six sets to two, and needed to win only one more set to complete a successful defense of his title.

Cerutti

Cerutti children look nicer dressed alike in Florence Eiseman's knits



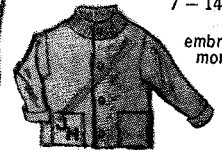
Take a white-banded crew neck dress, splash it in Gold or Royal, add 3 colored crosses, put a matching suit on brother and fly away!

Knit Dress:
2 - 4t 7.00
4 - 6x 8.00
7 - 14 10.00

Knit Suit:
2 - 4t 11.00
4 - 6x 11.00

Matching cardigan in gold, royal, or white:
2 - 4t 8.00
4 - 6x 8.50
7 - 14 10.00

Hand embroidered monogram, each initial 1.00



CERUTTI

807 Madison Avenue at 68th Street
New York, N. Y. 10021/RE 7-7540
No C.O.D. / Add 80¢ for mailing

"Hello Dolly, Mame, Jean Brodie, and you too, Charlie Brown!"

Everyone is invited to enjoy our Pre-Theatre Dinner at the famous Pierre Grill, Mondays through Saturdays.
Pre-Theatre Dinner \$6.50
The Price is right!

Pierre Grill 5TH AVENUE & 61 ST TE 8-8000



INITIAL

There's a vastly greater difference between Motel and Hotel than the initial letter.

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.

New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
For Reservations: Call collect 609-344-5131

On Wednesday, Bostwick went all out. He won the first set, 6-2, and at 5-4 in the second he was only a game from taking that, too. Knox pulled up to 5-all. The crucial eleventh game went to deuce, then advantage Knox: set and match point. Knox lost it with a backhand into the net. Deuce. Bostwick fought off two more match points, the first by firing a forehand into the grille, the second with a placement on the floor. Bostwick then went to ad. Trying for the grille again, he missed it by inches; Knox took the ball as it rolled off the penthouse roof and drove it past Bostwick into the *dedans*. Deuce again. Then Knox laid down two chases—the first of five yards, the second a last-gallery chase. Bostwick lost the first when he unintentionally sliced the ball into the second gallery. Match point again. He lost the second when Knox, forcing the play, pounded the ball low off the tambour and he was unable to handle the ricochet. Game, set, and match, Knox.

THE day after the match, I went back to the club and looked up Pierre Etchebaster. Now in his seventies, Etchebaster is still a very active teacher, and I caught up with him between lessons. He was dressed in his invariable costume—white flannels and a dark-red wool cardigan. "I think we had very fine match for the championship," he told me, in his staccato English, which has a lot of Saint-Jean-de-Luz spin on it. "Very close match. In ten sets, Norty wins only three more games than Pete—forty-eight games to forty-five. Very close. Very good tennis. Better each day."

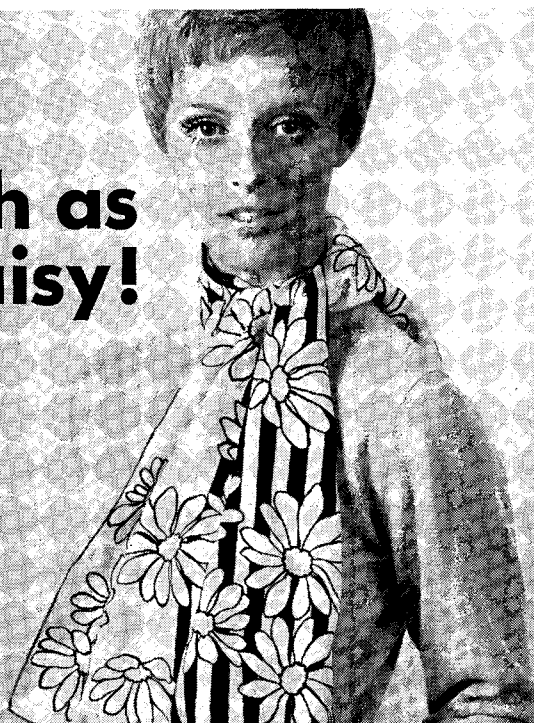
I mentioned that over the length of the match Knox had scored forty times in the grille, the *dedans*, and the winning gallery, compared to twenty-two times for Bostwick, and asked Etchebaster if this had much significance.

"Of course," he replied, opening his palms dramatically. "Pete hits very good strokes, but Norty, he is a little better rally player. Not just because he puts the ball away more—no. Norty plays the floor very well. If you want to organize your game in a classic way, you play the floor."

A moment or two later, Etchebaster was off to give a lesson. As he was walking toward the court, he stopped short, turned around, and, extending his non-racquet hand in a vigorous gesture, said, "Three hundred years ago, five hundred years ago, the best players—they all play the floor. You understand?"

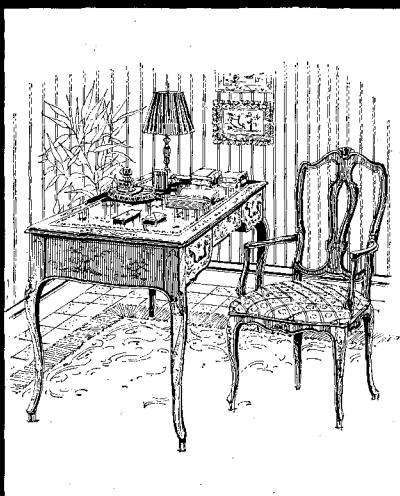
—HERBERT WARREN WIND

Fresh as a daisy!



This field of daisies fenced in bold stripes paints spring in colors even daisies love. The oblong shown comes in navy/red, brown/lime, black/yellow and grey/yellow. It's yours in pure silk twill for \$5. A 24 inch square at \$3.50 and a 27 inch square at \$5 complete the daisy chain. From a collection of dewy spring flowers fresh from Echol At Best & Co., N.Y.; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Joseph Magnin, California; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester and Swanson's Kansas City or write Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

definitely Echo



The Desk Set.

The Louis Quatorze clique. The Chippendale anglophiles. And the Spanish oak aficionados. Purists, eclectics and iconoclasts . . . all have one common meeting place: The Paine Custom Shop. If you're looking for the unusual, the one-of-a-kind piece, the rare art object, the tasteful accessory, you are cordially invited to a leisurely browse. It's an old custom.

Paine
furniture

Boston • Natick • Peabody
Springfield • Hartford



Captain
Roald
Halvorsen
says:

"Cruise With Us Next Fall Norwegian Style"

You'll be pampered by the seafaringest people on earth aboard our flagship *Sagafjord* or luxurious *Bergensfjord*. Cheerfully efficient stewardesses take care of your big air-conditioned cabin where you have ship-to-shore telephone and private facilities. Gallant stewards look after you on deck and serve our international cuisine. All cruise members dine at a single sitting, with the easygoing formality of a country club. Entertainments are lively, landings are dockside at most ports, and shore trips are arranged by experts. See your travel agent.

Sept. Cruise to Europe

M.S. BERGENSFJORD Sep. 11 from New York
26 Days • 9 Ports • From \$575*

Cliff-top castles, lively capitals, inspiring cathedrals . . . a combination of Grand Tour "greats" and offbeat delights. Your ports are Glengariff (for Blarney and Killarney); Plymouth and Southampton (for London and Devonshire); Le Havre (for Paris or Normandy); Brest (for Brittany); La Coruna, Spain (for Santiago de Compostela); Lisbon; Cadiz, Spain (for Seville); and Ponta Delgada, Azores Islands.

Around So. America & Easter Island

Flagship M.S. SAGAFJORD
Oct. 28 from N. Y. • Oct. 31 from Port Everglades
52 Days • 14 Ports • From \$1,400*

Rediscover springtime in the Caribbean this fall, go through the Panama Canal to Peru, meet the stone giants of Easter Island face to face. See Chile, sail through the scenic Strait of Magellan and then turn north to South America's most cosmopolitan cities, plus Caribbean bargain ports. From New York to: Port Everglades, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Easter Island, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Barbados, St. Thomas, Port Everglades, New York.

OTHER CAREFREE CRUISES 1968

DATE	CRUISE	SHIP	DAYS	PORTS	MIN.*
Apr. 16	Caribbean Grand	B	22	13	\$ 450
Jul. 2	North Cape-Northern Europe	S	44	21	\$1,450
Aug. 16	European Vacation	S	31	12	\$ 950
Oct. 11	Columbus Day West Indies	S	15	7	\$ 375
Nov. 22	Thanksgiving West Indies	B	17	9	\$ 425
Dec. 20	Christmas W. Indies	S	17	9	\$ 525

S signifies Sagafjord; B signifies Bergensfjord
*MINIMUM, SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

SAFETY INFORMATION: M.S. *Sagafjord* meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960. M.S. *Bergensfjord* meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948. Both ships are registered in Norway.

Norwegian America Line

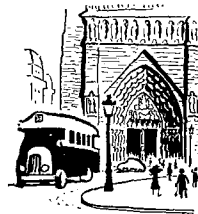
29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006
Tel: (212) 944-6900

CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND • SEATTLE • MONTREAL

LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 20

THE city of Grenoble has not yet emerged from the gloom into which it was plunged by the sporting success of the winter Olympic Games last week. The French victories in the ski events were particularly spectacular, popular, and dramatic. But where were the visitors? The crowds of Americans and Italians—even the people from Lyon, usually reliable sports devotees, and the Parisians, too—who had been counted on to gather in the wind-blown grandstand or on the snowy slopes outside Chamrousse failed to materialize,



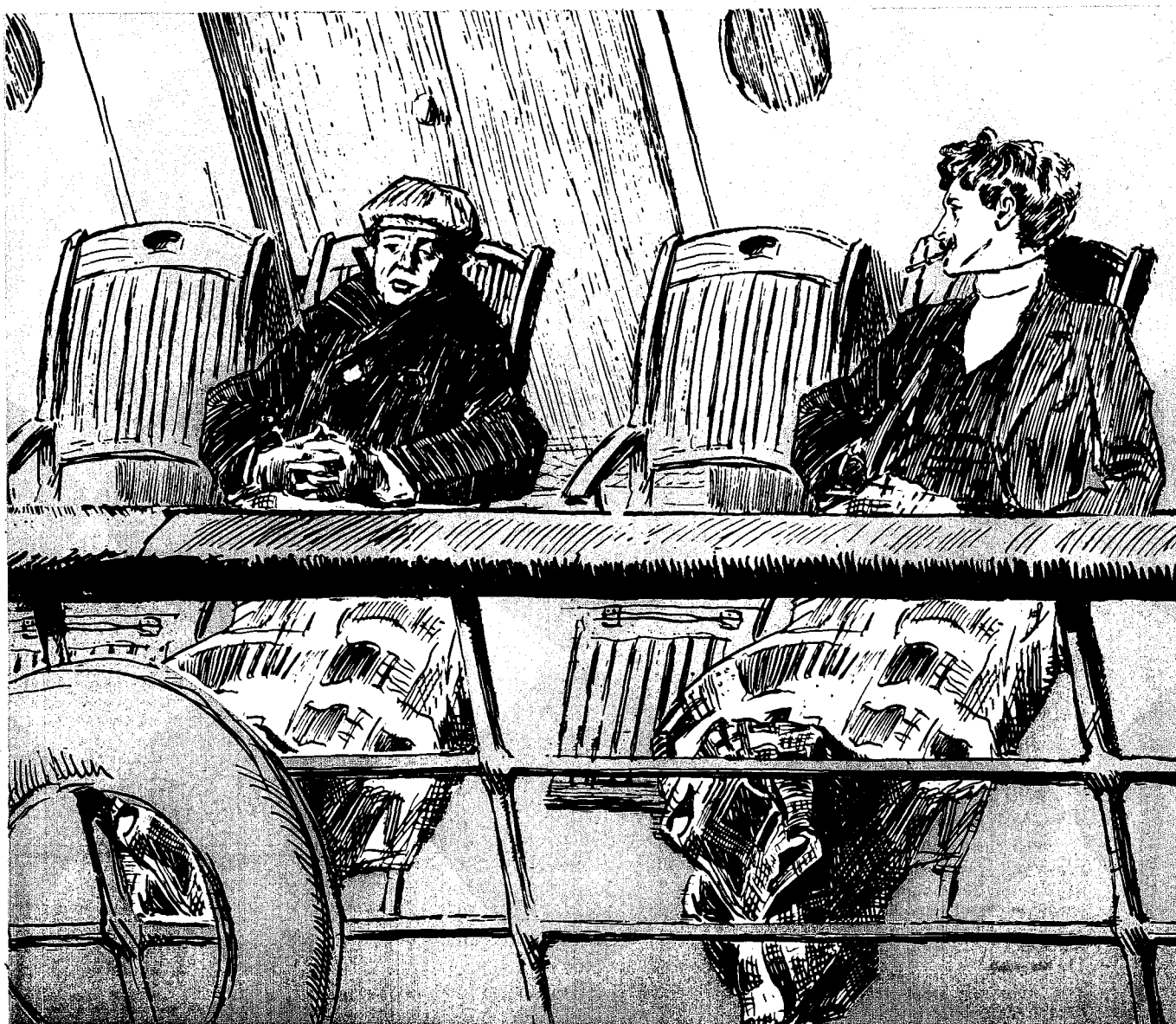
the Paris papers now state. In hotels, fifteen per cent of the rooms were unoccupied. The townspeople with shops had naturally thought of the games as something of a marketplace. But the visitors who did come bought little, being well dressed against the cold in advance. Instead of serving as a marketplace to tourists, the scene of the games "became an immense TV stage," one reporter wrote. The games had been offered to Grenoble with the implicit supposition that the sporting world would rally round, as in the past. For the most part, the world stayed home and, without the trouble of having to put on wool underwear and mittens, sat cozily in front of its TV set and saw more of everything going on at Chamrousse, Autrans, and L'Alpe-d'Huez than it could possibly have managed to see at first hand, since the multiple-eyed, farsighted cameras saw literally everything that was visible. For twelve days, there was a veritable avalanche of pictures, which filled French TV screens for a hundred and thirty hours and twenty-five minutes, with sixty hours of it in color (which was magnificent). Competitions like those of the games used to be called spectator sports. This year, by and large, only the contestants had the physique to stand around in the cold and observe what was going on. Maybe spectators now lack the stamina to attempt to do for themselves what their Seeing Eye dog, TV, can do for them.

A KIND of insurrection broke out in the world of young and famous movie directors here at the recent news that Henri Langlois, creator and director of the Cinémathèque Française, was no longer directing it. He had been replaced by a government commissioner, who, a few hours after his appoint-

ment, visited the Cinémathèque's present main office, in the Rue de Courcelles, requested the departure of the staff, and closed the building's two doors with two new locks, pocketing the keys before leaving himself, as if fearing a counterattack, which did not come until the next day. Then about seventy of the best-known youngish directors, led by Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaut, started their insurrection against the dismissal of Langlois with speeches and denunciations on the Rue de Courcelles sidewalk, which attracted a crowd, which, in turn, attracted the police.

The dismissal of the admirable, inspired (and, doubtless, administratively untidy) Langlois after thirty years' devotion to the conservation of rare or important old films, which he kept in metal boxes, like treasures, turned him, quite justly, into something of a martyr when the story reached the newspapers' and the weekly magazines' editorial pages. Back in the late twenties and early thirties, all of us in the Saint-Germain-des-Prés quarter who were cinema enthusiasts eventually came under the Langlois influence in recognizing that movies made by great directors with great actors or actresses could be ranked as art in celluloid. His Cinémathèque projection room was first in the Rue Mes-sine and later in the Rue d'Ulm, and it was through him that we saw for the first time Eisenstein's "Le Cuirassé Potemkine," which he showed in some little hole-in-the-wall movie house in Montmartre.

Over time, Langlois created here in Paris the biggest of the world's cinema libraries, containing today from fifty to sixty thousand films, as against the fifteen thousand in Moscow and only five thousand in New York's Museum of Modern Art. After the Liberation, in 1945, the Cinémathèque was recognized as having "cultural utility" and received a modest government subsidy. In more recent years, the Ministry of Culture built for Langlois a small movie theatre in the Palais de Chaillot, and also a storage depot in the suburbs for his films (which in his earliest days he used to store in his bathtub). What makes the whole situation so odd is that these films all belong to him personally, because he had bought them or because they were deposited with him for preservation by their owners, often the directors who had made them. Only the donors have the right to withdraw



“If you ask me, Mate, I’d say GENESCO”

En route to warmer winds and waters, the business man still talks shop. It’s a good time to be objective about corporations of special interest. Now what about Genesco? As for management policy, it has a brilliantly structured program for today and for the future. On the financial end, there’s an unwavering record of progress. And as for products, they’re legion: Genesco makes or/and sells **everything to wear**, for all the members of the family. Doing \$900,000,000 in annual sales, the company provides for every conceivable taste and need in things to wear. Only food and shelter are more urgent, among the needs of man, than clothing. An important industry.

Note to travelers, one and all: It’s not a bad idea to have Genesco’s Annual Report in your luggage. It makes gratifying reading, whether you’re bound for business or pleasure.

GENESCO INC.  Genesco Building, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

MORE AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE
CHECKING
INTO



"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY... ONLY
HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH
COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED

(with vibrator)

AND BARCA-LOUNGER
CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning,
FM Radio, Bathroom Extension
Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe
Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric
Wall Clock.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordi-
nary. Too! Just around the corner
from Grand Central, Heliport, air ter-
minals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

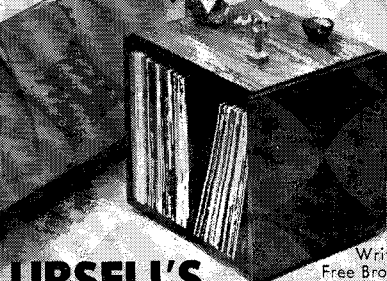
THE **Tuscany**

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016

Bertram Weal, General Manager
(212) 686-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

CONTEMPORARY FURNISHINGS & GIFTS

ROTATING RECORD CABINET.
Oiled walnut. Use as an end
table or stack units vertically for
extra space-saving storage. Holds
about 100 LP records. Ball bear-
ing unit (16" x 13 1/2" x 15 1/2"
high) \$50. Stacking unit (14 1/2"
high) \$48. Express collect.



URSELL'S
GEORGETOWN

Write for
Free Brochure
3243 QUE ST., N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

their films, and only they and he have had the right to lend them. The Cinémathèque is a private association of some seven hundred members, of which a fifth are foreign. The only state control over it comes through an administrative board in the Ministry of Culture. Recently, new members—all in favor of the Cinémathèque's being given a thorough modernization in its methods and bookkeeping, like a spring housecleaning—were elected to the board. Of Langlois's lifework, Godard has just written spiritedly that it enabled voices from the past to be heard "on the white sky which is the screen," in the only museum here in which "the real and the imaginary are joined." He adds, "Without him, Lumière, Melies, Griffith, von Stroheim, Murnau, and others would have died twice. Thanks to him, thousands of spectators have had pleasure, critics have gained culture. *Cinéastes* and actors owe him their vocation and render homage to him." In a solid, energetic article criticizing Langlois's dismissal, the dominant cultural weekly, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, asks if "behind *Paffaire Langlois* cannot be seen outlining itself the French state's progressive takeover of the movies, regarded as too turbulent and too independent." Since the insurrection against his dismissal, an amazing loyalty to him has been demonstrated by the French movie industry generally. A hundred and sixty-five French film directors, as well as dozens of actors and actresses, have signified to the Cinémathèque their intention of allowing only Langlois to use material in which they figured. The important question is: What can now be done with those fifty to sixty thousand films, which are Langlois's personal property or have been left legally in his care, and have an incalculable historic value and meaning? This question will probably be asked of the Gaullist Party in the approaching parliamentary session.

WE have had some extremely good theatre lately, though nothing very new, fortunately, considering the dementia or plain silliness of some of the season's avant-garde novelties. The most important old play being given is Paul Claudel's earliest masterpiece, "Tête d'Or," which was written back in 1889, when the Master was twenty-one years old, but was played for the first time only in 1959, by the Renaud-Barrault company, now magnificently giving it its first revival at their Odéon-Théâtre de France in honor of the



TERRY MAKES MERRY for bath or beach. Bold flowers flourish on thirsty 9-ounce cotton terry. Pink or blue. Sizes 4-6x, \$5; 8-14, \$6. Kerchief, \$1; beachbag, \$2. At Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth; and other fine stores.

Her Majesty®

America's Greatest
Antiques Show

THE New York Antiques Fair

71st INFANTRY ARMORY
Park Ave. & 34 St., New York City

MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY
MARCH 4-9
1 P.M. to 11 P.M. Daily
Closing 6 P.M. Saturday
NUTTALL-BOSTICK-WENDY MGMT.

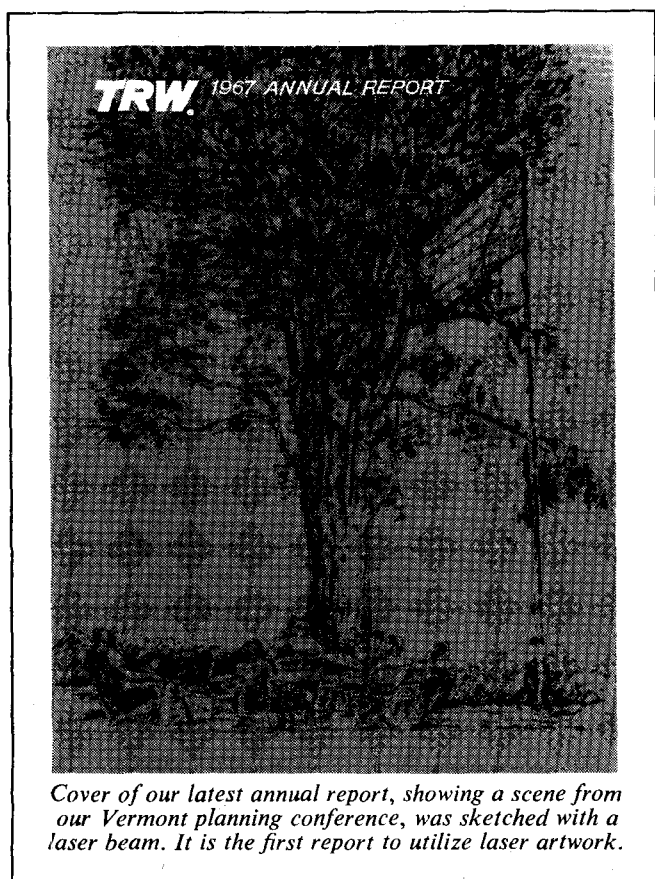
ever heard of a fine restaurant
without a kitchen?
more chefs than waitresses?
and a Japanese maitre d'
named Rocky?

**BENIHANA
of TOKYO**

EAST
120 E. 56th St.
WEST
61 W. 56th St.
in New York City
Reservations: LT 1-0930



In 1961 TRW set a goal: to be a billion-dollar company by 1970.



Seven years ago at an annual planning conference in Vermont, the top management of TRW, a 400-million-dollar company at that time, set a billion-dollar sales goal for 1970. We made it in 1967.

TRW has been growing at an average annual rate of 18% since the goal was set. Two-thirds of our growth during this period was generated internally, while one-third came from selective acquisitions. But increased sales is only

part of the TRW growth story. Earnings per share have risen significantly, too.

Last summer we returned to Vermont and concluded a year-long planning study. As a result, we came up with a specific new goal: to have sales in excess of \$2.6 billion by 1972. Obviously, this is not a forecast. It's a management objective.

In moving toward this new goal, we plan to continue our philosophy of balanced diversification—selecting the best new markets for our products and services, making a limited number of acquisitions in related fields.

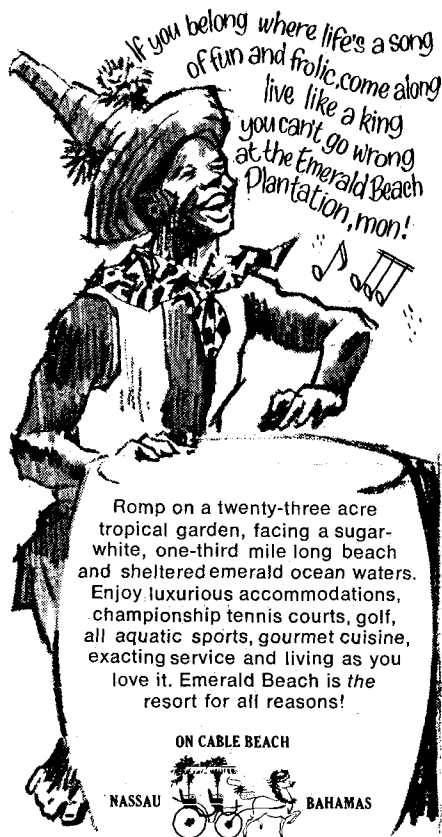
At TRW, we believe that a challenging goal is both a catalyst and a compass to continued growth. With us, setting a goal is not a game. It's the way we plan our future.

If you'd like to know more about how TRW performs today and plans for tomorrow, send for a copy of our 1967 Annual Report. Write Robert A. Newman, Director of Corporate Public Relations, TRW INC., Cleveland, Ohio 44117.

TRW®

TRW INC. (Formerly Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.), Cleveland, Ohio—Balanced diversity in Electronics, Space, Aircraft, Automotive, Defense and Industrial Markets.

If you belong where life's a song
of fun and frolic, come along
live like a king
you can't go wrong
at the Emerald Beach
Plantation, mon!



Romp on a twenty-three acre tropical garden, facing a sugar-white, one-third mile long beach and sheltered emerald ocean waters. Enjoy luxurious accommodations, championship tennis courts, golf, all aquatic sports, gourmet cuisine, exacting service and living as you love it. Emerald Beach is the resort for all reasons!

ON CABLE BEACH
NASSAU BAHAMAS

Emerald Beach Plantation.

Charles A. Bremicker, General Manager AND HOTEL
Get the details—See your Travel Agent or: In the East—
•Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, JU 6-4500
Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto/Miami • In the West—
•Glen W. Fawcett, Inc. Los Angeles/San Francisco/Seattle/Dallas.



Hand turned octagonal lamp of aged pine. 29 inches high. Send for colorful brochure of lamps and decorative accessories with the obvious care of hand craftsmanship. \$1.00.

KNOB CREEK

Dept. NY 3-2, Box 995
Morganton, North Carolina 28655

centenary year of the birth of Claudel, son of a modest functionary. With this incredibly adult play, the youth won first prize in a literary competition held by *Les Affaires Étrangères*. He then entered diplomacy and ended up as a wealthy French Ambassador to Japan and Brussels—and a literary genius, according to supporters of the Claudel cult, or, to nonbelievers, merely a scholarly writer of poetic obscurities. The young writer Alain-Fournier (of "Le Grand Meaulnes") said of "Tête d'Or," "I have read only a fourth of it, for me superbly incomprehensible." Few of his plays were produced during his lifetime. Over the years, arguments for and against Claudel's many plays—whether they put you to sleep with boredom in the theatre yet perhaps kept you wakeful with appreciation if you only read them at home—maintained his presence fresh, the Paris intelligentsia being invariably rejuvenated by the nervous warm blood that comes with disagreement and stimulates the Gallic brain. Claudel's early developments were melodramatic. A brilliant young atheist shaped by the positivism and materialism of Taine and Renan, he was conquered by Christianity at a Christmas Mass in Notre Dame in 1886 as the Magnificat was being sung. His was a critical Christianity that perhaps verged slightly on intellectual heresy. His tragedies, philosophically more like Aeschylus and the other Greeks, whom he read, than like Mount Sinai—and certainly patterned verbally on Shakespeare's plays (or so he himself said), which he also read, dictionary in hand, and used as his models—yet lacked that great Elizabethan historic island heart for humane love and poetry, which had pulsed beside the Avon rather than beside the Seine. He had been also as boldly influenced by Rimbaud's "Season in Hell."

Mme. Renaud, owing to the passage of time, cannot prudently play the role of "Tête d'Or's" princess, but Jean-Louis Barrault has used for this revival the same exciting sets designed by André Masson (with the original Honegger fragmentary music, brushed up fresh by Pierre Boulez)—two modern-theatre décors. Act I has a series of pale-colored levels, giving an apposite sense of distance, and Act II is dominated by a single, memorable tree—a giant cedar with its few branches gilded like brilliant Chinese carvings. Tête d'Or himself is played by Alain Cuny as he plays all his roles—mostly at the effective top of his lungs. The excellent actor Laurent Terzieff is more mod-

GRETCHEN



WYLER

Beginning March 4th in

LA *Maisonette*

GEORGE CORT His Piano & Orchestra
QUINTERO & His Latin Band
Dancing 7:30 'til 2

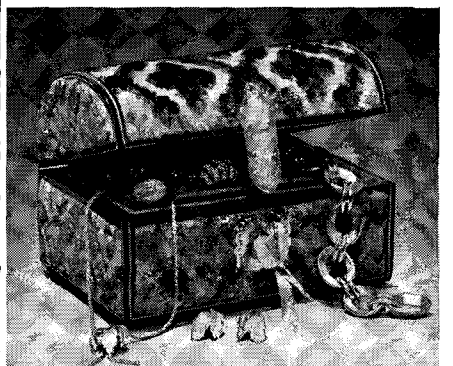
LA BOITE Dinner at 6:30, Music by
Ernest Schoen & Julius Kuti 'til 1:30
Nightly except Sunday PLaza 3-4500

Returning March 25th

GINO TONETTI

St-Regis-Sheraton

Fifth Avenue & 55th Street, New York



Jewel Chest from Italy, cut velvet and leather, suede-lined, approx. 9" long, \$19.75 (postage \$1.00).

Also perfume, gloves, jewelry, watches.

"A distinguished store
of impeccable reputation"

C.&M. CARON

P.O. BOX 1735

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

Write for our illustrated Price List

THE CAPRICE

Kirby Atterbury's Restaurant
on San Francisco Bay
TIBURON • CALIFORNIA
Reservations 415-435-3400

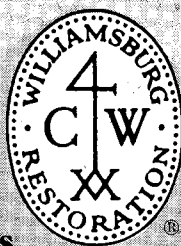
erate. *Tête d'Or* is a wandering king, hunting for his world to conquer while conquering human fate with his constant inquiries about the identity and meaning of man. What he really hunts is the definition of immortality, in order to preserve himself from death, which, as an especially ardent male, he defies—a defiance he fails to demonstrate in the offstage battles and mystical arguments that make up the play's tragic action. The human relations are minimal, and there is little to tell of what really happens in this play except as Claudel himself tells it, in grandiose, dense, chaotic poetry. The Théâtre de France is reviving its early Claudel to packed houses. "*Tête d'Or*" is both exhausting and nourishing as a belated theatregoing experience.

BECAUSE the author is a well-known Franco-American personality here (the former Pauline Fairfax Potter, she was born in France of American parents), there has been considerable interest in local literary circles in "*The Irrational Journey*," written (in English) by Baroness Pauline de Rothschild—interest plus surprise, since no one knew she could, or ever would, write a book (and especially a first book) as remarkable in quality as this brief volume. It details the first visit that she and her husband ever made to Russia—for two midwinter months last year, since, of all the country's natural seasons, winter is the most categorically Russian. A sense of unerring choice among essentials is one of the qualities that give her book its remarkably balanced focus, as if all she looked at she saw with two rectifying sets of eyes—those of physical observation and those of inner perception, such as endow a human being really gifted for travel. "Perhaps the most important part of a journey is what it discovers in you," she remarks. Of Leningrad she writes, "This is an immaterial city. Suspended, light and quivering, over the marshes it has replaced. One forgets that in winter all its canals, all its rivers are white, long veins, and along this white the river banks are softened out, so that there is no difference between earth and water." Privileges are accorded each profession, she discovered, with Soviet scientists having "the social privileges of English dukes." No profession is excluded, except perhaps that of the writer—the most dangerous career of all, since from the beginning of Russian literature it could lead to some form of exile, deportation, or death, in the past, or still Siberia today. "And yet," she says, "as a writer

IRISH LINEN BY MOYGASHEL®



by Count Romi. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, Julius Garfinckel, Montaldo's.



Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

In value, yes.

The Williamsburg Hallmark on a piece of pewter, or any Williamsburg Reproduction, is your assurance of quality and authenticity.

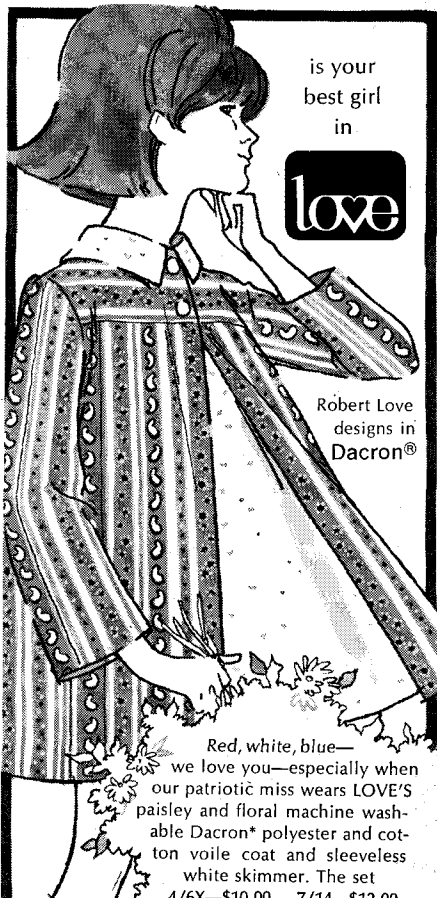
On this classic tankard, the Hallmark tells you the pewter is made from an ancient formula of tin, copper and antimony—no lead. You know that no two tankards are exactly alike. Each one is cast, turned, burnished and polished by hand.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send \$2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-2, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.





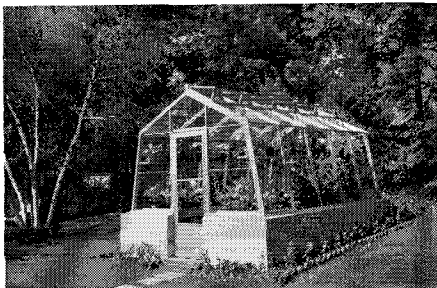
is your
best girl
in

love

Robert Love
designs in
Dacron®

Red, white, blue—
we love you—especially when
our patriotic miss wears LOVE'S
paisley and floral machine wash-
able Dacron® polyester and cot-
ton voile coat and sleeveless
white skimmer. The set
4/6X—\$10.00, 7/14—\$12.00.

LORD & TAYLOR, N.Y.C. & branches: Hochschild
Kohn, Baltimore; Battlesteins, Houston; Kathryn
Lipe's, Oklahoma City; B. Forman, Rochester; Nord-
strom Best, Seattle; Julius Garfinckel, Washington,
D.C. Joseph Love, Inc., N.Y. 10018 *DuPont reg. TM



Make this your garden year-round

Year-round gardening is the greatest of hobbies . . . for pleasure, leisure, whole-family fun. And L & B makes a **greenhouse garden** practical for any budget, any homesite with dozens of even span and lean-to greenhouse models from \$300 to \$2000 — window greenhouses from \$95. All are prefab for easy assembly — all aluminum for lifetime enjoyment without upkeep. Send for **free** Greenhouse Gardens Catalog #192.

LORD & BURNHAM

div. Burnham Corp., Dept. 192, Irvington, N. Y. 10533

Prefab home greenhouses from \$300! Send free 48-pg. full color catalog that tells how to choose a greenhouse, how much to spend, where to place it on average homesites, how to heat, cool, equip economically.

Mr., Mrs.

Street

City State Zip

Some sales agent territories open . . .
write ORLYT Marketing Manager

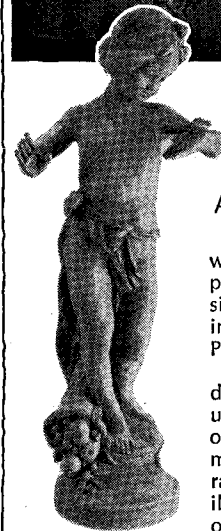
needs a public and as Russians are the best possible public, the writer goes out to meet it, proud of its understanding and uncertain of his fate." It was with an older cosmopolitan writer, much travelled in the world, that she held her only conversation on the major fundamental difference between Russia and the United States. "You see, my dear," he said, "if you were to say, for instance, that there is a great deal of liberty here, I would have to say no, that is not so. On the other hand, if you were to say that you in America did not exploit the workers, I would have to say that that is not so, either."

With her exceptional descriptive gift and her talent for translating the colors she sees into words on a page, there are stimulating paragraphs on her visit to the monastery at Zagorsk and, near Moscow, the Palace of Ostankino, where Prince Sheremetev possessed nearly a quarter of a million serfs, whom he trained to become architects, glassblowers, painters, and decorators in the best Louis XVI style. What they fabricated is still almost intact. And so on and so on, over miles and versts of snowy Russia, of whose early civilization there still remains so much to gaze at. All our new civilizing American gadgets, Mme. de Rothschild felt, the Russians would soon enough acquire, but as for tolerance and liberty, "these are luxuries," and might take more time.

She and her husband carried a small library for their night reading. "No books on the Revolution, no information on the present day," she writes. In her reading, she confined herself to the surprise that always came at night, "reading on the spot, in the flesh, so to speak, the great Russians: the aristocrat Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina' and 'Resurrection' become social tracts; the cosmopolitan Turgenev writes with controlled despair; the Revolution is present in each line of the self-taught Gorky. Chekhov, the doctor, asked for a little more hope tomorrow." She says, "Dissimilar talents, dissimilar stations of life, and everywhere the same roar and lament. Everyone knew the Revolution to be inevitable. Now that the pain has gone, it resembles a fresh beginning, a spring. Not a resurrection but a coming to life." —GENET

WASHINGTON—A brief note was dispatched quietly last week to eight senators. To the unlimited, the message was innocuous.—*Los Angeles Times*.

But very nocuous to the limited.



Garden Ornaments

CONTEMPORARY AND TRADITIONAL

Planter Pool, 36" x 27", with lead bubbler and pump, \$260.00. Also other sizes and shapes. Charming lead figure, \$350.00. Prices f.o.b. New York.

Erkins has many other decorative fountains, figures and other ornaments of lead, bronze, stone and marble, in a wide price range. Send 50c for fully-illustrated Catalogue . . . or visit our galleries.

Erkins STUDIOS

Dept. 381, 8 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018



A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

A 7" Semicentennial Plate
Commemorating 50 Years
Under the U. S. Flag
Royal Copenhagen Porcelain \$11 pp.

Continental
INC.

ST. THOMAS • ST. CROIX

For Brochure Write:

P. O. Box 842

St. Thomas

U. S. Virgin Islands 00801

THE MAYAN ROOM

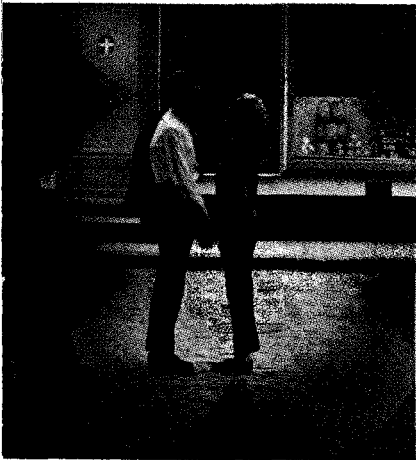


Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner • Superb Continental cuisine and
Mayan dishes served in a gracious Con-
tinental manner. ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 West 51st Street • Tel.: LT 1-3580

Maybe what you need is a change of people. Scandinavia.



Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens swings with amusements, fireworks, even a Children's Band. No kidding—you should hear it.



Everyone gets to fall in love with spring here. The season? The towns? The romantic settings? We wouldn't dream of asking. But it's true.



There's just no tonic like friendly faces, right? And in Scandinavia you're "in" with Europe's friendliest people. Danes, Norwegians, Swedes greet you cordially in English. Even welcome you to their homes. Look, why not try the direct approach yourself? Fly SAS, to springtime in Scandinavia.



Scandinavians love to eat, drink and entertain. Diet before—or after. Here, you haven't a hope.



You don't have to bargain for bargains in Scandinavia. From antiques to ultra-modern, the same friendly prices go for all.

Scandinavia—you'll love us for it.

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

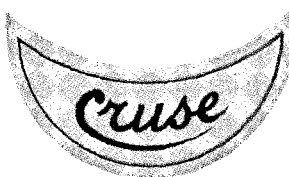
COMING? SAS FLIES DIRECT TO SCANDINAVIA FROM NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SEATTLE AND MONTREAL.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT FOR FULL INFORMATION OR CALL SAS.
FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET "SPRINGTIME SCANDINAVIA," WRITE SAS, BOX 3443, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How should
you choose a
French wine?

Should you trust the
vintage alone? The vintage by
itself is not necessarily a guarantee of quality. The price? No. Even a trivial
wine-bottled in a great region—may claim a great price. Your best guide to a
wine is the shipper's name. A known shipper will never risk his name with a
so-so wine. You ask—what is the Cruse reputation? Eminent. Known for
144 years. Cruse wines are served by Air France and the French Line. Every
Cruse wine is judged by a member of the family. The name is your surest guide.
Look for the Cruse crescent



THE AIR

Positive, Negative

IN the days when *Life* was turning out those gorgeously illustrated, simple, simple, simple picture stories about the Decline of the West, or the Rise of the East, or the History of Man from Ape to Atom, on the wall of the managing editor's office there used to hang a little plaque, a sort of bronze engraving of a candle burning, and beneath the candle was the inscription "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness." Back then (this was about fifteen years ago), I remember admiring the positivism of this inscription a good deal—a good deal more, anyway, than I really like to be reminded about. Back then, one's friends were all at law school, or writing verse plays in farmhouses, or were in some other faraway, obviously out-of-the-mainstream environment (all the while feeling free to *criticize*, if you will, the "superficiality" of fourteen-page photographic essays on the History of God), and here was—well, a bunch of decent, intelligent, hard-working men and women who were at least trying to *do* something instead of sitting around being *merely negative*. There is surely nothing in modern life more useless and disagreeable than someone who is sitting around being *merely negative*. I thought so then. To some degree, I think so now. It's hard, after all, to unlearn all that positivism that has been dinned into the race by generation after generation of ark-builders, field-tillers, track-layers, and missile-makers. It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness. It is better to do something than nothing. But, hell, I don't know. One looks around the country now at a landscape already jagged with pieces of metal and brick and rhinestone and concrete that are simply *there*—and one knows that they will stay *there* for years, sometimes for years and years and years, and that one is stuck with them. One is stuck, for the foreseeable future, with these structures we have caused to be placed upon the horizon line, and that now sit there limiting and diminishing our field of sight. One is stuck, for the foreseeable future, with the structures we have built so much of our lives around, and with the concepts, ideologies, points of view, and whatnot that we have so firmly programmed into our minds (not the least of which, perhaps, is that



we are "free" and can change all this) that nothing can really be expected to take *their* place, either, despite all the adult-education courses this side of Eden. One speaks gracefully about candlelight to guide us. One sees in fact a room, a lot of rooms—dark chambers filled with shapes, and ciphers on the walls, strange pictures on the ceilings, obscure algebra, everything dark, dim, difficult to make out—and inside each room a candle burns, and now and then the door is opened and people stick their heads inside.

A guide is with them. (He says he is a guide.) See how well lit the room here is, he says. Observe what you will. Read what you can. Ah, yes, they say, a well-lit room. And glance about them for a minute or so, take snapshots into the gloom, and go out—and rarely, it would seem (after all, they've "done" that room), come back again. I'm not so sure, really, about this comparison between candles and darkness. I'm not so sure that it isn't sometimes better to leave the damn place dark, so dark and spooky that someone will eventually come along and light it properly—or at least to take the risk that someone will. I mean, if the town of Agamemnon, Iowa (I made that name up), feeling the need for such things, gets itself a cultural center, but, because of the politics, machinery, and limitations built into that center, the citizens of Agamemnon are taken further away from life and reality and the possibilities of man, will Agamemnon then get itself a second cultural center to replace the defective one it has? Built on top of the first? Next door? If the citizens of this country, feeling the need for such things, get a Corporation for Public Broadcasting, but, because of the politics, machinery, and limitations built into that corporation, the citizens of this country are etc., etc., is someone likely to set up a *second* Corporation for Public Broadcasting? Built on top of the first? Is something automatically better than nothing? Is *some* Public TV automatically better than none? There is an old Turkish saying (is there not?): "It will be a damn sight long wait, effendi, before they tear down the Pan Am Building."

A couple of things have happened recently in the saga of Public Television (as it progresses, or perhaps de-

3 UNCOMMON LINDBLAD JOURNEYS

EASTER ISLAND



Explore unique Pacific civilization on remotest island in the world. Temples, towers, caves, gigantic statues. Exploration by jeep or horseback of stirring sites, escorted by famous archaeologists. Swimming, fishing, Polynesian feasts and dances. 13 days. \$1,270 including round trip air fare from New York. Departures monthly.

SOUTH PACIFIC

Follow in the wake of Captain Cook. New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and the Solomons. See Maori war dances. Explore New Guinea villages and attend unique courting ceremonies. Cruise the Yasawa Isles of Fiji. An uncommon adventure—34 days, \$2,691.90 complete from the West Coast. Frequent departures.



DARWIN'S GALAPAGOS



Expedition, planned in collaboration with the Darwin Research Station, will study the unique and remarkable wildlife and flora of seven Galapagos Islands. Led by Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, noted ornithologist. 22 days. \$1,908. Departures: April 21, May 5, 19, 1968.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Lindblad Travel Building
133 East 55th Street
New York, New York 10022

Please rush brochures:

- ☐ Easter Island
☐ South Pacific
☐ Darwin's Galapagos

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Address

City

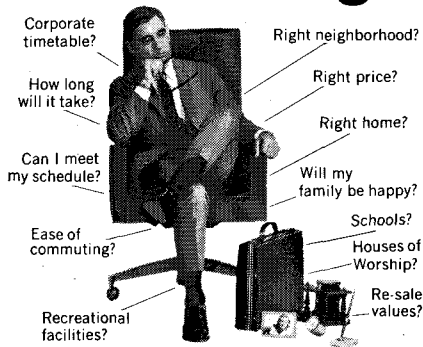
State

Zip

NY-3268

EXECUTIVES...

Relocating?



Previews Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems quickly... easily... efficiently—and without charge to you!

Our seven branch offices and network of member brokers offer the fastest individualized personal attention to your homefinding problems. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem. NEVER A FEE! . . . backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Literature on request. Write or call. (212) PL 8-2630.

EXECUTIVE
Previews Homesearch™
A MEMBER OF THE REEVES BROADCASTING GROUP
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

Piccolino

GINO PAOLI
FOR THE NEW
GENERATION



Imports of Orlon® acrylic knits, lavished with hand details Italy does so well. For girls and boys: toddlers thru 14. Others in a collection from \$10. At Best & Co. and other fine stores. PICCOLINO, div. of Gino Paoli, 112 W. 34th, NYC

scends, from the grand scheme of last year's Carnegie Commission report toward its forthcoming incarnation as a corporation) that I think might give people some cause for distress about it all—if anyone, that is, has the time or the lack of distraction to be distressed about such a matter, on top of all the other distresses. The first development was a meeting that took place in New Orleans recently of an organization called the National Citizens' Committee for Public Television. The second was the announcement by President Johnson of the fifteen-man board he chose to direct the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and to select its operative head. The fact of the meeting of the Citizens' Committee was really quite a fine thing. It numbers about a hundred and twenty people, and they seemed an able and intelligent group—a number of journalists and other writers, some university people, some lawyers (always lawyers), some Educational TV people, and so on. The meeting was chaired by Thomas Ho-ving, which seemed auspicious—as it seemed auspicious that such citizens as Kingman Brewster and Whitney Young, and Lee DuBridge, of Cal Tech, and Shana Alexander, of *Life*, would hie themselves off for a couple of days in New Orleans out of a serious concern for Public Television. But then the meeting started, and everybody talked about money. "Funding," it's called. Should the Congress be badgered to appropriate the whole nine million dollars for 1968 that the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 had authorized, or should it be badgered to go along with the four million dollars that the President had actually mentioned in his budget request? Should the Congress be badgered at all? And so forth. This is called "the realities." Sally Smith, a college girl from Denver, stood up at one point to say something about how Public Television, whatever it might turn out to be, should somehow concern itself with trying to communicate with young people, and she was listened to politely—rather too politely—and then everyone went back to talking about "funding." It may be a precious thing to say, and I feel myself in no position to condescend to the people who were at the meeting—or, indeed, to "the realities" of American life—but it seemed so damned *sad*. All those brainy, effective people (and many of them were) so bloody distracted by the sheer busyness of their own important lives that it seemed physically impossible for them

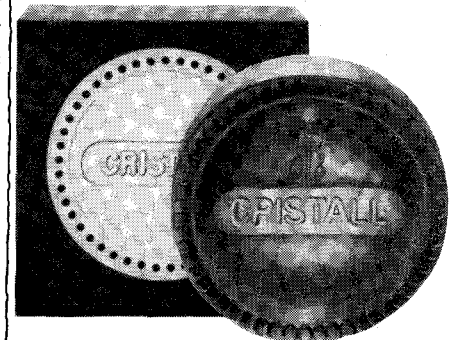
World's Finest Imported Glycerine Soap for Men

Shower him with a little luxury from Italy this year. Classic, hand-finished Cristall Soap . . . clear, russet color . . . soft and smooth . . . with the look and feel of highly polished leather.

Subtle, pleasant masculine scent which matches Cristall Lotion. Frankly extravagant, but worth it. At Bergdorf Goodman, Paul Stuart, Bonwit Teller, and other fine stores.

CRISTALL

FOR SAMPLE LOTION AND SOAP, SEND 25¢ TO:
CRISTALL, P.O. BOX 411, SADDLE RIVER, N.J. 07458



Bean's Fisherman Shoe



Lightweight and supple oiled leather uppers. Patented honeycomb tread for sure footing. Bonded and waterproofed at sole-line. For stream and boat fishing or hiking. Russet Brown. Size 6 to 13, whole and half sizes. Widths C and E. Price, \$13.50 postpaid. Send for Free Spring Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc.,
279 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

DANCE YOUR WAY TO HAPPINESS.

If you like to dance . . . to New York's best dance music . . . in company of New York's best dance-for-fun dancers . . . on New York's most spacious dance floor . . . bring your mate or date to Roseland and enjoy an evening of terpsichorean thrills; you'll repeat the prescription often.

Roseland DANCE CITY
World's Most Famous Ballroom Cafe • Bar • Restaurant
NIGHTLY exc. Mon. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30
52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY



Room 1910 checking into Hilton Palacio del Rio in San Antonio

Like all the guest rooms for our new 500-room San Antonio hotel, 1910 was pre-built seven miles from the hotel site.

The room was painted, carpeted, furnished, wired—even the plumbing's in. After we hoist it into place and make a few simple connections—it'll be ready for occupancy.

Hilton Palacio Del Rio is the first hotel to be built in this unique

manner. This one won't take two years or more to complete. We started construction last July and we'll be ready for guests in April when HemisFair opens. Ten months from ground-breaking to ribbon cutting!

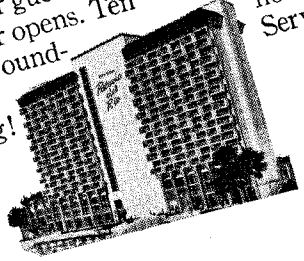
Another Hilton first. Another example of

Hilton leadership.

And another reason why Hilton is Hilton.

For reservations at all Hilton, Statler Hilton and other leading hotels, phone Hilton Reservation Service.

The friendly world of
Hilton





GAIL MARTIN

is making memories of this
from March 6-March 26
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15

For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

**PERSIAN
ROOM**
AT THE PLAZA

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM



THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription
to The New Yorker,
payment for which
is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—\$8

☐ TWO YEARS—\$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its pos-
sessions: Canada, Latin America, and
Spain—\$1 per year; other foreign—
\$3.)

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include ZIP Code)

to make the sort of energy leap that it would take for them, especially in so short a time, to even try to take hold of the concept of Public Television—that it would take for them to do anything beyond surrendering to the routine techniques of American problem solving. Committees. Compromises. Funding. Congress. The realities. Well, who is to knock American problem solving? It gave us pollution. It will shortly give us anti-pollution. It gave us Work. It will now give us Leisure. Wonderful. But the trouble with trying to handle television this way is that television just isn't altogether what it must seem to a lot of people to be. Or, rather, it is what it seems to be—a machine for dispensing "entertainment" and "education" and "information," and consequently something people think can be improved by the construction and attachment of other machines (a machine system of broadcasting "educational" television, for example, in order to increase the volume of "education"). But it's also something else: it's perhaps the chief contributor to an enveloping substance of pictures, images, ideas, words, facts, dreams that increasingly surrounds us, and as such traditional navigational fixes as God and home-based "identities" disappear, this enveloping substance, this Other Voice of communications, does more and more to determine who we are and how we are—and *this* doesn't seem at all so improvable by technical methods, by "funding," by beefing up already existing structures such as Educational Television, and so forth.

It's not so much that people don't get "content" from television, or that the content isn't important. They do—movies, information, spy shows, good, bad, indifferent—and the content is terribly important, unless, of course, one chooses to compress the sum of all one's energy and will into one of those McLuhanesque shrugs. But what people really and mostly receive from television, it would seem, is a sense of themselves—the same sort of sense, perhaps, that people once received by looking into the faces of their neighbors, when people still had neighbors, when neighbors still had faces and in turn looked back. On the surface, television now gives us isolated facts. Some fun. Even, now and then, a tiny morsel of the world. But what it mostly gives us is some *other* world, the world we dream we live in. It tells us nothing, almost *nothing* about how life is and how we are (connected, as most of it



LONDON: THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

JACQUES EMILE BLANCHE
1861 - 1942

Oil on Canvas 20 x 16 Inches

**HIRSCHL
& ADLER**
Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY 10021 • LE 5-8810

The Talbots



Flower Wrap. Pretty as a spring garden, our wrap skirt of cotton duck reverses from a gay print to a solid color at a moment's notice. Bound and tied in braid, it's really two skirts in one. Apple green/white reversing to green, or white/midnight blue reversing to blue. S, M, L for sizes 8-16. \$18.00 Postpaid.

Send for free catalog
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. JJ, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Veal Lemonata Doré
• Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

Toronado. The all-car car for the all-man man.

The line of demarcation is drawn. Men on one side. Boys on the other. Cars fall into place. No question which side Toronado takes. Not with that brawny,

broad-shouldered look. And that responsive performance from a 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8, biggest ever built. And that masterful ride and handling, thanks to the superior traction of FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE and torsion-bar suspension. Like we say, Toronado is all man—right down to that man-sized trunk.

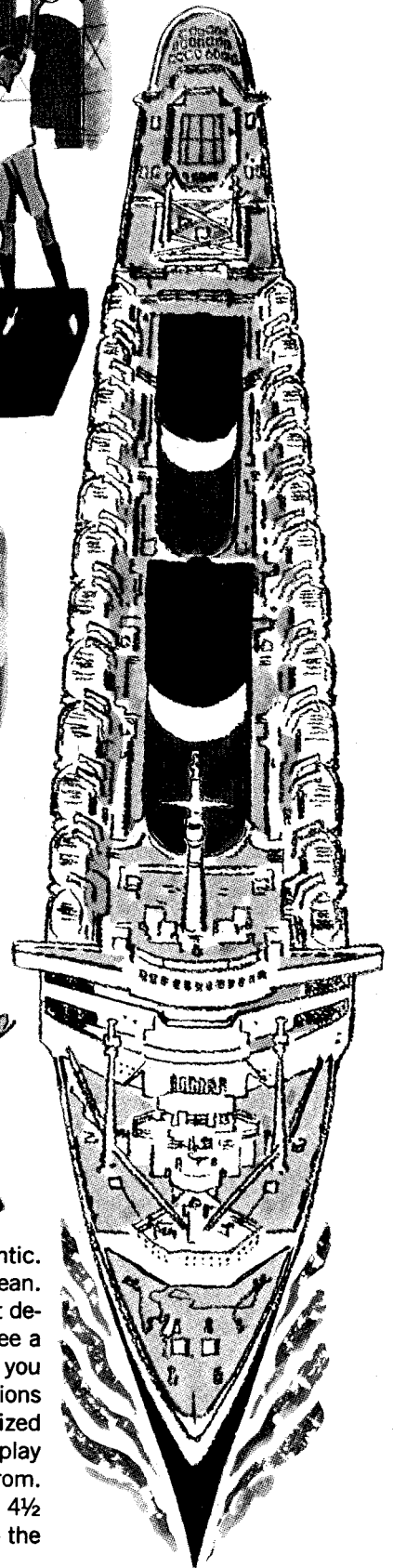


The front-wheel-drive youngmobile
from Oldsmobile.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Big Sky Country



Imagine yourself somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic. Suddenly it's big sky country. The sky is blue, the air clean. The steward brings you a cup of bouillon. Your biggest decision is whether to play deck tennis. Take a swim. See a pre-release movie. Or have cocktails with that diplomat you met last night. If you're not up to making such decisions stretch out in your deck chair. Let yourself be mesmerized by the sea. Or explore our decks. We have decks to play games on, decks to sun on and decks to count stars from. It's big sky country on ss United States and you have 4½ days to relish it. 4½ days to live it up or play it down — the choice is up to you.

SAFETY INFORMATION. The ss United States, world's fastest ship, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960.

S.S. UNITED STATES!
Top Resort between New York and Europe

For information and reservations call your Travel Agent or United States Lines, One Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004.

is, inextricably and pragmatically to the sacred mainstream), and I don't see how Public Television is ever going to be worth a damn if it can't somehow be brought to a point of being at least *willing* to break through the dream. And I don't truly see how *that's* ever going to be. Commercial television is what we live with. Commercial television provides the reflection that we all live with, and commercial television, no matter what anyone says, is irredeemably and unalterably, implicitly and explicitly, a system for moving goods—with various lures thrown in, so that people will be attracted to it. Some of the lures are better than others. Some are "good" or "interesting," but the system is what it is—not really concerned with providing a truthful reflection of life, because we've never required it to do so. Public Television *could* be something, but right now I just doubt it. I suppose a lot depends on what one thinks of "the mainstream of America." If one likes it, if one thinks that it ennobles and enhances the life of the people, then a system of Public TV that is keyed to the "mainstream" (that will, in its present conception, probably amount to a sort of funded-up Educational TV network) will be a satisfactory advance. My own feelings—my own feelings (he mumbled) are that the divinity of man was a rather nice thing while it lasted but that we are now all so well along on the road to a life of metal and organization and technique and cultural technology and educational technology and sexual technology and all the rest of the morbid paraphernalia of modern life that it will take a few exertions of nothing much less than a kind of anarchism of the soul (well, that's a floaty expression for you) to even postpone the desert for a while. Well,

hello, Corporation for Public Broadcasting, whoever you are. Hello. Goodbye. Hello.

Oh, yes. About President Johnson's fifteen-man board. I'll just give the names of the members, if you don't mind. John D. Rockefeller III, chairman of Lincoln Center; Joseph A. Beirne, chairman of the United Electrical and Communications Workers; Robert S. Benjamin, chairman of the United Artists Corporation; Roscoe C. Carroll, general counsel for the Golden State Life Insurance Company of Los Angeles; Michael A. Gammino, president of the Columbus National Bank of Rhode Island; Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, president and editor of the *Houston Post*; Sol Haas, chairman of station KIRO, in Seattle; Joseph D. Hughes, vice-president of T. Mellon & Sons; Erich Leinsdorf, conductor of the Boston Symphony; Carl Sanders, former governor of Georgia; Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America; Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president emeritus of Johns Hopkins University; and Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., chairman of the corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The man who is going to run this bouncy little outfit is Mr. Frank Pace, Jr. Mr. Pace was at one time Secretary of the Army and later chairman of the General Dynamics Corporation. Now that I think of it, while he was running General Dynamics, that company had the distinction of losing more money (a hundred and forty-three million bucks) than any American corporation had ever lost before, so maybe Mr. Frank Pace, Jr., is the secret swinger after all. It seems a long shot, I grant you, but right now that seems to be about the only shot available.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

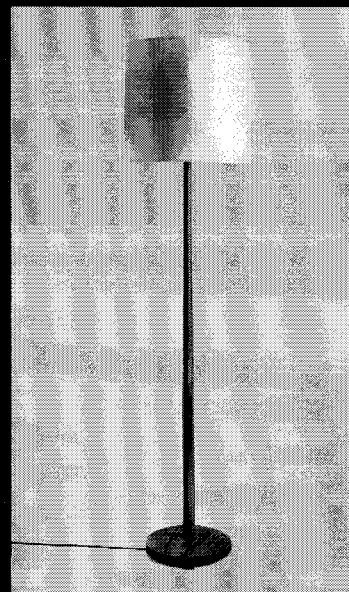
SONATINA: HOSPITAL

In God's hotel, the nuns in white
And royal blue refract the dawn
From each sharp, soft prune-prism face;
Their habits, dark, absorb the night
Until the aube's-egg blue is gone
And level red rays take its place,
Braiding the stiff coils with their bright
Chasing on cotton, muslin, lawn—
Gold, silver, then the gray of base
Metals. The nuns in God's hotel
Move forward through the waves of day;
Marine times of a Matins bell
Govern their visits to each bay
Of sickness, to each sound of pain,
To each discrete part of the main.

—L. E. SISSMAN

THE CONFORMIST

The Swedes designed this teak lamp with the barest hint of personality. Its simple, classic look conforms to any decor. A floor lamp that's there but isn't. The 14" shade is off-white linen. Takes a 3-way bulb up to 250 watts. Easy to live with at \$39.50.



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW 1968 CATALOGUE
Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-74, 831 Madison Ave. 69th St.
N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open Thurs. Till 8

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful
Year-around Garden or
Continental Dining Rooms.
Also facilities for private
parties. Parking at Delaware
entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue,
Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.



EUROPE BY CAR, INC.

630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424

CAR (S)

Name

Address

City

State

NE-2



Actual size detail from the 11" x 15" Currier & Ives print, *The Lakes of Killarney*.

A little bit of Ireland.

We'll send you "The Lakes of Killarney", the Currier & Ives color print, free, with every subscription to "Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine. This handsomely gathered offering of Irish poems, pictures and prose by people like Frank O'Connor, Brendan Behan, as well as visiting celebrities who have lost their hearts to Ireland, is now available for only \$4 (\$1 off regular subscription price). You'll receive it for two years (12 issues), mailed from Dublin. A very personal gift to all your Irish-loving friends. And remember, "The Lakes of Killarney" comes with every order.

Address your check for \$4 to:
Irish Tourist Board, Dept. (NY-3)
590 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10036

SUEDES
CLEANED
LEATHERS
RENEWED

COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Made Like New Again!
MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY!
Pick-Up Service 50 Mile Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE

MINGEI-YA

2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO



FOLK ART
SHOP

PLUSH
WEST

Big. Brassy. Red
velvet plush. In
the heart of
theatre country.

Cattle Baron STEAK HOUSE

221 West 46 Street • Phone 265-0310

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Outsider

THE Establishment—that is, the experimental composers and the other foundation-grant gatherers—will never forgive Carl Orff. He did the unthinkable thing. He wrote some perfectly delightful pieces using the C Major scale and the dominant tonic cadence. I remember a performance of his opera "Der Mond" at the City Center several years ago, to which a claqué had been sent to raise a tremendous din of disapproval, though the unenlightened part of the audience was prepared to applaud it. Just the other night—Thursday night, in fact, when the New York City Opera opened its season at the New York State Theatre—my eyes fell on a program note of very ambivalent character in which the writer explained that the medieval text of Orff's "Carmina Burana" is "written in primitive or vulgar Latin, which (in translation) is offensive to the more refined sensibilities of our own time," adding, "Indeed, not to put too fine a point on it, many of the poems were downright obscene." I hadn't realized that our time was particularly noted for purity of thought, especially in the theatre. The note went on to say, "There is virtually no chromatic coloration, but rather a minimum of modulation and a maximum of tonic and dominant sequences. The motor forces are sheer propulsion and unashamed repetition, the latter almost but never quite reaching surfeit proportions," but it wound up admiringly: "The overall is lucidly clear in its form and incredibly telling in its impact." I agree with the last sentence, and with the one before, except for the words "unashamed" and "surfeit." But why all this pothor? "Carmina Burana" and its sister work "Catulli Carmina" are the most original compositions to appear here since the Second World War. They are written in a personal style rather than in a system. They are hypnotic in their effect, and audiences enjoy them hugely. They are, in short, masterpieces. It is true that Orff was apparently unable to continue with the bright idiom that is found in these works, and is also found, I am told, in his opera "Die Bernauerin," which has never been performed here. At least some of his later works, including "Antigonae," are made of much feeblor stuff. But let us not attempt to diminish

the brilliant achievement represented by the "Carmina"s. "Carmina Burana" had its audience shouting with rapture on this most recent occasion.

The other half of the double bill was, as usual, the Stravinsky-Cocteau "Oedipus Rex," a work of stilted formality and no dramatic force whatever.

I realize that Stravinsky and Cocteau did not *wish* it to have dramatic force. It is an example of "masterly restraint," but it is written without any perceptible gift for melody, and I, for one, am beginning to find that it doesn't wear well. In fact, I am sure that had "Carmina

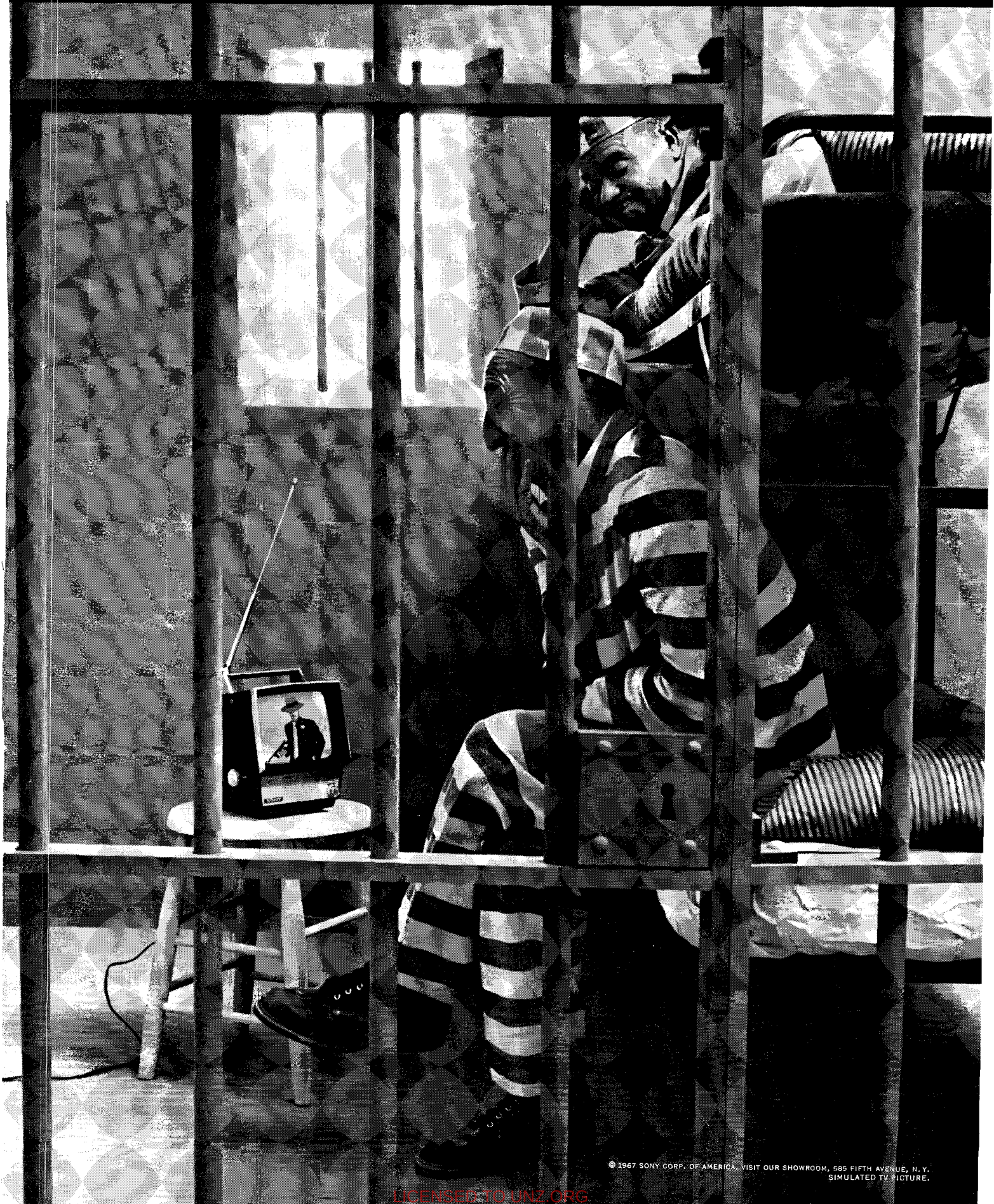
Burana" been presented first and "Oedipus Rex" later, instead of the other way around, half the audience would have walked out long before the evening's final curtain.

The casts of both productions were excellent. George Shirley had been borrowed from the Metropolitan to sing the role of Oedipus, and he did it superbly. Frances Bible was fine as Jocasta, and Malcolm Smith and Edward Pierson were equally good as Tiresias and Creon. In the Orff work, Frank Porretta and Dominic Cossa had the difficult tenor and baritone roles, including all those tricky stratospheric passages, and they performed as well as could be asked. Anne Elgar sang the soprano role pleasingly, and the ballet, choreographed by John Butler, with Carmen de Lavallade and Scott Douglas in the principal parts, was appropriate. Julius Rudel conducted "Oedipus Rex" with dedication. He was less successful with "Carmina Burana" for several reasons. His tempos were laggardly rather than crisp, especially in some of the later movements, and his chorus was seated so far back on the stage that, given the peculiar acoustics of the New York State Theatre, it was often almost inaudible. Perhaps Mr. Rudel was upset. Before the operas were presented, he had conducted Siegfried's funeral music from "Götterdämmerung" in honor of his close friend and supporter the late Morton Baum. Mr. Baum, chairman of the board of the City Center (and, of course, of the New York State Theatre), died a week or so ago. He was a very tall man who, from his height, could apparently see horizons that were obscure to others. He was one of those men who almost never appear publicly, and at the same time move



The Sun Set for Shut-ins

Even people who can't get out can love a Sun Set. The black screen that gives you sharper contrast outside does the same job inside. You get blacker blacks, whiter whites. And it runs on rechargeable batteries as well as AC current. So if you ever do get out you can take the Sun Set with you. Assuming, of course, it's *your* Sun Set. **SONY®**



© 1967 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.
SIMULATED TV PICTURE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

51st INTERNATIONAL

Flower Show

AND GARDEN FAIR



9 DAYS ONLY

COLISEUM

COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK

MARCH 2 TO 10

HOURS:
Weekdays — 10 am to 10 pm
Sunday, March 3 — 1 pm to 10 pm
Sunday, March 10 — 1 pm to 7 pm

ADMISSION: \$2.50—Children \$1.00
Not subject to tax
Amateur Photographers:
Evening hours 6 to 10, best for you.

"BROADWAY'S
BEST
MUSICAL!"—LIFE



ANGELA
LANSBURY
as
MAME

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

MON. THRU THURS. EVGS.: Orch. \$9.90; Boxes \$9.50, 7.50; Luge \$9.00; Mezz. \$8.50, 7.50, 6.50, 5.50 & 4.50. FRI. & SAT. EVGS.: Orch. \$11.90; Luge \$10.00; Boxes \$9.50, 7.50; Mezz. \$9.00, 8.00, 6.50, 5.50, 4.50. WED. & SAT. MATS.: Orch. \$7.50; Luge \$6.50; Boxes \$6.50, 5.00; Mezz. \$6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 3.25.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th St.

Read What A Famous Authority Says About
America's Most Distinguished
Steak House Restaurant

"It is no trick to find a fine steak
in New York—but I know no better
ones than served at Pen & Pencil."

—Bert Bacharach
(King Features Syndicate)

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660



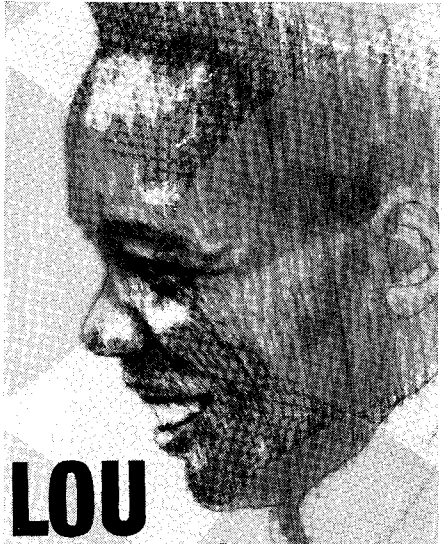
John C. Bruno

mountains behind the scenes. He was friendly, but he was also a tough fighter. The New York City Opera was one of his wards, and there was nothing he would not sacrifice or battle for in its interests. He will be missed.

ON Tuesday night of last week, Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society presented Sir Edward Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" in Philharmonic Hall. It has been approximately a decade since it was last performed here, and it is a work well worth hearing from time to time. It is, as everybody knows, a formal oratorio, calling for a large chorus, soloists, and an orchestra of good size. Elgar is a composer who can occasionally sound dull, and there are some dull passages in "The Dream of Gerontius," but it is a work remarkable for its sincerity, for its technical assurance, and for a few moments of real beauty. It dates from a good period (1900), when composers had not yet taken to destroying their art, and, like that other great English oratorio of its time, Delius's "A Mass of Life," it is perceptibly influenced by the Continental mainstream of music. It is concerned with death and salvation, its text being a poem by Cardinal Newman, and Elgar's approach, musically, is robust, gallant, and slightly old-fashioned by present-day standards.

The performance was admirable, on the whole. Mr. Scherman, conducting from memory, produced a luminous reading of the score. (It is remarkable how Mr. Scherman has improved as a conductor over the past ten or fifteen years; he is now capable of real eloquence.) The chorus, placed unconventionally—the women and men being intermingled—sang nobly. The title role was in the hands of a rather tremulous British tenor named John Wakefield, who sang it with obvious devotion but not with much purity of tone. The other soloists were more fortunate. The always dependable British contralto Helen Watts did the role of the Angel splendidly, and the baritone sections were performed with power, if without much velvet, by Raimund Herinx.

LAST Wednesday night, I went to the City Center to see a premiere by the City Center Joffrey Ballet, which is presenting a spring season there. The new work is called "The Mannequins," and is the creation of Marc Wilde, of San Francisco. "The Mannequins" is about a thief who makes his way into a department store,



LOU RAWLS

AT THE ROYAL BOX

IN THE
americana
OF NEW YORK

Nightly at 9:30 and 12:15
(except Sundays).

Dinner & Supper Dancing to
Lee Evans & His Orchestra.
Plus the Music of Arturo Arturos.
Reservations: Peter/581-1000

CATERINA VALENTE—MARCH 19TH

BEST MUSICAL 1967 N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS
8 TONY AWARDS

CABARET

Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. \$12, \$10; Front Mezz. \$7.90; Rear Mezz. \$6.90, 5.90, 4.80, 3.60, 2. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$12, \$10; Front Mezz. \$8.90; Rear Mezz. \$7.90, 6.90, 5.90, 4.80, 3.60, 2. Mat. Wed. at 2: Orch. \$6; Front Mezz. \$5.50; Rear Mezz. \$5, 4, 3, 2. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$6.90; Front Mezz. \$6; Rear Mezz. \$5, 4, 3, 2.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, 249 W. 45th St., N.Y.C.

NATIONAL COMPANY

Now thru March 16 - Mechanic Thea., Baltimore

WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL

Fiddler on the Roof

Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$9.90; Front Mezz. \$8.50; Rear Mezz. \$8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. \$5.80; Front Mezz. \$5.10; Rear Mezz. \$4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$6.10; Front Mezz. \$5.50; Rear Mezz. \$5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.

MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

NATIONAL COMPANY

Now at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

KNIFE & FORK INN...

ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



FLORIDA KEYS MOTEL

Rooms and efficiencies (both with large screened in porches), boat ramp and large marina, fishing pier, filtered pool, beach, cocktail lounge, dining room, tennis courts, putting green, shuffleboard, rental cars, playground. Fun at the right price for all ages on beautiful 50 acres overlooking Bay of Florida. Write for brochure:

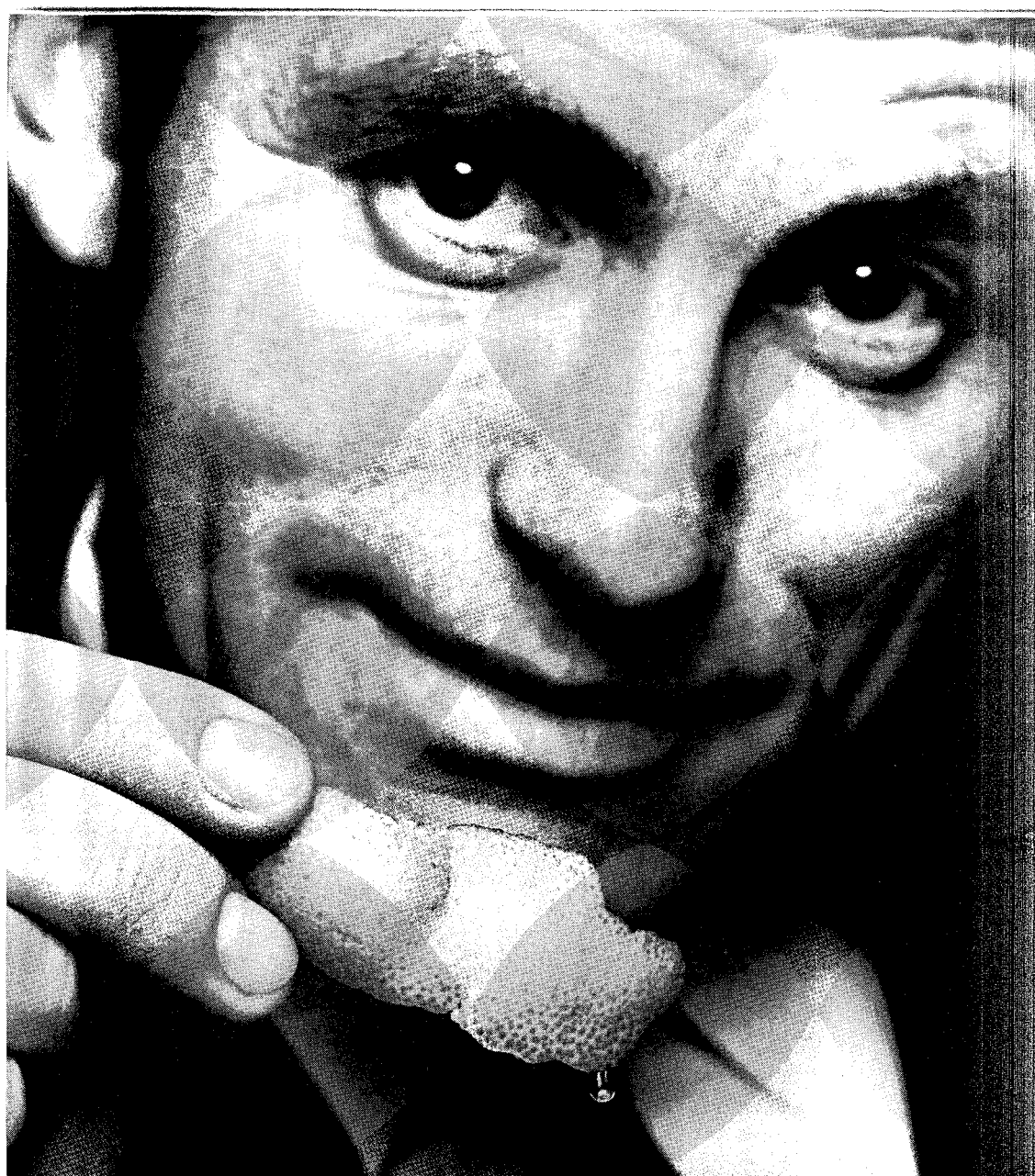
PLANTATION HARBOR MOTEL
P.O. Box 26N, Islamorada, Florida 33036



Mars, Venus, Saturn.
Pick your planet!
Elizabeth Arden's new
"Illusion Foundation"
is 21st Century Makeup.

"Illusion Foundation" is the newest luminary in the makeup world. Developed in our British laboratories Elizabeth Arden now launches this celestial beauty base around the world. A thin as air formula "Illusion" is smooth as a spaceship, yet gives you high voltage coverage. The result—your complexion takes on the opaline luster of the moonstone. "Illusion Foundation" in nine shades at fine stores now and in the future. 7.50.

Elizabeth Arden

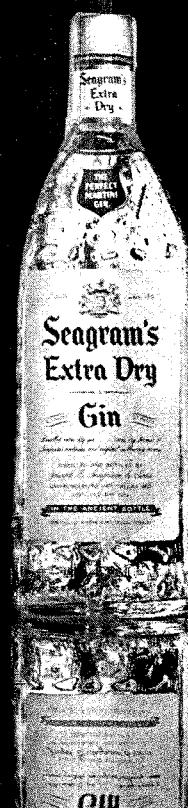


SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

"My secret?
Lemon peel dipped in dry vermouth.
And the perfect gin, of course."

A lot more civilized technique than merely
passing the cork over the drinks.
But remember, if you like your martinis this dry,
the gin is the very heart of the matter.
So, you better pick one that's dry in the extreme. Smooth as they come.
You better pick ours.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.



where he has an encounter with a group of naked store-window dummies. The dummies remain motionless as long as he is looking at them but come to life when he leaves the stage or turns his back. He seems vaguely attracted by one of them, but as he totes her onto the stage at one point, he drops her, and she breaks to pieces. (This one is a real dummy, though she looks exactly like the others.) There ensues a scene in which the dummies revenge themselves on the thief by having their leader stab him with a pair of scissors. The trouble with this ballet, as should be obvious, is that it depends on trick effects of illusion rather than on dancing, and the truth is that it was not very impressive. The thief was danced by Michael Uthoff, the leader of the mannequins by Suzanne Hammons, and the special mannequin who is the object of the thief's desire, and who gets broken, by Trinette Singleton. This item was preceded on the program by "Olympics," the ballet with all those muscles, in which Luis Fuente again distinguished himself as the Torch Bearer, and it was followed by the old Kurt Jooss "The Green Table," which is by now a classic, and which the Joffrey Ballet does very well indeed.

A WEEK ago Sunday evening, I went back to see Balanchine's "Don Quixote" at the New York State Theatre, and found that Mr. Balanchine was making one of his rare personal appearances in the title role. Several episodes had been revamped since the last time I saw the work, and the music, too, had been altered in spots. What might be called the Elysian-fields scene is my favorite part of this ballet, which is so much a matter of pantomime that, for all its mythical nobility, it fails to arouse me to any great enthusiasm. Everything was beautifully done, including the remarkable point work of Suzanne Farrell as Dulcinea and the experienced mime of Mr. Balanchine, and the audience seemed very appreciative.

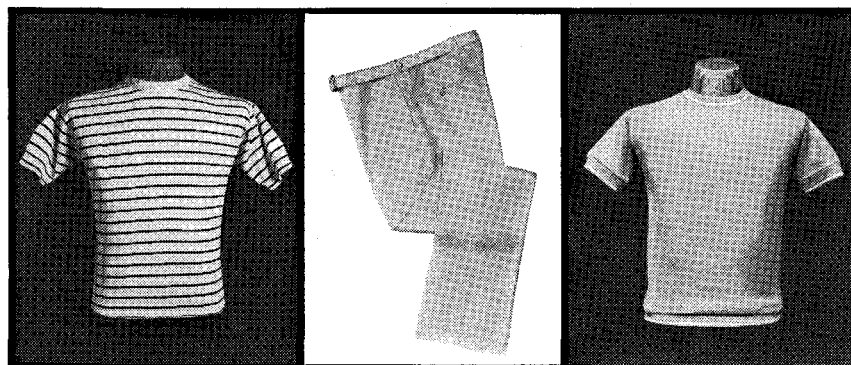
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

Two weeks ago The Log reported that George Ellis was cords reveal that he was arranged for involuntary manslaughter. A check of the re-ranged for voluntary manslaughter. The Log is happy to make this correction.

—Lumber City (Ga.) Log.

You sound happy.

ROSENBERG BRINGS THE U.S.A. AND FRANCE TOGETHER AGAIN



STRIPED SHIRTS—\$7.00

Gold mist/red stripes

Green/navy stripes

Honey/orange stripes

Aqua/brown stripes

Madder red/ivory stripes

Orange/honey stripes

Honey/orange stripes

Navy/white stripes

White/navy stripes

Yellow/brown stripes

ADDITIONAL COLORS IN STRIPES:

Cinch ring belts to match Trousers, \$6.00

Sizes: M(30 to 34), L(36 to 40)

Short sleeved, striped and solid, crew neck shirts imported from France and our own Daeron

Polyester and linen trousers go to make up the finest mix and match outfits of the season.

The solid shirt has a second color in its piping

at the neck, sleeves and bottom. The striped shirt

comes in rich ground colors with harmonious companion stripes. Both crew neck shirts when worn

with our wrinkle free, light weight trousers are the

perfect answer to your leisure and vacation comfort.

Order them separately or in mix and match sets.

IN NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.; 3RD FLOOR - IN NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

TROUSERS—\$26.00

Gold mist

Kelly green

Old oak (light orange)

Wee Burn Blue (aqua)

Dark Madder Red

Mandarin Orange

Honey

PIPED SHIRTS—\$7.00

red (gold mist piping)

Green (yellow piping)

Navy (green piping)

Camel (orange piping)

Brown (aqua piping)

Ivory (red piping)

Navy (orange piping)

Honey (orange piping)

Honey (orange piping)

ADDITIONAL COLORS IN PIPED SHIRTS:

White (navy piping)

Navy (white piping)

Pink (aqua piping)

Shop in the comfort of exclusive club atmosphere.

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898

THE

Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.

TAILORS—FURNISHERS

Shop in the comfort of exclusive club atmosphere.

IN NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET



Character at a glance

Howard & Foster shoes are created for the man with a taste for life's finer things. Style 3627 in imported chestnut brown calfskin is meticulously crafted with extremely flexible leather soles and rubber heels. Magnificent quality. About \$32.



Division of E.E. Taylor Corp., Dept. H-1, Freeport, Maine

THE SHIRT THAT GREW . . .

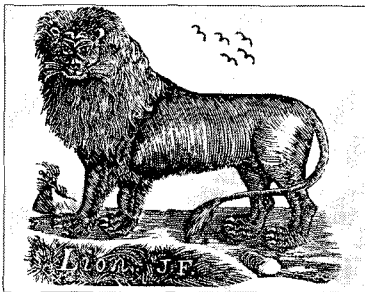
There's plenty of feminine charm in Jack Marsee's belted acetate knit sheath, that's styled from the men's favorite shirt. Completely washable! Never knows a wrinkle! Red, white, navy, green. 8-18. **\$26**

all
mail orders
postage
free



Raleighs

1310 F St., Washington, D. C. 20004

EXOTIC ANIMALS**WOODCUTS By Jonathan Fisher**

A rare discovery! Woodcuts done by Jonathan Fisher, Parson of Blue Hill, Maine. A versatile man of great energy and talents, Parson Fisher engraved 142 woodcuts to illustrate his book *Scripture Animals*, published in 1834. Through special permission of the Jonathan Fisher Memorial, Inc. we have reproduced six of his original wood engravings. These delightful, primitive animals are printed on antique finish, colored book cover paper. Size 11 x 14 inches (standard frame size). The woodcuts make handsome decorative groupings in home or office. (Historical pamphlet included). An Ideal Easter Gift.

Set of Six Woodcuts \$3.00; 2 Sets \$5.50

Please add 90¢ post. per set. Collection consists of:

Pigmy Apes—Sapphire Blue African Rhino—Fern Green
Plumed Peacock—Tropic Gold Desert Camel—Mocha Brown
Male Ostrich—Vivid Rust King Lion—Tropic Gold

NUMBERED DELUXE EDITION

We have issued a limited number of prints on double weight, parchment paper. Each Deluxe set includes a Numbered Limited Edition Certificate.

Deluxe Set of Six Woodcuts \$5.00

ART FORUM Dept. 348C, 80 4th Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10003

**FOREMOST
STEAK HOUSE**
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
FREE PARKING
STEAK CASINO
33 University Place, N.Y.C.
9th ST. 1 Block E. of 5th AVE. AL 4-7499

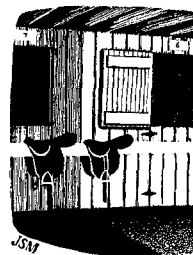
THE RACE TRACK

Close but No Cigar

THE difference between victory and defeat can be as little as a nod or as much as an eighth of a mile. In the case of Robert Lehman and his trainer, Jim Conway, who were hoping to complete a remarkable triple with Flit-to in the Hialeah Turf Cup in Florida last Saturday, it was hardly more than a few strides. Flit-to had won the Bougainvillea Stakes for them two weeks previously, and Sette Bello had won the Widener Handicap for them the following weekend, and if they had won the Turf Cup, too, it would have been quite an achievement. As it turned out, Flit-to finished third to Bill Beasley's Canadian-bred He's a Smoothie and the Mac-Conn Stable's Irish Rebellion, both of whom he had beaten in the Bougainvillea. Most of the running in the mile-and-a-half Turf Cup was made by More Scents, closely followed by He's a Smoothie, who took command two furlongs from home. Flit-to started his challenging run on the far turn and was second until Irish Rebellion passed him like a rocket in the last fifty yards. Flit-to made a good try, for the footing was soft and the 119 pounds he carried didn't help. (He's a Smoothie had a shift of eight pounds in his favor; he carried four less than he did in the Bougainvillea, and Flit-to picked up four more. As you know, we handicappers figure that three pounds equals one length.)

Though the Turf Cup was a good race, the most memorable moments of the meeting so far were provided in the Widener Handicap, which Sette Bello won by a short head from Bold Hour and Favorable Turn, who finished in a dead heat for second place. You can't get the first three much closer than that. Eleven started in the Widener, and for about six furlongs of the mile and a quarter Peter Piper led Favorable Turn, Bold Hour, and the others at a lively pace. At that point, Sette Bello was ninth. From there on, however, he moved up smoothly along the rail, and he bore down on the leaders as they swung into the stretch. With a hundred yards to go, Favorable Turn looked the winner on my TV screen, though Bold Hour was pressing him hard, but in the last few strides Sette Bello got his head in front. Altogether, it was a thrilling performance, in which

neither Proud Clarion, the top weight, nor Ring Twice, who won a year ago, ever threatened to take part; they finished sixth and tenth, respectively. Sette Bello—Beautiful Seven, my delicatessen tells me—is named for an express train that runs between Milan and Rome on the Italian State Railways, and he was on time to the dot. Incidentally, two dollars invested in a ticket on him in the mutuels paid an even hundred. He's a sturdy six-year-old bay horse by Ribot out of Honor Bound, and this was his first victory in a stakes race. Not a bad beginning, considering that his share of the purse was \$92,950.



THE three-year-olds who are pointing for the Flamingo Stakes on Saturday had a busy time last week, what with an overnight race for them at six furlongs, the Everglades Stakes at a mile and a furlong, and the Florida Breeders' Handicap at seven furlongs. The first-named event was won, though not as easily as had been expected, by Iron Ruler, who started at the microscopic odds of 3-10 and passed the post only half a length ahead of Addy Boy. The Everglades was a hurly-burly in which Vitriolic wound up fourth. Forward Pass, who ran so smartly in the Hibiscus, won it by a head from Wise Exchange, and survived a claim of foul; Velasquez, on Master Bold, who finished third, complained that Forward Pass had crowded his mount, but the stewards decided no. Vitriolic had a rough trip. He was in close quarters passing the stand the first time, and then was caught in a jam at the first turn, after which, according to Baeza, who rode him, it was hard to get him going smoothly. What's more, he came out of the race with a cut on his left front ankle, but Eddie Neloy, who trains him, doesn't think this is going to prevent him from running for the Flamingo. There was a disqualification in the Florida Breeders' Handicap. Following the romp of Laughing Bill, as he ran his score to four straight, the stewards decided that Conceited, who finished second, had interfered with American Native, who finished third, and ordered the placings reversed.

It's hard to make a really good case for any of the colts who are likely to

run for the Flamingo. Still, one who watches horses ought not hide his opinions. After sober thought, study, and some hesitation, this fallible department strings along with Vitriolic.

I DARESAY a reassessment of the candidates for next week's Santa Anita Handicap has been going on since the San Antonio Stakes last Saturday, when Tobin Bronze, the Australian star, finished seventh. Rising Market, a name to conjure with these days, led from beginning to end of the San Antonio, winning by half a length from Quicken Tree, with Suteki third and Most Host, who beat Damascus in the Charles H. Strub Stakes, fourth. Speaking of Damascus, he has left California for Laurel and for what his trainer says is a rest and freshening up. (I suppose I really ought to send him a get-well card.)

As you've probably noticed, the horses of William Haggin Perry have been doing well at Santa Anita. A fortnight ago, Gamely, who in my book was the top three-year-old filly last season, and Princessnesian, her stablemate, ran one, two in the Santa Margarita Handicap, the meeting's biggest prize for fillies and mares, and before that they warmed up by running one, two in the Santa Maria Handicap. The stable has a colt named Dignitas in training for the Santa Anita Derby on March 30th. Since he beat Don B., California's favorite three-year-old, in the San Vicente Stakes, he's gained a lot of friends.

MY favorite observer reports that Bowie is rolling along. It just missed a two-million-dollar day last Saturday, when a crowd of 18,558 tossed \$1,929,611 into the machines. Also for the record: The Southern Maryland Handicap that afternoon ended in a photo finish, Charlie's Luck winning by a head from Understudy, who was a neck in front of Sub Call.

—AUDAX MINOR

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From the Times]

Doctors who give patients samples to try are not experimenting dangerously, physicians emphasized, but are simply letting the patient test a particular brand of a drug at no charge.

HOLLYWOOD (UPI)—Dick Van Dyke will be reunited as a comedy team in an hour-long television special next April.
—Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.

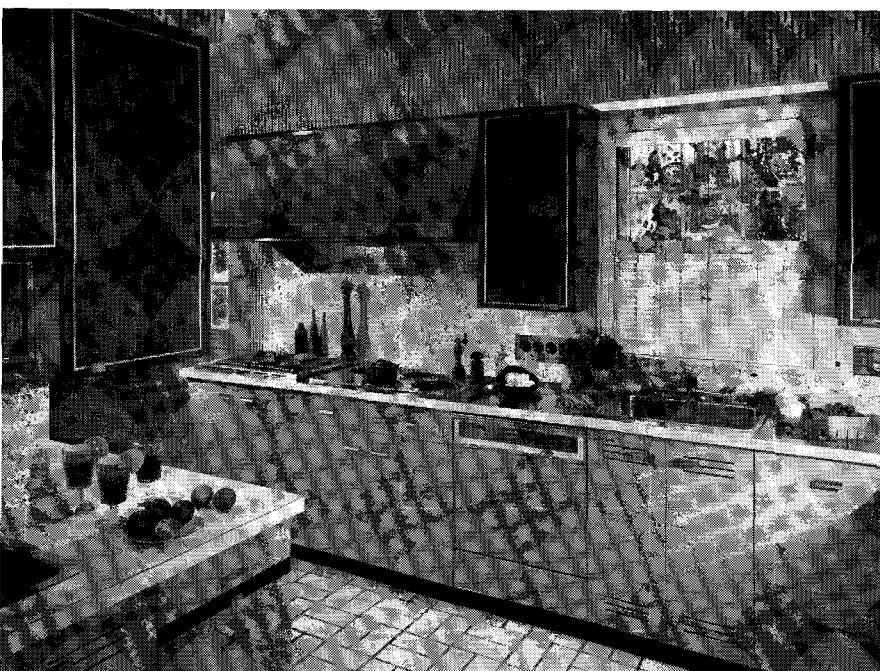
The temptation to upstage himself will be pretty strong.

TAKE HERB-OX FOR AN INSTANT AND GET GOING AGAIN!



The high-protein, low-calorie pick-me-up for the entire family. By the makers of famous Herb-Ox Bouillon Cubes.

FREE! Send for free recipe file in re-sealable plastic pouch. Over 30 exciting recipes. The Pure Food Co., Inc., Dept. BNY83 Mamaroneck, New York



St. Charles for people who like having things their own way!

Have everything your own way in a St. Charles custom kitchen. Concept, features, materials, textures, decorator colors. Your St. Charles dealer-designer creates around your own ideas. He designs, you decide—without having to compromise. The result is your own personalized kitchen. A welcome departure from "standard" thinking.

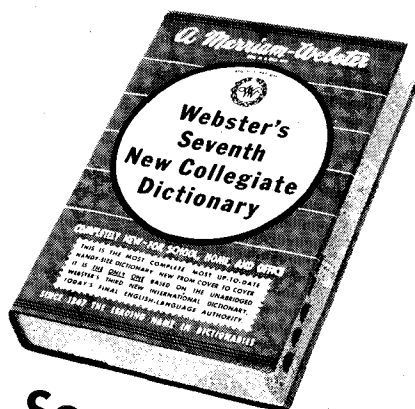
Send \$1.00 for your St. Charles 36-page color folio.

ST. CHARLES CUSTOM KITCHENS
454 Tyler Road • St. Charles, Illinois

SHOWROOMS: New York, 101 Park Avenue • Los Angeles, 8660 Sunset Blvd. • Chicago, North Shore Area, 5740 Dempster Street • See Yellow Pages for other locations.



WARNING! Language changes!



So should your dictionary!

Older dictionaries cannot give you the thousands of new words that have entered our language in recent years. But the completely new Webster's Seventh New Collegiate does: it has 20,000 new words and new meanings . . . 130,000 entries. It is the *only* desk dictionary based on today's unabridged authority: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

Get Webster's Seventh New Collegiate at book, department, or stationery stores. Only \$5.75. \$6.75 indexed.

To be sure you're up to date.
Insist on the genuine

WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE

©G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101

**New Dodd, Mead
Mystery**

**SO LONG
AT THE FAIR**

By Janet
Gregory Vermandel

"... the climax . . . should
have Alfred Hitchcock biting
his lip in envy."
—Chicago Tribune

At all bookstores • \$3.95 • DODD, MEAD

THE CURRENT CINEMA

That Clean Old Peasant Again

THE TWO OF US" is a simple, decent story, told in a simple, direct, unaffected way. The late James Agee might perhaps have brought out his full panoply of loving terms for it, because it is bare and plain and true and honest and, of course, tender and disciplined, and it isn't artificial or corrupt, and it doesn't exploit or overdramatize its subject, and I suppose one could even say it is vigorous and healthy and masculine. It is a film that one can—indeed, must—respect, and I wish I liked it better, because not liking such an unspoiled film lays one open to the charge of not



being good enough, not being pure in heart. But this was a side of Agee's criticism I never could fully accept; I always wondered if he really liked "Farrebique" (the life cycle on a French farm) as much as he said, or if he only thought he *should*. I come from a farm, and even "Sunset Boulevard" is closer to my experience than "Farrebique." Cocteau's magnificent Beast with the smoking claws seems closer than the cattle of "Farrebique," because it is exciting in a way that those cattle will never be. Was Agee's moviegoing so virtuous, or did he, perhaps, now and then, like the rest of us, enjoy decadent, sleazy, slick commercial pictures? He didn't very often seem to be amused by what he was seeing, or to be having much fun. We ought to be able to see a reasonably lousy picture without feeling we've been violated. Agee always seemed to feel personally betrayed by synthetic elements in a movie, by "sophistication."

Because Agee was so great a critic, there is a tendency to take over his terms, but his excessive virtue may have been his worst critical vice. Agee's demands were, in some ways, both impossibly high for the movie medium and peculiarly childlike. As a result, we may need to be liberated from guilt both for enjoying irresponsible movies and for failing to respond to works of such impeccable moral character as "The Two of Us," but a movie that, to use Agee's language, is tender and full of "reverence for reality" and all can still seem pretty thin, and there's so little going on in "The Two of Us" that one has to begin thinking of it as an idyll-fable, which has never been

my idea of a good time. I don't think we would be expected to respond to this sort of thing in literature, but, possibly because of the Christlike Agee tradition, we are expected to have very simple tastes when it comes to movies. Yet simple people in simple stories made some of us yawn even as children—

which is probably why we started going to the movies. The place for goodness is in life, not on the screen. I realize that Agee used words like "love" and "purity" in order to get away from clever language and professional jargon—that he wanted language as well as movies cleansed—but though movies

need cleansing more than ever, we mustn't throw the whore out with the bath water. Do we want to be left with the "gentle irony" of a galumphingly lovable old anti-Semitic peasant palling around with a child in Vichy France and never realizing that the child is Jewish? The child thus becomes a living O. Henry twist, like Sidney Poitier in "The Slender Thread."

To be half chaste is an abomination. For the kind of movie it is, "The Two of Us" should be *more* chaste; its simple artlessness is clean and good, but its director, Claude Berri, may be getting credit for purity because he doesn't (yet) know how to be corrupt. When he tries for comic situations, he's a clumsy amateur. When I saw the old man (Michel Simon) play ball with the boy and break a window, I closed my eyes in remembrance of all the movie generations of infantile adults who had done the same; the first time the Georges Delerue music commented on the simple joys of life, I forced a smile, but the same music kept coming back with the same comment. There was that arch stuff between the old man and his wife about vegetarianism, and then there was that damned dog. I believe that my own dogs are prescient, but I can't stand prescience in other people's dogs, and Simon's spoon-fed mutt who wears a bib at table is a bit much. The big problem is, of course, Simon. If ever there was an actor qualified by appearance and style to be the essence of dirty old man, it is Michel Simon (and that is how Jean Vigo and Jean Renoir used him, even when he was young). As a mischievous, dear old peasant, he's a fraudulent old

If you get a bad meal on a plane you can't walk out.

Your chances of getting a bad meal on a plane aren't bad. Because the meals that are served on planes aren't cooked on planes.

They're cooked in big kitchens on the ground, put in holding ovens, loaded into planes and then—anywhere from one to three hours later—they're served up.

Your stomach deserves better.

Steak is not a bad meal.

Northeast Airlines offers an alternative to airline food.

As of January 1 of this year, every one of our Yellowbird jets has been equipped with special broiling ovens. (That's broiling, not holding.)

The ovens cost us about \$33,000 apiece but they mean we can broil food at 30,000 feet.

And the food we broil is steak. Only steak. On all our lunch and dinner flights to and from Florida. And not only in first class, but in economy class too.

(For breakfast you'll have to rough it with, say, one of our inspired omelettes.)

In the whole country, only one other airline broils steak on board.

And it doesn't fly to Florida.

Man does not live by steak alone.

While we were busy improving the food, we figured we could also improve some other creature comforts.

So we've thrown out the usual airline utensils and replaced them with knives, forks and spoons that are actually big enough for human hands.

We've replaced the usual airline mini-pillows with pillows that are big enough for human heads.

We've stocked up on some furry lap robes, on the theory that furry stuff is cozier to lie under than woolly stuff.

To our collection of reading matter, we've added some magazines you probably don't see every day—such as *Domus*, *Realites*, *Queen* and *Commentary*.

And we've told our stewardesses that when they give you food or magazines or anything else, they don't have to grin like stewardesses.

A steak is a steak, a girl is a girl. Some things can't be improved.

While you eat up food, we eat up time.

All our flights to Florida are non-stop.

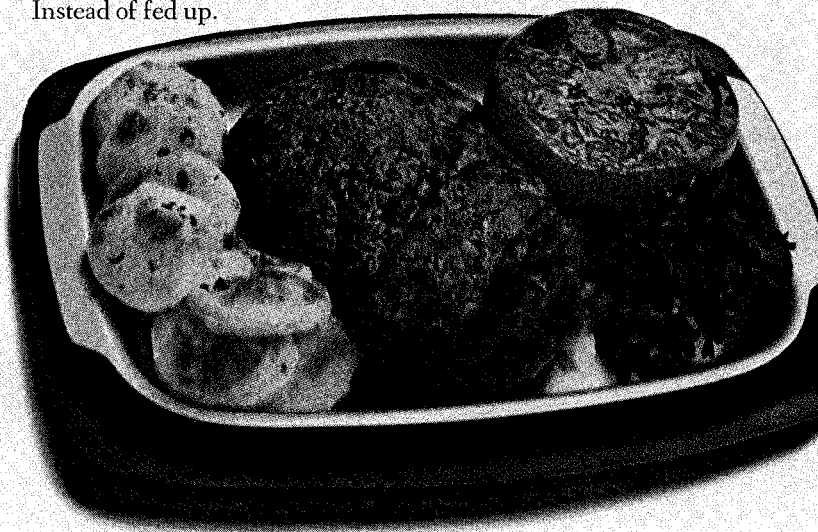
18 times a day, every day, our new Yellowbird jets fly non-stop from JFK to Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Tampa and Jacksonville.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Northeast.

18 flights give you plenty of opportunity to savor the difference between our food and airline food as you know it.

You'll land pleasantly full.

Instead of fed up.



Northeast Yellowbirds to Florida. You'll wish we flew everywhere.

When you're first in color TV, there's got to be a reason. RCA is one big reason there's color TV at all. We pioneered the dream. Made it real. With sets that fine-tune themselves. With picture tubes that mirror the world with natural colors. And with advanced circuits that won't go haywire. The rest is in the seeing—and we invite you to do that now at your RCA dealer's.



See "Run for Your Life" on RCA Color TV. Shown below, The Tonsberg



actor, and he gives an impure and unconvincing performance.

There are some beautiful moments in "The Two of Us," but they don't involve the adult actors, whose roles are as one-dimensional as the grownups in a second-grade reader. But Berri, who has probably drawn much of the character of the child, Claude, played by Alain Cohen, from himself, has endowed the child with a wonderfully complex nature, so that he is both baby and shrewd adult, lovingly dependent and resourcefully tough. And Alain Cohen is marvellous-looking for the role; there is a moment when this plump and happy child has his head shaved, and suddenly the horrors of the concentration camps and what happened to children just like him open before us. That, I think, is the one moment of great artistry in the movie—though there is also, for a few seconds, a memorable image of a little girl holding a goose. This is quite a lot to get from a movie, but I don't think that in order to take this away with us we should have to pretend about the quality of the rest. There's no point in overvaluing one's lost innocence, artistically speaking. Once it's lost, it's lost. Pretending it isn't is sentimentality.



You can dry his tears

ORLANDO MARTINEZ. SOUTH AMERICAN. AGE 3. One of five children. Father mason's helper. Earns \$22.50 per month occasionally. Live in hut in squatter area. Tin roof. One room. One bed. One blanket. One trunk. Gasoline stove in room. No facilities. Only food corn soup, bread and native drink made of brown sugar and water. No milk ever. Need vitamins and better food. No toys. Plays with stones. Help to Orlando means help to entire family, medical care included.

Thousands of children as needy as Orlando anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group.

Choose a boy or girl from Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador or Peru. A monthly cash grant helps provide primary school education for the children in the family. In addition, there are counselling, medical care, household equipment and clothing. 82.4% of your contribution goes to your child and his family in aid and services. You receive a case history and photograph. Each month you write and receive a letter (original and translation). Learn how your "adoption" benefits the entire family. Soon, through the regular letters and progress reports, you and your child develop a warm, loving relationship.

CHECK YOUR CHARITY! We eagerly offer our financial statement upon request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, approved by the United States Government, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

© Foster Parents Plan, Inc. 1967

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010 - Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Sen. Robert F. Kennedy
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs.
Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Sen. William Proxmire
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs.
Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs.
William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.

NY-3-68

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

- A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more.
If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....
I will pay \$15 a month for one year or more (\$180 per year).
Payment will be monthly (), quarterly (), semi-annually (),
annually ().
I enclose herewith my first payment \$.....
- B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing \$.....
- Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....Zip.....
Date..... Contributions are income tax deductible



A deliciously
wicked assault
on Muddled Thoughts,
Pompous Phrases, and
Other Scholastic Evils
that plague Academia

THE PEDANT AND THE SHUFFLY

by John Bellairs
& Marilyn Fitschen

those whimsical
satirists who invented
St. Fidgeta & Other Parodies

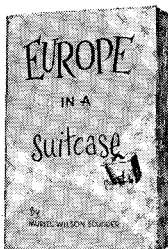
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
866 Third Avenue, New York 10022



\$2.95

GOING ABROAD?

Whether it's you, your parents or best friend, **EUROPE IN A SUITCASE** is a must! This down-to-earth book is crammed with invaluable advice... it gives twelve check lists and hundreds of travel tips to get you off to a smooth start. Its "Calendar Countdown" guides you step by step before you leave home. Send today for the 11th Rev. Edition... you'll be glad you did! (\$1 ppd. or \$1.25 by 1st cl. mail)



TOURIST IN RUSSIA, my latest book, calms pre-travel jitters. It advises on clothes, visas, etc.; is crammed with "get ready" facts not found elsewhere to guide you throughout your trip. \$1 (or \$1.25)

MRS. MURIEL W. SCUDDER
Box 72-R, Manhasset, N. Y. 11030

Cheers

—for at last there's a book that tells America's 70,000,000 regular drinkers how to head off alcohol problems before they start. By the Medical Director Emeritus of The Silver Hill Foundation, Conn., and author of *Emotional Problems and What You Can Do About Them*.

The Safe Way to Drink
HOW TO PREVENT
ALCOHOL PROBLEMS
BEFORE THEY START

\$4.95 at booksellers
WILLIAM MORROW,
788 Bloomfield Ave., Clifton, N.J. 07012

taste. Nevertheless, the milieu is so special that parts of the movie may be almost incomprehensible to those who don't know the Markfield novel or the rather small group of people it was based on—particularly since the movie is so sloppily made and thrown together (with coy musical bridges) that there is no exposition or development of who they are and what it all means. Only a careless director or an extraordinarily chauvinistic New Yorker (Lumet may be both) would think that quick shots showing the characters assembling from different parts of the city would "place" them for us. Despite the importance of verbal comedy to the whole conception, the dialogue is often wrecked by clumsy, imprecise readings, and though the sound is in sync, the voices seem disembodied (especially Zohra Lampert's). If the movie had been better constructed, the long speech made by Alan King as the rabbi might be very good indeed. Jack Warden is badly miscast as a poet, and Sorrell Boone's role—that of a fussy little book reviewer—is such obvious low comedy that he doesn't get much of a chance (though he has some mad movements of his head that are reminiscent of Oscar Levant at his best). George Segal may try a little too hard, but it's good to see him in a role that gives him a chance to stretch himself; as usual, he seems too likable—and potentially too funny—for the role he's playing. Joseph Wiseman's cold, bitter characterization of an older-style "cultured" literary figure is remarkably effective in the midst of so much emotional wallowing, and Godfrey Cambridge is also a relief, because he picks up the pace, as a peaceful cab-driver, and the movie needed a contrast.

"HALF A SIXPENCE," the most thoroughly mechanized movie musical yet produced, makes "Camelot" seem intimate. A rowing contest becomes a spectacular regatta; a walk in the country becomes a collection of Barbizon School landscapes; an aristocratic dwelling turns into Blenheim Palace; the hero stumbles, and the camera seems to hurl him down an elevator shaft. The whole thing is so big and loud and pointless, so over-acted and over-photographed, that it's a stupefying experience. How does a musical get so grotesquely out of scale? In earlier American musicals, one often suffered through ten minutes or so of the big production numbers designed to provide big selling points; "Half a Sixpence" is all one big production

**These days, it's
pretty tough to get
a good cleaning lady.**

**We'd like to make it
a lot tougher.**

We're the School Volunteer people. And we'd like you to spend a few hours a week with some of our school kids. To give them some personal attention. Stimulate their creativity. Their imagination. To help them with the basics of reading and writing. To help non-English speaking children learn their new language.

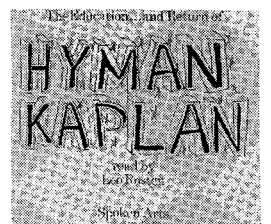
And most important, to give these kids a view of life other than the one they already have.

Sound like a lot of work? It is. Right now, it's the least we can do.

Become a School Volunteer.

For more information, call 582-7087. Or write: School Volunteer Program, 899 Tenth Avenue, New York City, New York.

Hear K*A*P*L*A*N's
"Hau
Kay!"
aloud
at last!



Back to the American Night Preparatory School with Mr. Parkhill's most willing student. Read by Leo Rosten.
LP Recording \$5.95

Available at better record stores or write direct to Spoken Arts, Inc., Box 27, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801. Send for our free catalog of 300 exciting releases.



**SUPPORT
YOUR
MENTAL
HEALTH
ASSOCIATION**



delightful
Frenchy's
wonderful food
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

number, and that's a load of suffering. What form of song or dance could be big enough? The voices have been so amplified and synthesized that they don't seem to issue from human throats, and the dances are like electronic clog dancing. Made in England, with a mostly English cast, by Paramount, with the American director George Sidney in charge, "Half a Sixpence" is set in the Edwardian period (though there is some very odd dialogue about Marxism in Russia). It is based on H. G. Wells' modest novel "Kipps," which was filmed modestly by Carol Reed in 1940, with Michael Redgrave as the sensitive young draper's assistant. Redgrave has always credited Reed with teaching him how to act before the camera; I don't think Tommy Steele or anyone else in the cast of "Half a Sixpence" has much to thank George Sidney for. Wells, the inventor of "The Time Machine," was in love with science and the future, but not even Wells, master of prediction though he was, could have guessed that his small study of English character and class would be caught up in the movie machine and expanded until the meaning was completely lost from sight.

SOMETHING similar is happening in other movies. The scale of the Italian-made Western "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" is what most differentiates it from American-made Westerns. My guess is that everything is made vast because Europeans love the wide-open spaces in our Westerns and because Sergio Leone, the director, wanted to outdo the scenic effects in American Westerns. If a man crosses a street in Leone's Santa Fe, the street looks half a mile wide; a farmer's hut has rooms opening into rooms into the distance, like the Metropolitan Museum; the hotel in a cowtown has a plush lobby big enough for a political convention. The movie is like "High Noon" and "The Ox-Bow Incident" and a dozen others all scrambled together and playing in a giant echo chamber. The bad men must then be enormously, preposterously evil—larger-than-life parodies, as in a Kurosawa film—and each wound inflicted is insanely garish. Yet, stupid as it all is, and gruesome, the change of scale is rather fascinating. This Italian Western, set in our Civil War period, looks more foreign to us than an ordinary Italian film—which gives rise to speculation about how we alter the scale, and hence the meaning, in our movie versions of foreign stories. Because, al-

Because the Mead Cluster-Pak® carton carries your beverages in living color. Mead's paperboard panels keep the picture in focus and turn beverage volume way up. Now everybody will be tuned in. Not all good packaging ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
packaging

Cluster-Pak speaks for itself.



Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

Status Symbol.

About a million years ago, outdoor cooking was the alternative to no cooking.

Now, thanks to the fantastic Char-Broil cooker, outdoor cooking is in. We've improved this aged art with prestigious do-dads like automatic temperature control smoker. Motorized shish-ka-bob. Electric spit. Cooks almost everything. Superbly.

And the Char-Broil is quite grand to the eye. Handcrafted aluminized steel throughout. Cast iron cooking grates and fire grates. Two hand-rubbed oak cutting boards. A strikingly beautiful instrument, and it'll outlast your Rolls.

If you've already made it to the top, all we can offer is the best outdoor cooking you can buy. Otherwise, we've added another rung in your social ladder.

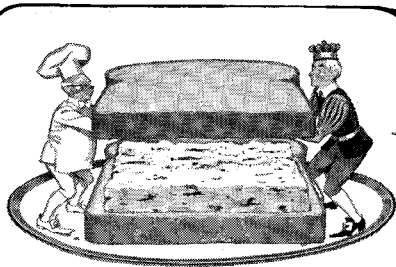
Drop us a postcard. We'll mail you free the full-color Char-Broil catalog and cookbook.

CHAR-BROIL®



Model CB-240-A

COLUMBUS IRON WORKS/DEPARTMENT NA, P. O. BOX 1240, COLUMBUS, GA.



YOU CAN SANDWICH IN DANISH BLUE ALMOST ANYWHERE

In canapes, in hero sandwiches, in sizzling franks and burgers on buns . . . in salads, in stuffed celery, in steaming baked potatoes or with tomatoes . . . in snacks, in lunch-packs, in budget suppers and company dinners. Try a bite of the blue!



Imported

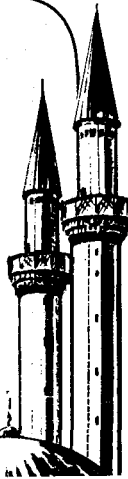
DANISH BLUE CHEESE

TRY OTHER DANISH CHEESES, TOO

A shining portrait
of a "pearl set in
an emerald"

Mirror to Damascus

By Colin Thubron. Past, present, people, moods . . . the excitement of the world's oldest capital. With 38 pages of photos and maps. \$7.50 at bookstores. Little, Brown



50 TRIPLE PROOFED
DIACROSTICS

#1 IN A BRAND-NEW
SERIES At bookstores
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Diacrostics #1
INTERLOCKING LITERARY PUZZLES
By Janet Elliott Cameron

though this huge Italian Western (shot in Spain) imitates the externals of American Westerns, it makes those externals so much bigger that what the American Western hero stands for—everything that audiences are supposed to identify with—would look too small, and so it has simply been omitted. The result seems to be popular with American men, who go to relax and enjoy the action; they probably hardly notice—and wouldn't care anyway—that the Western theme is missing.

ON paper, "A Matter of Innocence" probably looked like a winner. On a cruise with her rich aunt, level-headed Polly seizes the opportunity to be seduced by an Indian gigolo in Singapore, because in London men don't make many passes at a plain girl who works behind the counter of her mother's bakeshop. The script, by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, from a Noël Coward story, is full of once-naughty "worldly" characters and situations that are now pleasantly antiquated: the blondined hairdresser and his German-sailor boyfriend who doesn't speak a word of English; the bitchy Oriental dragon lady out of an old Anna May Wong movie; the rich Englishwoman who stuffs herself at lunch, delicately lowers herself into a swimming pool, and sinks. "A Matter of Innocence" should have been a charming romantic trifle, with some wicked little touches—the kind of thing that used to be called "delicious." But it's a mess. No one could accuse the director, Guy Green, of being Camp; he plods through this amusing script as if he were back in "A Patch of Blue." And this movie, which needed to be carried by directorial style and to be visually graceful and witty, has been poorly photographed in Universal's hideous, cheap-looking color. (The shots hardly ever match, the faces have a greenish tinge in one shot and are yellow in the next, and the time of day keeps wobbling.) Does Michel Legrand's music get worse every week, or is it just that the most recent offense always seems the worst? But Hayley Mills is surprisingly good (especially considering some of her recent performances), and, as the gigolo, Shashi Kapoor reads his parodistic lines with lovely comic inflections.

—PAULINE KAEI

First, let me say that Food Town Stores are owned and operated by local Christian men of inscrutable integrity.

—Salisbury (N. C.) Post.

Go ahead. Say it.

"THELWELL'S BEST"—Richard Armour



The inimitable Thelwell (*Top Dog, Up the Garden Path*) casts a fishy eye on fishermen as he unsnarls all the tangles of that gentle and gentlemanly sport—and adds a few wrinkles only he could have dreamed up.

THELWELL'S COMPLEAT TANGLER

Being a Pictorial
Discourse of Anglers
and Angling \$3.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

VANISHED
"Suspense...
inside atmosphere
...a thriller of the first order!"
—Philadelphia Inquirer

FLETCHER KNEBEL'S
big national bestseller

\$5.95 at all booksellers.
DOUBLEDAY

Revive fertility rites.
Use Turf Builder on your lawn—
ritually.

SCOTTS, the grass people

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY) Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

MARCH 2, 1968

Ron Rico. Wasn't he the Harvard senior who cha-cha'd his way to fame on the Tonight Show?



An educated guess, but no. Ronrico does come from cha cha country. And it is getting pretty famous in its own way.

But Ronrico's a rum. A very light and dry rum. Perhaps the smoothest tasting rum ever to come out of Puerto Rico.

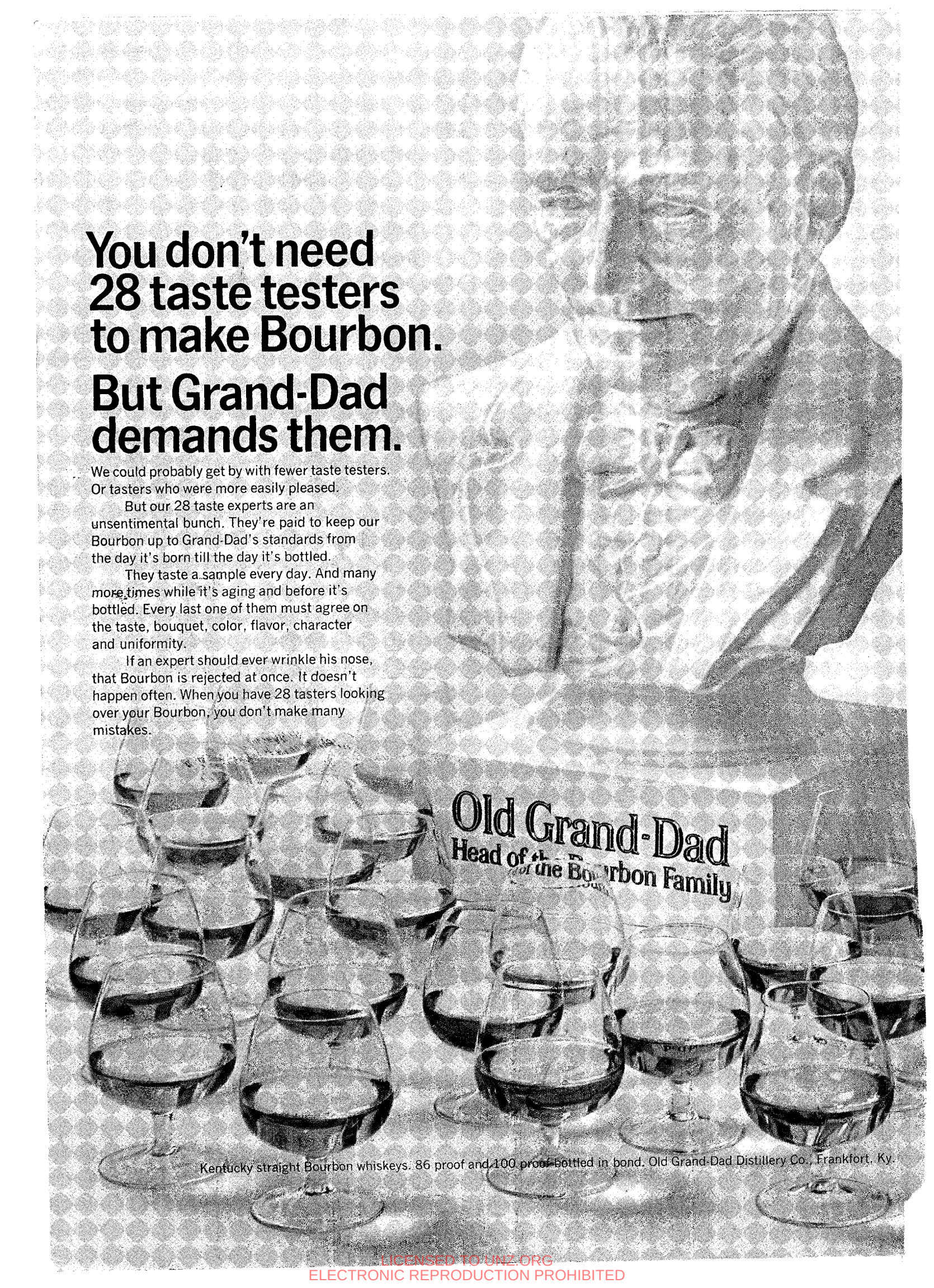
One sip and you automatically graduate into a new taste class.

For a 30"x40" color poster of this ad send \$1 to Personality Posters, Dept. N-6, 74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011. Void where prohibited.



Ronrico. A rum to remember.

©GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC, 80 PROOF



You don't need 28 taste testers to make Bourbon. But Grand-Dad demands them.

We could probably get by with fewer taste testers.
Or tasters who were more easily pleased.

But our 28 taste experts are an
unsentimental bunch. They're paid to keep our
Bourbon up to Grand-Dad's standards from the
day it's born till the day it's bottled.

They taste a sample every day. And many
more times while it's aging and before it's
bottled. Every last one of them must agree on
the taste, bouquet, color, flavor, character
and uniformity.

If an expert should ever wrinkle his nose,
that Bourbon is rejected at once. It doesn't
happen often. When you have 28 tasters looking
over your Bourbon, you don't make many
mistakes.



Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.